PASSPORT TO HELL By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

JAN 12,
1935

Liberty

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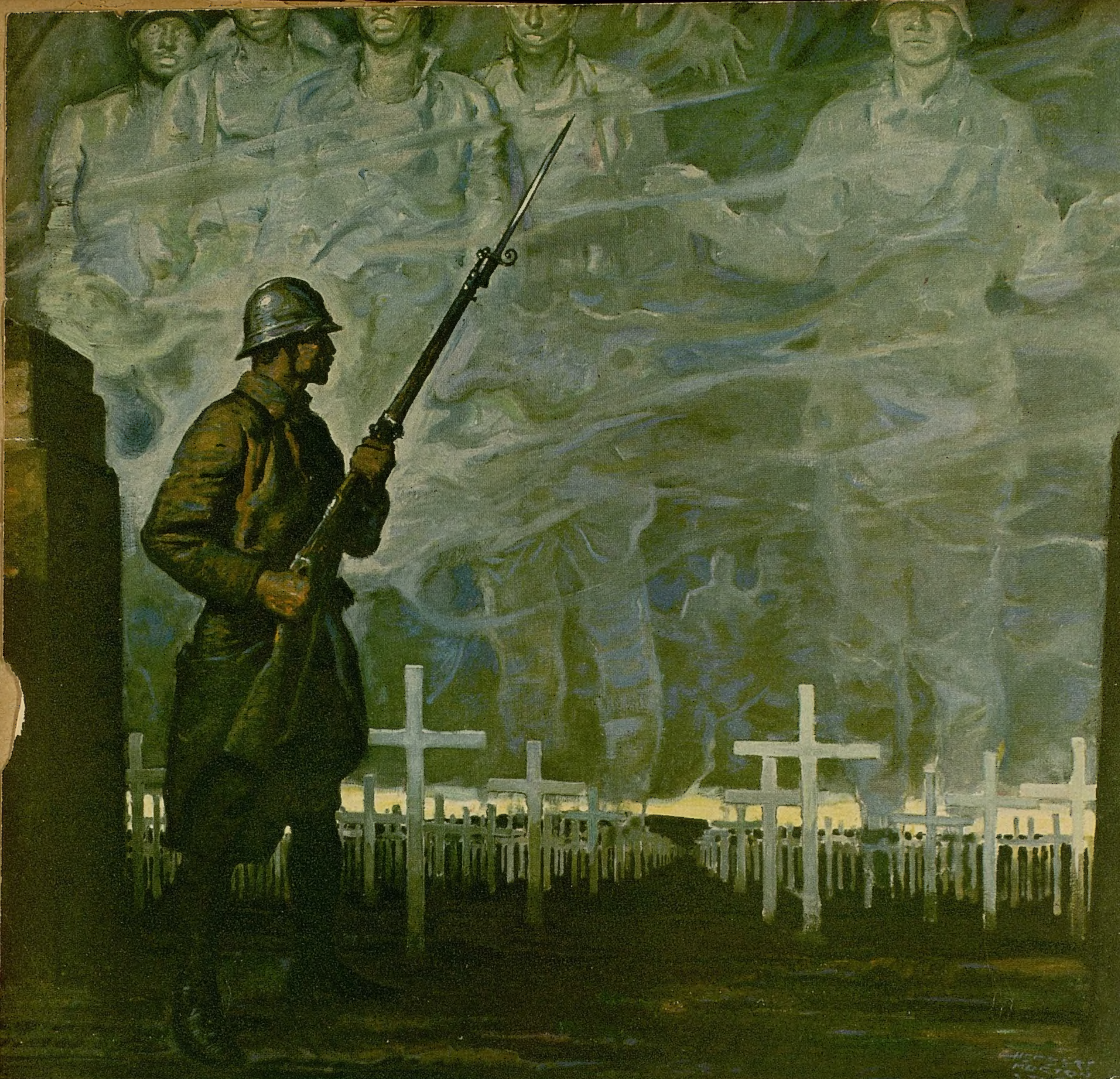
CODE

ARE WE HEADED FOR A GENERAL STRIKE? By JAY FRANKLI



WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead — 17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No — not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what *all* of us got! Back-breaking taxes. Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who *profit* by war will encourage that drift unless we who *suffer* by war fight them!

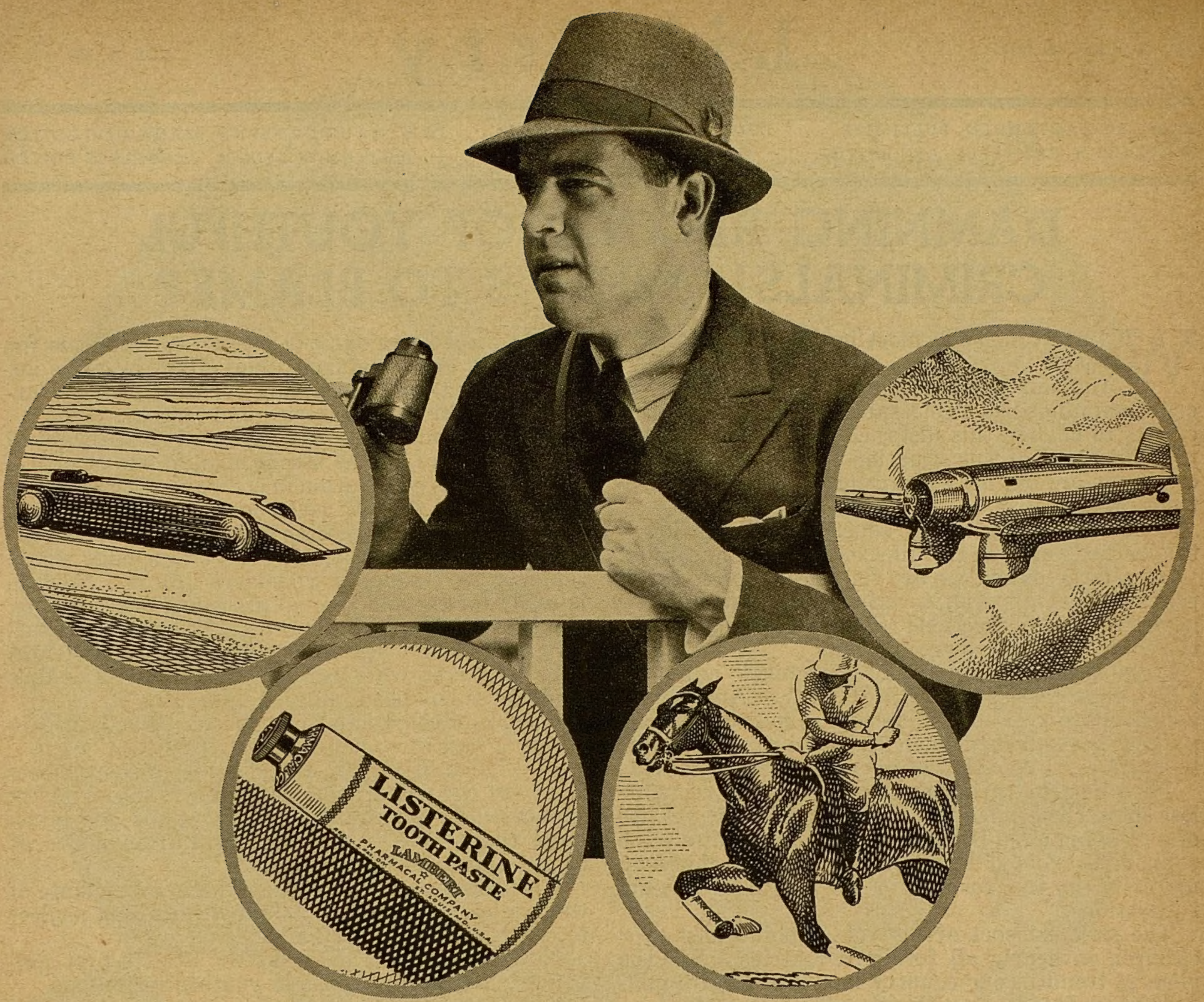
What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness."

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be no more wars.* World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Ave., N. Y. C.



"MONEY TO BURN" . . . yet he uses this 25¢ Tooth Paste . . WHY?

YOU'D be surprised what sharp buyers most wealthy men are—even in little things. That's one of the secrets of their wealth.

Hundreds of the nation's tycoons last season took their ease at Palm Beach, Miami, Nassau, and other millionaires' playgrounds. Their yachts, their horses, their cars, their planes were a brilliant part of the parade of wealth and society.

It was amazing to find how many of such men,—and their wives—used Listerine Tooth Paste. Why, with money to burn did they choose this 25¢ dentifrice? Only one answer to that! Results—quick, clean-cut, undeniable.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste cleanses teeth better than ordinary pastes containing slippery ingredients, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *direct contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush, they get at hard-to-reach crevices and sweep destructive matter away. The teeth are left healthy and shining.

Contrast this thorough action with that of tooth pastes which cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the tooth brush slides, only partly removing decaying matter beneath. No wonder teeth are dull and dingy!

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

REGULAR SIZE 25¢
LARGE DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

See and Feel the Difference

You can feel the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually feel cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And your mirror tells you that they *look* cleaner within a few days.

Try It One Week

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Make it prove its results to you. In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

JANUARY 12, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 2

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
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DAMNING RECORD OF YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS! WHO IS TO BLAME?

WE are called the most lawless nation in the world!

And our extremely efficient Attorney-General Cummings has a colossal task before him in his efforts to change this disgraceful record. The deplorable phase of this situation is that nearly all our criminals are but little more than boys—and sometimes girls!

What's wrong with our educational procedure—the methods used in training our youthful citizens?

To a large extent we are the victims of so-called psychological experts, together with paternalistic governmental restrictions which hamper parents in the control of their own children.

" Spare the rod and spoil the child " is an old adage that carries a world of truth. And in our endeavors to avoid punishment that inflicts physical pain we have allowed much of the old-time discipline to disappear. And that is an evil of vast magnitude.

Penalties that are sometimes cruel and thoughtless should be condemned. But discipline in the life of a growing child is imperative. In fact, discipline cannot be avoided in adult life. But it comes to maturity in the form of laws and conventional restrictions.

The strictest sort of control is maintained over children in nearly all foreign countries. But the general trend in our country has been to give children their freedom—allow them to follow their inclinations and under no circumstances must physical punishment be used. This has caused the pendulum to swing too far to the other extreme.

There must be discipline in child life. There must be decent environment, proper consideration, sympathetic understanding of the requirements that are imperative if a child is to grow into wholesome maturity.

And it is the physical side of youthful training which is entirely neglected or given very indifferent attention. And no child can grow into healthy and wholesome maturity without appropriate bodily development. In fact, all-round athletic training is really more necessary than the general educational procedure, especially beyond what we have termed the " three Rs." For it is the physical upbuilding that develops normal instincts of both sexes, giving poise and the clear reasoning powers with which it is associated.

The Supervising Director of Athletics in all the New York high schools told the writer that he never knew a boy who was actively interested in athletics to be arrested for a major crime. They are too well poised to commit such an offense.

And then, there are our preparatory schools for crime. In some instances they might be more appropriately termed collegiate criminal courses furnished by our reformatories and prisons.

A boy commits his first offense. He is yanked here and there by the strong arm of the law. He is thrown into a cell, often in company with seasoned criminals. When the cell door slams behind him, if he has any spirit he often grits his teeth in resentment. Then he is taken before a stern judge whose sentence he frequently considers unfair. Now he is ready for the educational procedure furnished by our prison officials through contact with hardened criminals, and when he is released his main idea is to " get even with society " for the injustice that he believes has been imposed upon him.

Now, our courts and our prison officials are to blame for all this.

In Albion, Michigan, Floyd Starr, a former secretary of the writer, conducts a boys' school partly supported by the state. All his pupils are taken from the courts. He saves them from a life of crime, and failures are rare.

His procedure should be adopted in every state of the Union. It is nothing short of criminal neglect to continue the old system.

Now suppose you listen to Mr. Starr's first conversation with one of these youthful criminals.

" Now, son," says he, " they say you are a bad boy. There is no such thing as a bad boy. It is nothing more than misdirected energy. Now I am taking you to my home. I am going to treat you just like my own son. I intend to trust you and I know you will make good. I know you will be honest and loyal."

That is Floyd Starr's procedure. And he makes upstanding dependable citizens of his boys.

And every judge who sentences youthful first offenders to the reformatory or prison, every official who slams them into these noisome holes of iniquity, should be made to realize the criminal character of their action.

Floyd Starr wants to extend his reclamation principles throughout this country. He has made many efforts to do so. But it is a terrific task to change a settled routine.

But we—courts, prison officials, etc.—are solely to blame for this damning record of being the world's most lawless nation. And this one terrible mistake of giving a criminal education to first offenders has much to do with this disgraceful record.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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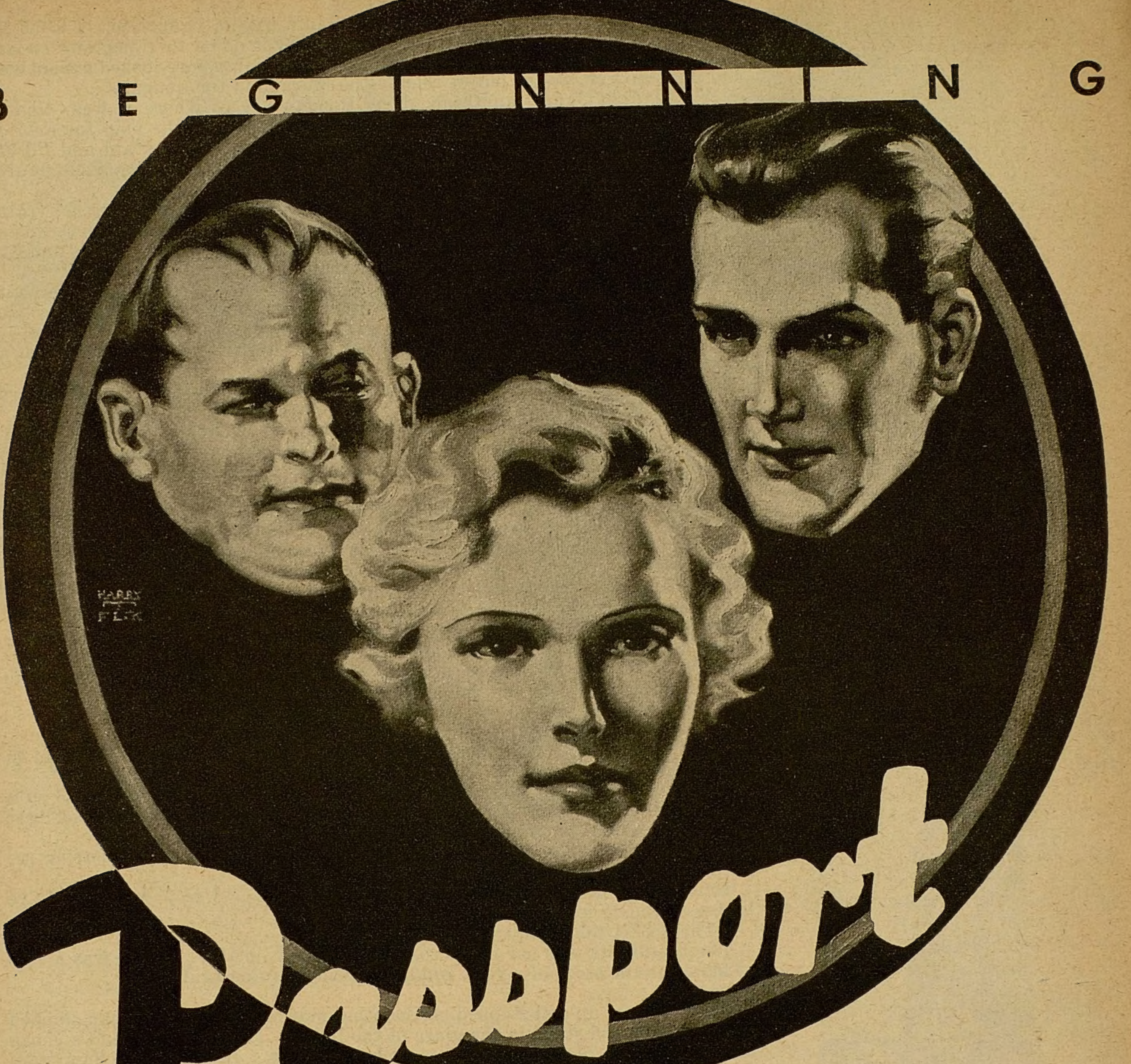


Passport TO HELL

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

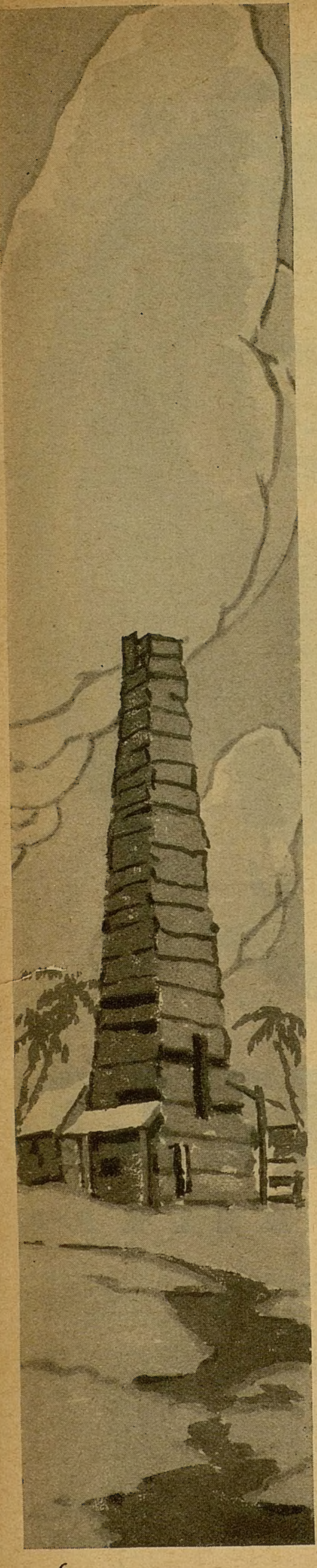
PART ONE—PORT OF MISSING MEN

MY God!" I said out loud, and the sound of my voice startled me in the silence of the room. "You get off a boat not yet twenty-four hours ago. You lose your passport like a drunken schoolboy in Paris—you're in cahoots with a murderer—you're in on an oil steal—you've helped make a king—you've met a magnificent woman—and you may not live one hour more yourself."

I SUPPOSE there has always been a little touch of craziness in me. I guess the more average a citizen is and the more regular his habits, the more apt he is to be a little bit nuts on some subject.

I'm a respectable copy writer. I spill the stuff about diamond spray on the Malecon, light serpents swimming in the Whangpoo, and gay cosmopolites on the Bund. And I'd been doing it so long that I'd forgotten the only freedom I ever had—the war. But when the Durham Agency closed its doors last spring and left me on the

A Stirring Tale of Swift Adventure Tinged with the Glow of Romance . . . The Story of a Man Who Faced Death and Found Love in One of Earth's Far Corners



sidewalk in New York with thirty-two hundred bucks in a savings account and no job, I went to the nearest travel agency.

I picked a Dutch boat to Cartagena, a Santa to San Francisco. I went to Yokohama on a Green Diamond freighter. I got down to Hongkong on an N. Y. K. boat. I got a French tub to Singapore. Singapore looked expensive, so I took the first wagon out of there—the Morambia for Bengan.

Now, I didn't know anything about Bengan except where it was—and I didn't know that until the Cook's clerk pointed it out on the map for me. I figured I would get off there and go up to Douglasstown by train and I'd be back in civilization again. I could stay in Douglasstown a few days and figure what next.

The purser did tell me that there was no hotel at Bengan and that the train wouldn't leave for Douglasstown until the next noon. But he said there was a fairly decent hotel in Port Telik, four miles from Bengan by road, and he suggested I go up there and wait for the train.

That's what I did. But I never took that train for Douglasstown the next noon—I never did any of the things I'd done before with quite the same feeling for life. I had breakfast with a most delightful woman—I was shot—and I killed a man—I helped put a king on a throne—and I helped make a fabulous fortune for some one.

All of which is, of course, absolutely impossible in 1935—beyond the wildest dreams in the adventure magazines.

All right—have it your own way—but stay off of small boats and out of strange ports if you want to be sure of life. It's a damned nasty business at times, and if you get a happy ending you've got all the luck there is, net.

THE Morambia made the outer buoy at Bengan at fifteen minutes before 2 A. M. I'd been on her for eighteen days from Singapore. Five thousand tons of gutty little Indian Ocean boat that I was glad to see the last of. There were twenty Japanese students aboard going inland thirty miles to see the Hiksos Tombs and the Temple of the Thousand Serpents. And there was I.

A greasy launch, smelling of boiled rice, hot sump oil, and tired salt horse came out for us. It took us in under the shadow of a jetty and came alongside. I climbed up the ladder and followed after the sleepy Japanese students, who were stumbling across the dock toward the British customs shed.

"I want a taxi—if I can get one," I told the inspector.

A little man puffed up out of the darkness.

"'Ere," he said. "Ayn't you wiv that temple party?"

"No," I said. "I want some one to take me to the Royal and Chaldean in Port Telik."

There was a sudden pounding of heels and the crash of a butt plate as a sentry halted in the thunderous British manner. I could see the glint of light on a bayonet and on a barbed-wire barrier.

"Port Telik, is it? Well, now! I suppose you wouldn't moind letting me peep at your passport, would you?"

He thumbed it over in the light of his flash light. "I see," he said. "I've half a moind to let you through."

"Thanks," I told him.

The headlights of a car cut across the roadway outside. There was a slap of hands on the stock of a rifle, and the bayonet glinted again.

"'Alt!"

The car came up and stopped on the other side of the road. A man stepped down from it and stood in the glare of the lights. He wore a fez and a cheap pinch-back coat of the Broadway slicker vintage. Below it his legs were draped in a sort of sarong, only it was full like a woman's skirt. He called over:

"Mr. McGuire, sir?"

Now, my name is John Sargent. So I said, "No."

The little man grinned at me, and the fellow across the way said, "Very good, sir. I'll take you to Telik."

"All right," I called, and then to the customs man: "What time does the train leave here for Douglasstown?"

"The tryne leaves every dye a boat comes in, at five minutes to noon. Why?"

"I'm taking it tomorrow," I said.

The man laughed as if there was some joke.

"I've got two bags," I called to the driver of the car. "Come over and get them."

"Very sorry for you," he called back through his cupped hands. "They won't let me."

The customs man grinned. "This is Bengan—" He opened a gate in the picket fence and passed me down behind a barrier of barbed wire past a sandbagged machine-gun post and the sentry.

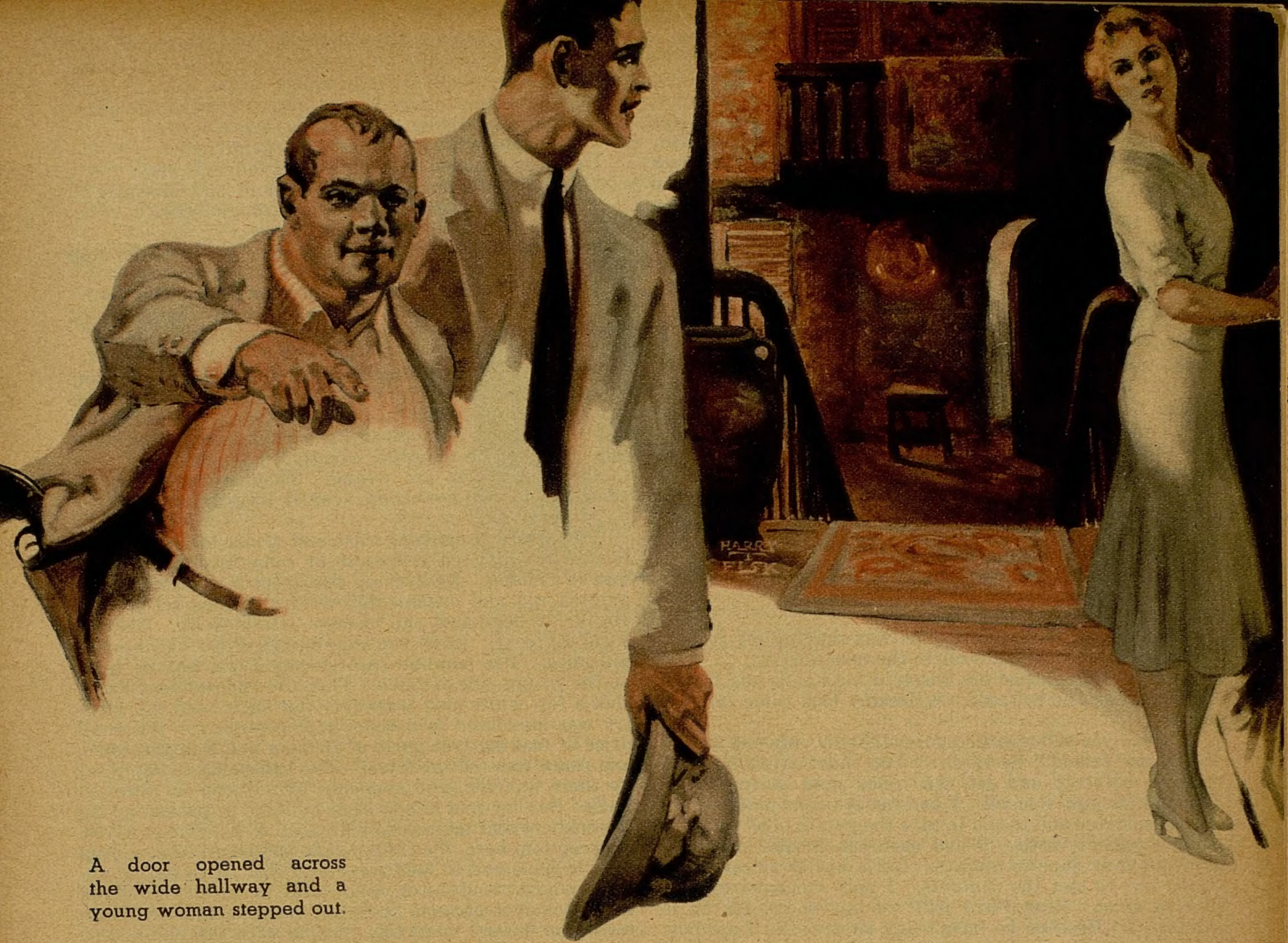
I trudged across the broad dusty road. My driver loaded my bags aboard, and I climbed in beside him. He let in the clutch and we bolted forward. The driver turned his head and said:

"Very sorry to be late, Mr. McGuire."

"But I'm not Mr. McGuire."

"Yes, sir; Dr. Gerrity has told me. I know. I too am an American." His shoulders seemed to straighten.

"Is that so?"



A door opened across the wide hallway and a young woman stepped out.

" For four years, sir, I am the Sheik of Araby at Coney Island. But I have come home. I am born in Telik—and here I have to stay."

I said, " Well, that's too bad," in the way you say things to taxicab drivers.

We climbed up a slight rise and stopped in a deserted street.

" This, sir, is the hotel. I am ver' sorry, but Mrs. Mumatz, who owns it, have said I have stole her spare tire, and she will slit my belly if I go in." He got out and put my bags on the doorstep.

I was reaching in my pocket when the hotel door opened and a very sleek and polished head with an eyeglass in the right eye was thrust outward through the crack.

Two arms shot out from the shoulders below the head, took my bags, and drew them inside. I paid out the rupee and the four Straits dollars which I found in my pocket, and followed the face.

The entrance gave on a sort of lobby that ended at the rear in a wooden screen of carved scrollwork. Four open doors led somewhere at right angles, two on each side.

There were four divans, rather doubtful in appearance, and a table. On the table was a copy of the Illustrated London News of April, 1931, and on the Illustrated News were two whisky bottles.

My friend of the face spread his legs, rather beautifully trousered in gray flannel, and said:

" Drink? "

" Two fingers—thanks."

He poured both dollops, fizzed them from a siphon, and sank into his chair. A rough block of bone and muscle, six and nearly a half feet long, three feet wide at the shoulders, and tapering down to six inches at the feet. No perceptible thickness whatsoever.

" My name," he said, " is Douglas Hambro."

He was drunk but I liked him. I asked him, " Are you the manager of this place? "

" I have never," said Mr. Hambro, " managed anything. Will you have a drink? "

" No more, thanks. But I'd like a room. I just got off the Morambia an hour ago, and I'm taking the noon train to Douglasstown."

" How in high hell do you think you're going to do that, my dear fellow? "

" Look here." I stood up. " I suppose you think my name is McGuire, too. But it isn't. I'm going just as I came. I'm motoring back to Bengan at eleven tomorrow."

" But, my dear fellow, if your name isn't McGuire, will you have a drink and tell me what your name is? "

HE got up, when I told him, and held out his hand. " I have never been so relieved in my life. I was going to shoot you when the clock struck four. I'm glad I don't have to. Mr. Sargent, will you shake hands? "

" If I do," I said, " will you tell me where I can find a bed? "

Suddenly over his shoulder I saw a face, at the window beside the door, stare at us intently for a second, and fade into the darkness. It was the face of a white man with straggling hair which looked as if it had been recently wet. It was startling, and Hambro must have felt a tremor in the pressure of my hand; for he turned, crossed quickly to the door, and threw it open. A man in dirty blue dungaree pants and a flannel shirt stood silhouetted in the panel of light. He looked at us for a moment, then stumbled inside.

" Mr. Sargent—Mr. Greystone." Hambro bowed. " Mr. Greystone is our resident engineer. Mr. Greystone and I are stealing one million pounds in oil from England, Egypt, Arabia, and the world at large. Have you ever stolen one million pounds, Mr. Sargent? "

I didn't want to listen to any more nonsense from a couple of drunks. I sank down on a divan and lay back, giving up the idea of a bed. I heard the siphon fizz. Then the man called Greystone said in a low whisper, "Damn it, Douglas—you drink too much!" And it was not the voice of a man who had drunk himself off his feet.

Then I happened to fall asleep. When I opened my eyes again, a band of bright sunlight lay on the floor with the threat of a stifling day to come. The room had been swept and tidied. My two friends of the night before were gone and the clock stood at half past eight.

A fat little man opened the door. He wore whites of multiple-washed and frightfully shrunk duck. The trousers reached barely halfway down to his shoe tops.

"Hello," he said cheerfully, and took a chair. "Now tell me why Jimmy McGuire sent you instead of coming himself."

"If I hear that name again I'm liable to hit some one!" I said.

"Tut-tut—I'm Jimmy's best pal. You're among friends here in Telik. For myself, I don't mind telling you I'm a charter member." He pulled out a card and handed it across. It read, "Al Gerrity, Ph.D.," and in one corner, "Promoting."

"Doc Gerrity, they call me. I don't mind telling you my story if you have a moment."

"You can tell me anything as soon as you show me a washbasin, some hot water, and breakfast."

"Sure," said Doc Gerrity.

Presently, with my shirt off, I was shaving my stubble in front of a cracked mirror in the man's room.

Doc Gerrity clasped his knees in his hands and leaned back against the bedpost. A dreamy look came into his eyes.

"When you sell machine guns, there is only one way to do it, my friend," he said. "You must stipulate cash before delivery, and let the other man worry. The Thompkins gun is small. I had tomato cans made for it. Three soldered end to end to take the gun in oiled sawdust so it wouldn't rattle. I had each can labeled correctly and put four guns in a crate. But a health officer punctured one to test the contents. I only managed to save twelve guns. King Furd will not buy them, for he is protected. Besides, he hasn't any money. So I am now adjusting such spines as need adjusting. Enough. Tell me your story."

I wiped my chin and turned around.

"I came in last night on the Morambia. I came here from Bengan in a car, to wait for the train. I'm going back to Bengan in two hours to take the train to Douglasstown. That's all there is—there isn't any more. I'm traveling for my health and for fun."

He looked at me closely. "Why the hell don't you tell me the truth? You're here now, ain't you?"

MY gorge began to rise. "Look here—thanks for your washbasin. You can believe me or you can go to hell." I wiped my neck and face and stuck my head into my undershirt. When it came out through the top, Doc Gerrity had the largest revolver in his hand I have ever seen. It was not exactly pointed at me and yet it wasn't pointed away from me.

"I like a big gun," said Gerrity; "they're comfortable in the hand. Like guns?" He handed it to me butt foremost.

"Yes," I lied; "I like a big gun. What about breakfast?"

The frame of the gun was notched at quarter-inch intervals from the heel of the butt to the hammer couch, and I knew somehow that the notches were legitimate.

"Breakfast? Sure. Right down the passage to the right." He came out with me and pointed.

A door opened across the wide hallway and a young woman stepped out, glanced at us casually, and turned to lock her door. Then she went down the passage to the right. I followed her and came to the dining room just as she sat down. She looked me in the eyes for a second and nodded without smiling.

"Good morning," she said. "There are no formalities in Telik. If you care to, you may sit here." She nodded again, toward the chair opposite. I suddenly cared to very much. She had a beautifully straight nose with delicate nostrils. Her hair was cropped short and bleached by the sun from an amber to the color of birch ash. She wore a heavy beaten bracelet above one elbow and a man's gold ring on her little finger.

"My name is Sargent—John Sargent."

Her eyes crinkled in a smile that faded at once.

"You're quite sure, are you, that it isn't McGuire?"

"Quite sure. I'm just passing through Telik."

"Are you?" she asked.

"What—do you mind telling me—is liable to stop me?"

She sipped coffee. "Don't you know where you are?"

I said, "No. I'm playing a game with what's left of the depression—"

THERE was something about her that made me want to keep her there with me—something decent and clean and comfortable. So I told her my story. "I don't know anything about Bengan or Port Telik except that they don't seem to be paradise, exactly," I finished.

She said, "You are wrong. They are paradise for some people. Did you ever hear of King Furd II?"

"I never did."

"He wears a morning coat and a silk hat which was bought for him ten years ago by some farsighted diplomat in London. He lives up the street in a stucco palace painted red and ornamented with atrocious scrollwork. He is our liege lord and master. He is Telik. Telik is King Furd II. Until six months ago Furd had no significance. His nominal capital was Urfa, but he lived on the wrong side of town. Then the Independent Party shot a few white men from over the water, and the country was mandated in a benevolent gesture for the small price of making free ports of Bengan and Douglasstown, and peace was reëstablished. The Independent Party set up their republic, and suddenly found poor old Furd in Urfa. So they told him to clear out, and he packed up his ten soldiers and came here with four of his fifteen wives. To keep him here, the Urfa people passed an edict giving him, to have and to hold forever, Telik, three native villages, and a sandy area nine miles by seven. England won't touch it because she's got Bengan and Douglasstown and doesn't want any trouble with the republic or the League of Nations. The people in Urfa won't touch it because they want Furd to stay here. Furd doesn't care about it as long as he can sleep in peace and drink grappa—and there you are."

"If that's all—why all the fuss?"

"Well, you see," she smiled, "Furd asks no questions when you come and takes no responsibility if you want to leave. But Urfa takes it for granted that every white man here who tries to go to Urfa wants to get a slice of the new government, so she lets no white man come. In other words, you can't get out and no one can come in to get you—that's why it is very nearly paradise if that's what you want. Urfa is forty miles north by road. Bengan has orders to stop all people not properly visaed. Nobody tries to go there from here; for even if they are properly visaed they have reasons of their own for not admitting it."

"Such as?"

"One man," she said, "would be hanged three weeks later in Douglasstown. Another would go down to Port Townsend to jail. That sort of thing."

"What about Greystone and Hambro?"

"I mentioned no names. I am Alayne Greystone."

"I beg your pardon."

"Not at all. My advice to you is to keep a firm hand on your passport and to go as soon as possible. It's not too pleasant here."

"Thanks." I put my hand over my inside breast pocket and pressed it against my chest. I shot it hurriedly down to my side pocket and with both hands went through each pocket in turn.

"My passport's—gone. I've got to see the United States consul."

"There is none—nearer than Douglasstown."

I stood up. "Then I've got to go to Douglasstown at once." Then I sat down again. "But I can't, you say—without a passport!"

"Now come, Mr. Sargent—did you really have a passport?"

"My dear Miss Greystone," I said, "I give you my word of honor on it."

"I'm rather inclined to believe you." She got up and pushed back her chair. "I can't help you except to tell you that I didn't take it."

I looked at her, and she stood for a moment looking at me. Suddenly I saw that she was beautiful.

"I know you didn't take it," I told her.

"Thank you," she said. "There *is* something rather decent about you. Be careful of Telik, Mr. Sargent. You can be killed here, and no one will hang; you can vanish, and no one will hunt for you; you can be shot down, and there is no hospital to take you in."

"Your brother and the Englishman Hambro run it?"

She nodded. "And Gerrity and the bartender Joe are the opposition just at present."

"Is there really oil?"

"There will be—there always has been when my brother says there is going to be. But it never makes much difference—he never gets it." There was a tired futility in the way she said it—the futility of outstation women. I wanted to touch her, to take her hand in both of mine, to put my hand against her shoulder—something. Then she was all steel again, and she was going out and leaving me.

JAMES WARNER BELLAH was born in New York City, educated at Wesleyan and Columbia, and served in the Royal Air Force in the war. His hobbies include chopping wood, fencing, and posing on other people's boats, as above.

I sat for a moment after she left me. Then I went out to the stone-flagged bar. The doc was sitting at a table, eggs and a coffeecup before him.

Behind the bar there was a sullen-looking man with his graying hair combed from north to south and brought down over his left eye in an oily barber's curl.

"Got any cigarettes?"

He tossed a package on the bar top, and I paid him. There was the rattle and snort of a car outside, and a few seconds later Greystone pushed open the door and stood scowling on the threshold. Hambro was coming along the walk behind him.

Hambro laid a hand on Phil Greystone's arm and pushed him gently out of the way just as Doc Gerrity shoved back his plate and turned around in his chair.

The bartender apparently hadn't moved. But as I turned toward him, there was a revolver in his hand.

"Step up, gents, whichever of you's got that passport, and put it there." He tapped the bar.

Hambro smiled faintly.

"Frisk 'em both, Doc," snapped the bartender.

FOR some reason, my eyes turned to Greystone. His fingers were closing around a full water carafe on the table behind him. It flashed to his hip and behind his shoulder in one movement. Then it shot through the air and landed on the bartender's neck and chin with a loud wooden crack. The bartender slammed back into the mirrors and went down with a crash of bottles. His gun roared once, and the show case in front of him melted into tinkling splinters of flying glass.

"As for you, Gerrity," Hambro was saying pleasantly, "sit down exactly where you were."

Greystone had followed his flung carafe in three jumps, vaulted the bar, and come up again with the gun. Then he came out, dragging the unconscious Joe.

"I never cared much for guns," Hambro said. "I don't like them. No, my friend; we didn't get the passport."

Doc Gerrity grinned. "It's in the mail by now."

Hambro shook his head. "McGuire won't ever reach Telik." He took a sheet of paper from his pocket and tossed it to me. "Do you mind reading that aloud?"

It was a copy of a wire addressed to the United States consul in Douglasstown:

MAN ARRIVING BENGAN FROM PORT TOWNSEND UNDER MY NAME IMPOSTOR STOP MY PASSPORT STOLEN IN TELIK KINDLY INFORM BRITISH AUTHORITIES IN BENGAN JOHN SARGENT

Doc Gerrity looked at me in comical astonishment.

"A hell of an American you are, Gerrity!" I yelled. "I come here, and you steal my passport and—"

"Oh, shut up!" Doc said. "I didn't steal it; Joe here stole it."

Hambro nodded. "Joe got the idea when he saw you asleep on the divan. They sent your passport by car, to be mailed at Urfa to a man named McGuire in Port Townsend. They've been trying to get him here for weeks to sink another well for them. Greystone heard them in the street below his window, but we couldn't catch them. Within two weeks your passport will turn up safe and sound and you'll have it again."

Joe, the bartender, raised himself on one elbow and rubbed his chin.

"WELL," said Doc, "what's the move? Do we do business?"

"Not a bit of it." Greystone spread the flat of his hand toward Gerrity. "We've got you and Joe out, and you're going to stay out, see? You tried to pull a fast one by getting McGuire up here from the Feducah Bey steal, so he could get another well started and you could unload these lands on R. M. E. for a private cut through the same crook he tried it on down there. But you forgot me." He tapped his chest. "I was just a bum and a drunk! Well, I guess you forget I was Carmichael's man out here before he went to Atlanta. I've got a hole down, and I'm going to shoot it today—and I'm going to get oil!"

"Steady, Phil." Hambro touched his wrist. "The situation is something like this, my friends. No; Mr. Sargent is going to stay. Joe and you, Doc, daren't leave Telik—"

"And if Greystone leaves I suppose our Department of Justice won't nab him and ship him off to where Carmichael is?"

"Oh, come now. Let's say that you and Joe don't want to leave. Therefore you'll stay. You can't get oil without Greystone, and you can't get the most out of it without me. I'm the only man who can leave Telik, and if we get oil I'm going to sell it properly. So you had better decide to put away your toys and be friends."

Hambro turned to me. "Like to see Telik?"

We walked down to the corner of the street together—the three of us—in silence. At the turn, Phil Greystone climbed into a battered Citroën.

"Doug," he said, "I'm going to shoot the well today. Going to get oil—millions of barrels of it—and I know it. There's going to be hell to pay when it comes through. So you better think fast."

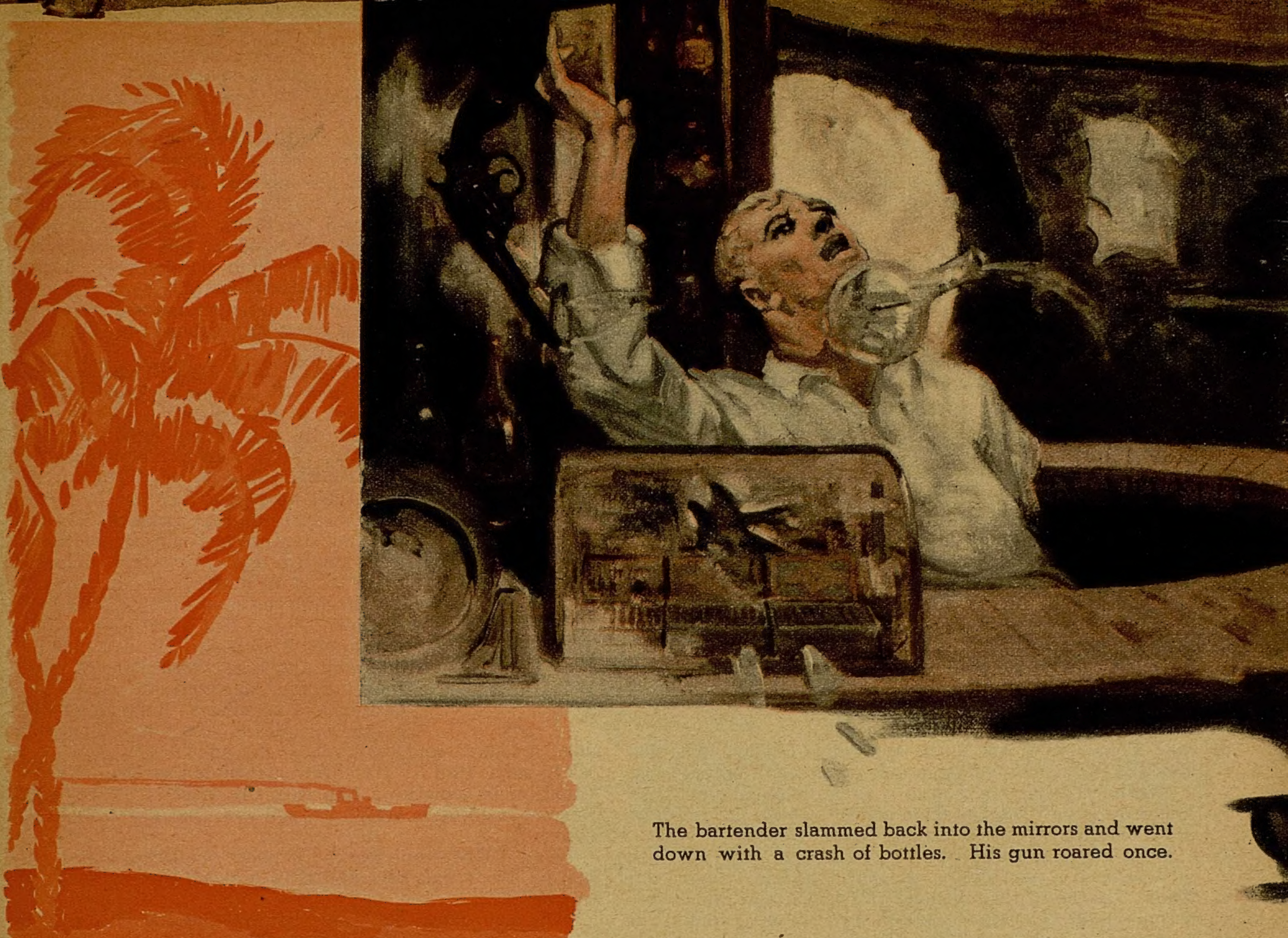
Greystone's car rattled off.

There can be few dirtier towns than Telik. The old European Quarter is laid out like six steps of a scaling ladder, the central support being the Ronda. Where the Ronda peters out into the road to Bengan is Mrs. Mumatz's Royal and Chaldean Hotel, built as an experiment by a subsidiary of the Eastern and Asiatic Hotel Company in 1904 before the earthquake choked Telik Creek, then a river, with silt and opened a harbor of sorts at Bengan. In those days, when Jellife-Trent, Ltd., was still Pairbrother, Caulkins, and Trent, there was a promise of oil. White men came out to sit in offices and build a water-purifying plant and jetties, an ice plant and a gas plant.

But, after the disaster, girls and professional gamblers, the guerrillas of ruined towns, came in, and Telik became a port of missing men.

At Mahomet Sweeney's "hotel," at the far end of the Ronda, a dozen or so white men lived by credit, browbeating, and gambling.

We trudged up the slope toward the palace of King Furd II, and approached the dilapidated picket fence with its fezzed sentry standing before the gate. Hambro spoke to him, and the sentry talked rapidly for a moment and shrugged his shoulders.



The bartender slammed back into the mirrors and went down with a crash of bottles. His gun roared once.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK

"The sentry says His Majesty is sick from a bone in his throat—very sick," Hambro said. "My guess is that he's damn' well dead, and if he is, it's the wrong time for me."

"What happens then?" I asked him.

"I don't know, I'm sure. There are three children of Furd's here. One is a boy of eleven or twelve. I suppose the boy will become king. But if there is going to be oil in Telik, Telik will go to the strongest man who wants it badly enough. And by George I may want it, and by George I may take it!"

We met Alayne Greystone at the bottom of the hill. When Douglas Hambro saw her, there was a flash of pain across his lips—a tightening of muscles, perhaps.

He said, "Furd is dead. Don't quote me yet—but he is, just the same. We've just come from the palace."

Alayne stared at him. "Does Phil know this?"

"Nobody does," Hambro said. "I just guessed it." He eyed her quietly. "I know what that makes you think of," he told her, "but I'll stand by your brother."

Somehow I knew that Alayne wanted to find her brother right away, and I knew Hambro wanted me to take her to him. We started, and Douglas Hambro went on quickly down the Ronda.

I said, "Why do you stay in Telik, Miss Greystone? Or—if it's something you don't care to talk about—"

She smiled. "Every one else has talked about it. I stay because my brother stays. If my brother leaves, he'll be extradited and sent to Atlanta for his part in the Carmichael case."

"I'm sorry, Miss Greystone."

"Oh, come!" she said. "No need to be sorry at all. It's been a grand life until we came to Port Telik."

We topped the rise. Five hundred yards ahead of us was a wooden drilling rig. Near it was a corrugated-iron shed. Halfway in the middle distance were Doc Gerrity and Joe, the bartender, walking toward the operation.

Suddenly a half dozen shouting natives broke from the shadow of the corrugated-iron tool shed and ran down the slope toward us, with a man in a white shirt tearing after them. Almost as we looked, a muffled crash shook the sand under our feet.

Where the drilling rig had been, a great slow column of corded soot rose straight up and mushroomed at the top in a ring like a monstrous balloon tire. The ring dropped heavily to the ground with a splashing roar.

The shack crumpled. The rig was down. The gusher was belching up into the air. The gleaming oil poured down the slope in a broad fan to the creek bed below.

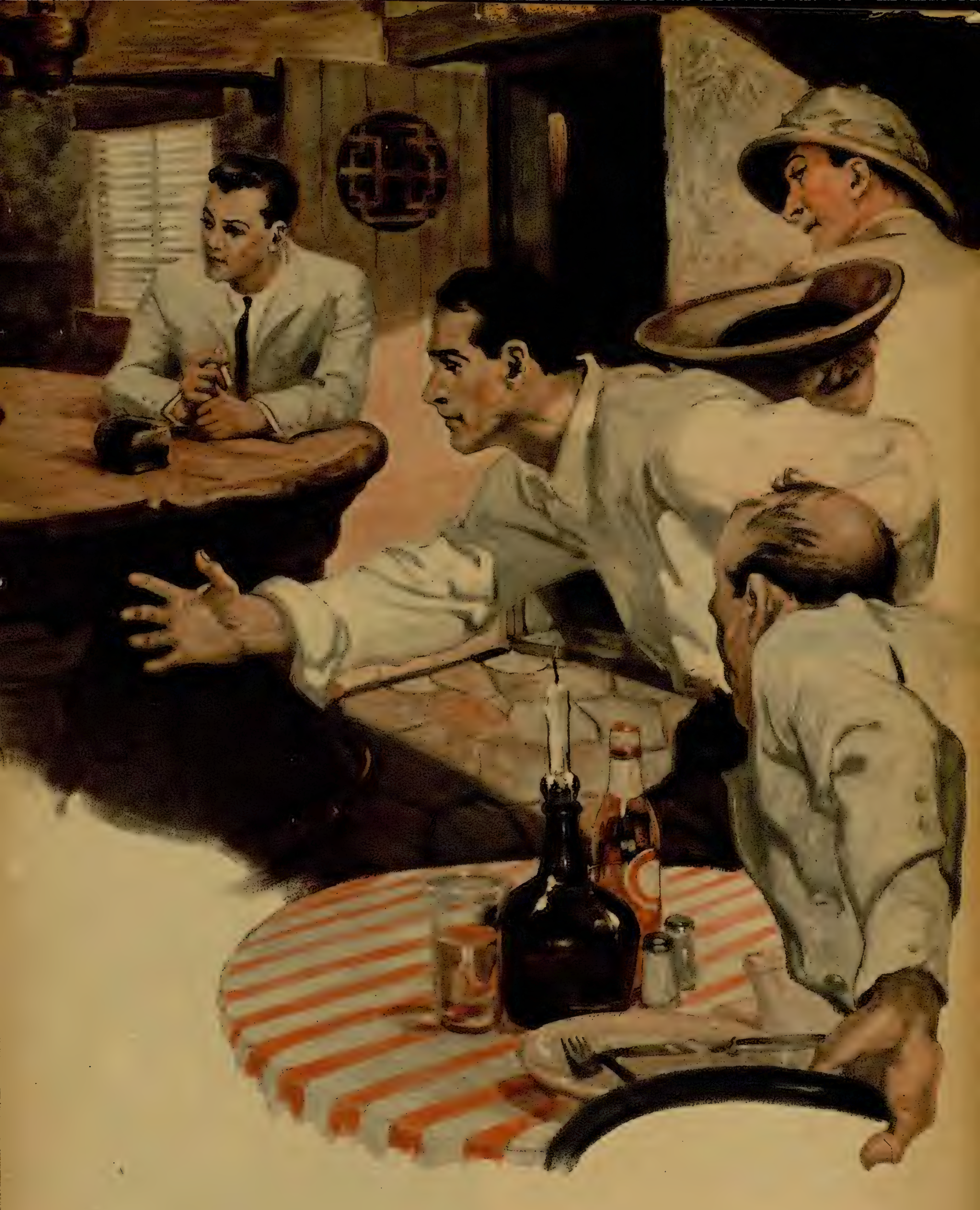
The running natives were cut off by a tumbling cascade, and in a flash they were dripping and screaming and rolling over and over. Phil Greystone—the man in the white shirt—saw it in time, and leaped across it and landed, his arms spread wide, between Doc Gerrity and big Joe, the bartender. The three of them joined hands and started a wild cancan, screaming and yelling.

Suddenly Douglas Hambro was between Alayne and me.

He said, "Let's get up there with Phil—this begins to look interesting." He took both our arms and ran us.

When we got to Phil, he was telling Gerrity and Joe, "It'll just have to go. Even if I had the equipment, I couldn't cap her now. She'll go into the creek bottom and collect there—it'll take forty million gallons and more—that creek bottom. We can dam it up and hold it between here and the old bridge."

We went down the hill, farther away from it.



"Well," Doc said, "there it is, Greystone. In four hours Urfa will know about it and want it. Bengan'll know sooner, and that means England'll want it. All these bums in town'll want it. I'm damn' sure I want some of it—you want it—Hambro wants it—Joe wants it. Who's goin' to get it?"

Here's a sinister setting, with murderers, fugitives from justice, the riffraff of the world all set to tear at each other's throats for the fortune that is pouring out at their feet. How will John Sargent fit into the bloody intrigue? What will happen to Alayne Greystone? Don't miss next week's installment of this fascinating yarn.

When the law caught up with Buck Barrow and his wife. He is the
screaming, in the clutches of members of the posse that captured

OUR NEW

How Uncle Sam's Mysterious "G-Men"
Story of America's Most Sensationa

by WILL

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BEGINNING this series in Liberty last week, Mr. Irwin discussed that fascinated interest in criminals, amounting almost to sympathy for them, on the part of large elements of the American public which gave a kind of aid and comfort to organized crime until the nation seemed about to be overwhelmed by it. He told how, just in time, the American people turned against it. The result has been virtually a civil war, with law and order winning—thanks largely to the Department of Justice's modernized and legally empowered Bureau of Criminal Investigation, whose detectives are known to the underworld as G-men. As illustrations, Mr. Irwin gave the inside stories of the McElroy and other kidnaping cases, especially the Urschel case. This last he termed the decisive battle against kidnaping, notwithstanding the importance of the Lindbergh case.

PART TWO—CRACKING DOWN ON THE BANK ROBBERS

THE Lindbergh kidnaping case drew the federal government and its little force of superdetectives into the war on national crime. Hitherto kidnaping had been no business of the authorities at Washington. Congress, moved by the popular clamor which followed the Lindbergh affair, passed a law making kidnaping a major felony; and the average citizen began to hear for the first time of the "G-men." In two years they rendered kidnaping for ransom more dangerous than throwing a torch into an ammunition dump.

But meanwhile the forces of disorder in this country were handing them a new job. With the repeal of prohibition approaching, gang murders in our great cities grew a little less common; and yet the crime rate did not decline. In place of the rat-faced, expensively tailored thug who served in the prætorian guards of the illicit liquor business, there arose the roving footpad and bank robber who harassed the broad spaces of the Middle West. And the country began dimly to realize that here, too, was a situation which Uncle Sam alone could handle.

Clyde and Buck Barrow, together with Bonnie Parker, Clyde's lurid light-o'-love, were the first of this species to shoot their way into national notoriety. Let us look at them as they were—we have of late hung too many romantic trimmings upon thugs and morons of this sort. The Barrows were mental, moral, and physical scrubs. Buck measured five feet five inches in height; Clyde, the worse of the pair, five feet three. Neither weighed much more than 100 pounds.

Parenthetically, most of the really dangerous characters whose Bertillon measurements decorate the criminal archives at Washington rate in the flyweight class. Any modern psychologist will tell you that this is no accident. The scrubby little boy with criminal tendencies has in his childhood stood for bullying and persecution by other little boys. When he grows up and goes on the loose, he has a complex of physical inferiority; and he compensates for it by brutality with those instruments which made dwarfs stand equal to giants—guns.

The bodies of the Barrows were colossal compared to

At right: Bonnie Parker, Clyde Barrow's moll, who "smoked black cigars and shot as well as her man."

wounded man kneeling with his back to the camera as she struggles, them. The Barrows were pioneer roving desperadoes in their line.

CIVIL WAR

Destroy Public Enemies — The Inside
and Successful Attack on Organized Crime

IRWIN

their souls. I need cite only one instance. Getting away from a robbery, they needed a car. They found one in possession of a farmer's wife. Even when she faced a gun, she objected to handing over the keys. Whereupon they knocked her out with a chain and assaulted her criminally before they went their way.

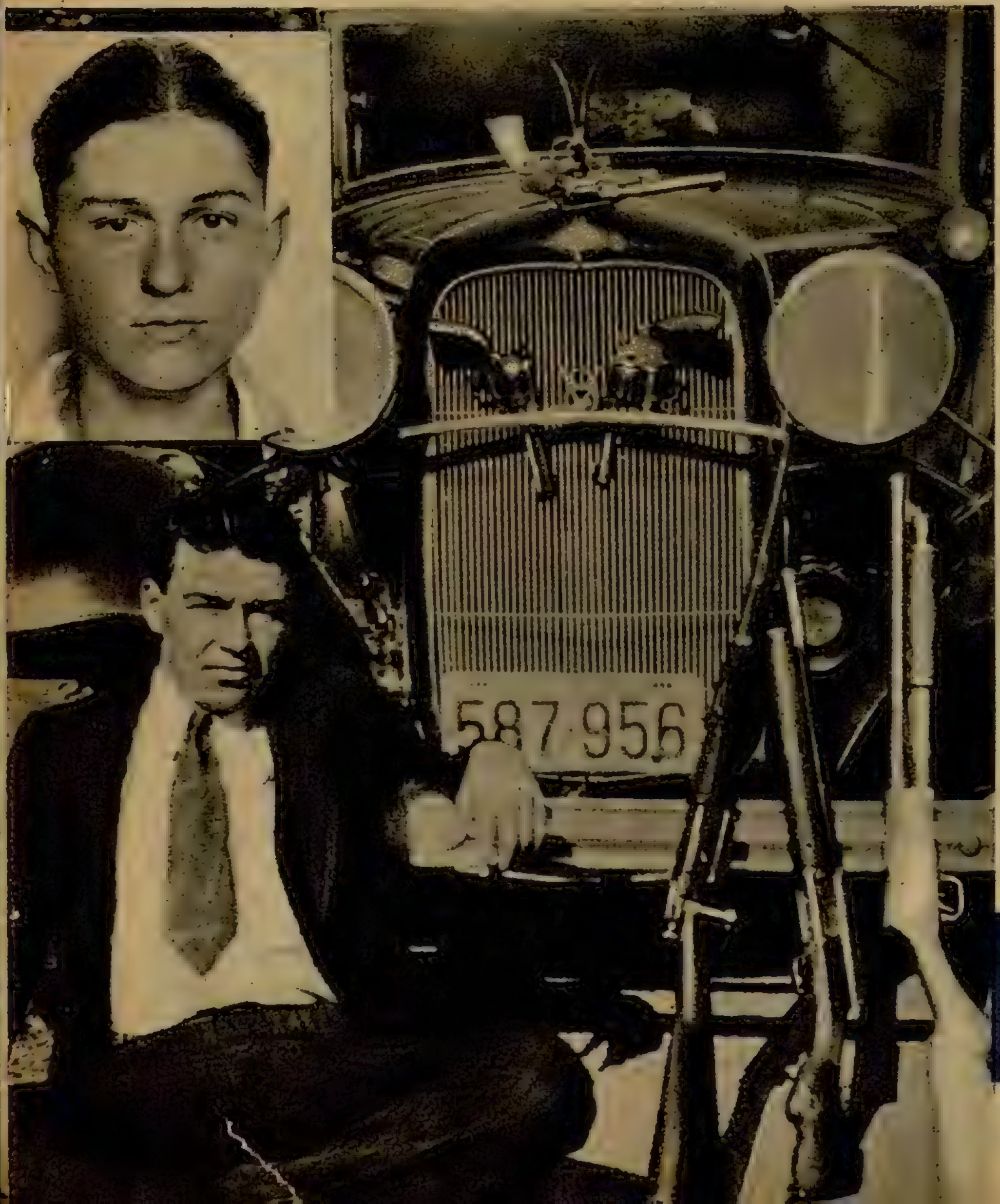
From small holdups at filling stations they passed on to bank robberies. Rather early in the game, a posse shot at Buck. He died miserably a few weeks later from infection in his wounds. Clyde and Bonnie Parker carried on. She was a blonde with a hard mouth who smoked black cigars, had herself photographed guns in hand, and shot as well as her man. When hiding out in the wilds they practiced their shooting constantly—and photographed each other standing beside their targets. Except for a sentimental streak in Bonnie which moved her to write atrocious poetry, vanity was the only human trait they possessed.

Gradually the posses hunting them grew larger and larger. Once Governor Murray of Oklahoma called out four companies of militia and all the deputies in four or five counties. Sometimes they sneaked through the cordons; just as often, they got away by accurate fast shooting with machine guns or automatics. Before they died they had at least a dozen murders on their souls. Most of the victims were police officers doing their duty. One murder reveals again what kind of people these Barrows were. They had held up a grocer in the presence of his wife. He hoisted his hands and made no resistance while they stripped his till. Then, as they turned away, one of them shot him dead—"just for luck."

Both Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker took several wounds in their brushes with the law. They sneaked at last into the remote bayou country of Louisiana. Sheriff Henderson Jordon of Bienville Parish, learning of their presence from federal agents, formed a posse, laid a clever trap, annihilated them with automatic rifles and machine guns. He said afterward that he loathed the thought of killing a woman; but what else could a responsible officer of the law do with a Bonnie Parker?

The Barrows were probably the first to show up the futility of our police protection against the roving desperate criminal. This scourge grew to an epidemic. The Barrows lacked imagination. Even when they began robbing country banks, they did picayune business. Their fellows and successors—men like Albert Bates, Harvey J. Bailey, Wilbur Underhill, Harry Pierpont, Charles Makley, John Hamilton, Tommy Carroll, Homer Van Meter, finally John Dillinger—played for big money and raised robbery to an art.

One of the little jackals who fringe the underworld would spot a small-town bank as a prospect, learn something of its habits with money, and sell the information to a more eminent criminal. The big shot would gather a temporary gang of experts like himself. It is a mistake, by the way, to assume that a gang, in this branch of the crime business, is a hard-and-fast organization like a lodge. The big criminals and even their parasites combine and recombine according to circumstances. Harvey Bailey, now spending the rest of his life in the secure prison at Alcatraz Island, teamed at different times with



At left: Marvin "Buck" Barrow and (inset) Clyde. Both were "mental, moral, and physical scrubs."

nearly every notorious robber of the Middle West. He even strayed from his own trade to help out in the Urschel kidnaping—which was his undoing.

Acme photo

Frank Nash's wife was widowed by the "Kansas City massacre."

The job conceived, the main squeeze sends one of the gang to spy out the land. After learning the exact routine of the bank at the hour for which the leader has planned the raid, after taking notes on the habits of the local police, he begins to plot the get-away. This is the most important preliminary stage of the operation. He makes a rough survey, and then halts before the bank in a car of the same make as the one which the bandits propose to use. Setting the speedometer at zero, he runs over the route and carefully notes down every distance, turn, and obstacle. Right turn at .3 miles. Left at .5. Traffic light at 1.1. Of course the bandits will not stop for a red light, but it is useful to know that the heavy traffic comes from the right.

At 2.3 miles, an abrupt left turn from one main road to another. After some later experiment, the scout notes that the maximum speed at which one can take this curve, without jumping the road or turning over, is sixty miles an hour. This is important; a pursuing police car will probably slow down or, if it tries to gain on the bandits, go into the ditch. At 10.7, a patch of rough forest. Here, in case tires have blown up or a bullet has disabled the engine, is a good place to abandon the car and run for it.

FROM these notes the scout makes a perfected "get-away chart." When, during the chase for John Dillinger, federal agents ransacked his abandoned quarters at St. Paul, they found thirty-six charts of this kind. Each represented a country or small-town bank on which he, John Hamilton, or Homer Van Meter had designs.

When the haul is finished, the most expert and reckless chauffeur in the mob takes the wheel. A pal sits beside him, giving him directions from speedometer and chart; the rest wield machine guns on the back seat.

The actual robbery is equally expert—rehearsed and timed like a trick play in football.

They take pride in thorough and expensive equipment. Their cars, stolen of course, are the pick of the road. Again and again policemen have been forced to pit the speed and get-away of $500 cars against those of $5,000 cars.

Frank Nash, the expert jail breaker who was killed with four officers at Kansas City. Below: The car (right) in which he and Chief Reed met death.

The armament of the well dressed bank robber includes two .45 automatic pistols, a little .25 "rod" as a reserve in case the police begin to search him, a sawed-off shotgun, an automatic rifle, and a submachine gun. To this they have been adding of late murderous European-made twenty-shot automatic pistols—the weapon which killed the King of Yugoslavia and the Foreign Minister of France. Here again the police have staggered along at a disadvantage. The average town constable or county sheriff has no weapons except revolvers and automatics.

In reading the annals of the Barrow gang, one notices with a shudder how often a deputy opposed a .38 revolver against their machine guns—and went to a brave but futile death.

The fact is that the Barrows and their successors were showing up the American police system in general. Between coast and coast we have about 250,000 separate governments, most of them with exclusive police powers. Now, the modern bandit knows no permanent home nor habitat. Let us say that he robs a bank this morning in Kansas. By afternoon his fast car has whirled him into Texas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Iowa, Arkansas, or Missouri. Only one of these boasts a state police force; outside of the cities, township constables or county sheriffs administer law and order. In the course of his get-away he may cross fifty jurisdictions, each a virtually independent unit. It is—or was—impossible to coördinate the chase. In one township, which the bandit's stolen car will traverse in ten minutes, a slow incompetent constable represents the police power. Even if a frantic telegram informs him that some Dillinger or Baby-Face Nelson is coming his way, he will probably act too late.

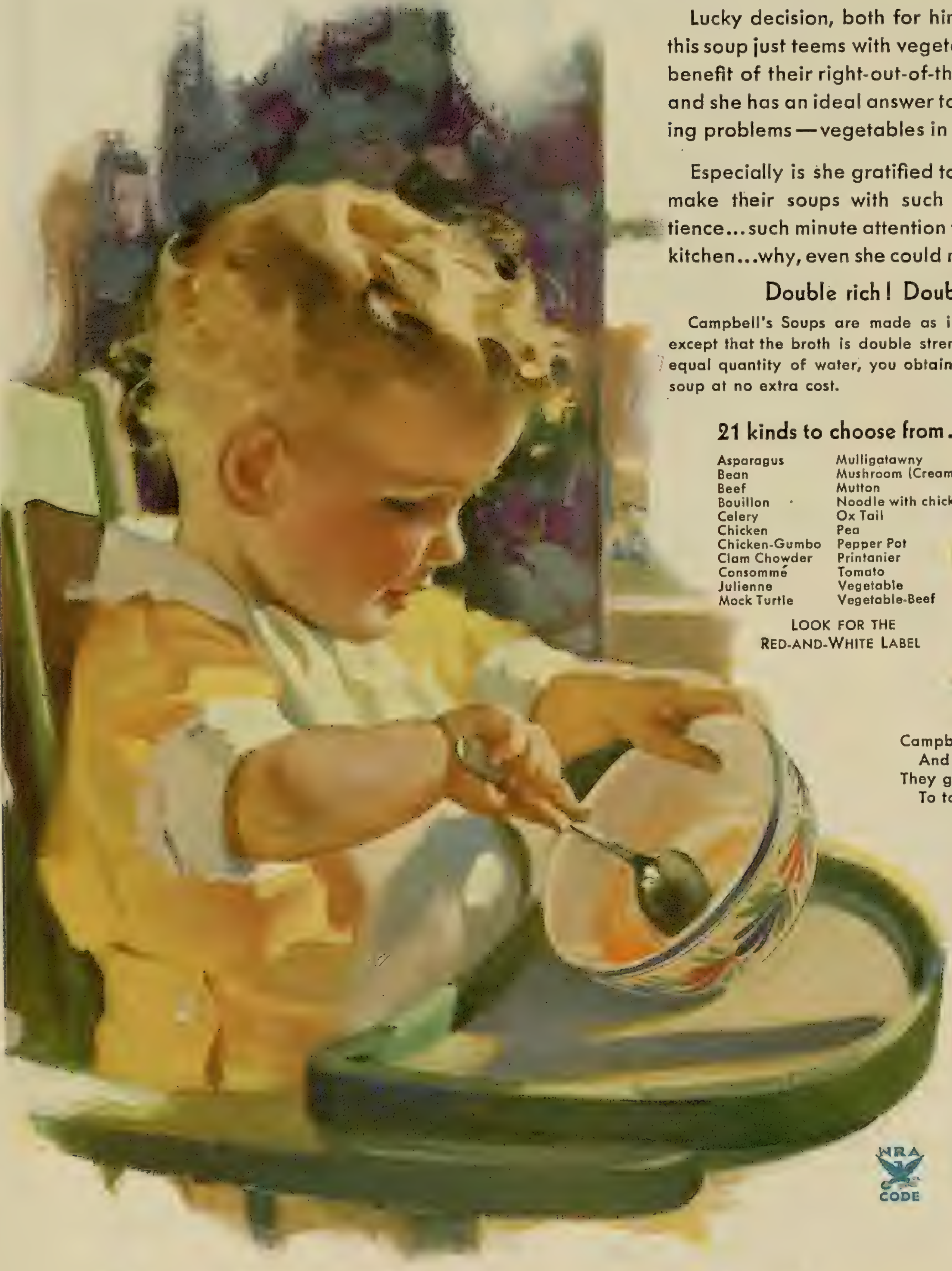
In another, an efficient constable may go forth, almost alone and ill equipped, to take a long chance and perhaps to die.

The same rule applies to sheriffs, who serve as directors of the county police forces. The typical county sheriff knew nothing about police work when the county political machine elected him to office; and, his tenure of office being usually limited to one term, he has little time to learn. He is valiant, however; his constituents require that. And he too matches his inexperience against the perverse efficiency of a master criminal. The search for these roving bandits during 1932 and 1933 reads like the annals of an army wherein every separate squad fought the battle according to its own ideas.

The worst and most dangerous of these criminals made county jails and even state penitentiaries seem like tissue paper. Nearly all had escaped from prison at least once. Although they had no real organization, they came together in a common cause to effect prison breaks. Between two robberies with murder, the Barrows sneaked up an arroyo to a prison farm, killed a guard, and took away with them five fellows of their own kidney. Dillinger broke jail three times. He was captured once in possession of a strange cryptic document of which the

(Continued on page seventeen)

"Can't waste a drop!"



He isn't going to miss any of it—not he! It tastes too good . . . so up goes the edge of the bowl . . . determined clicks of the spoon . . . and mother makes a mental note to give him Campbell's Vegetable Soup often!

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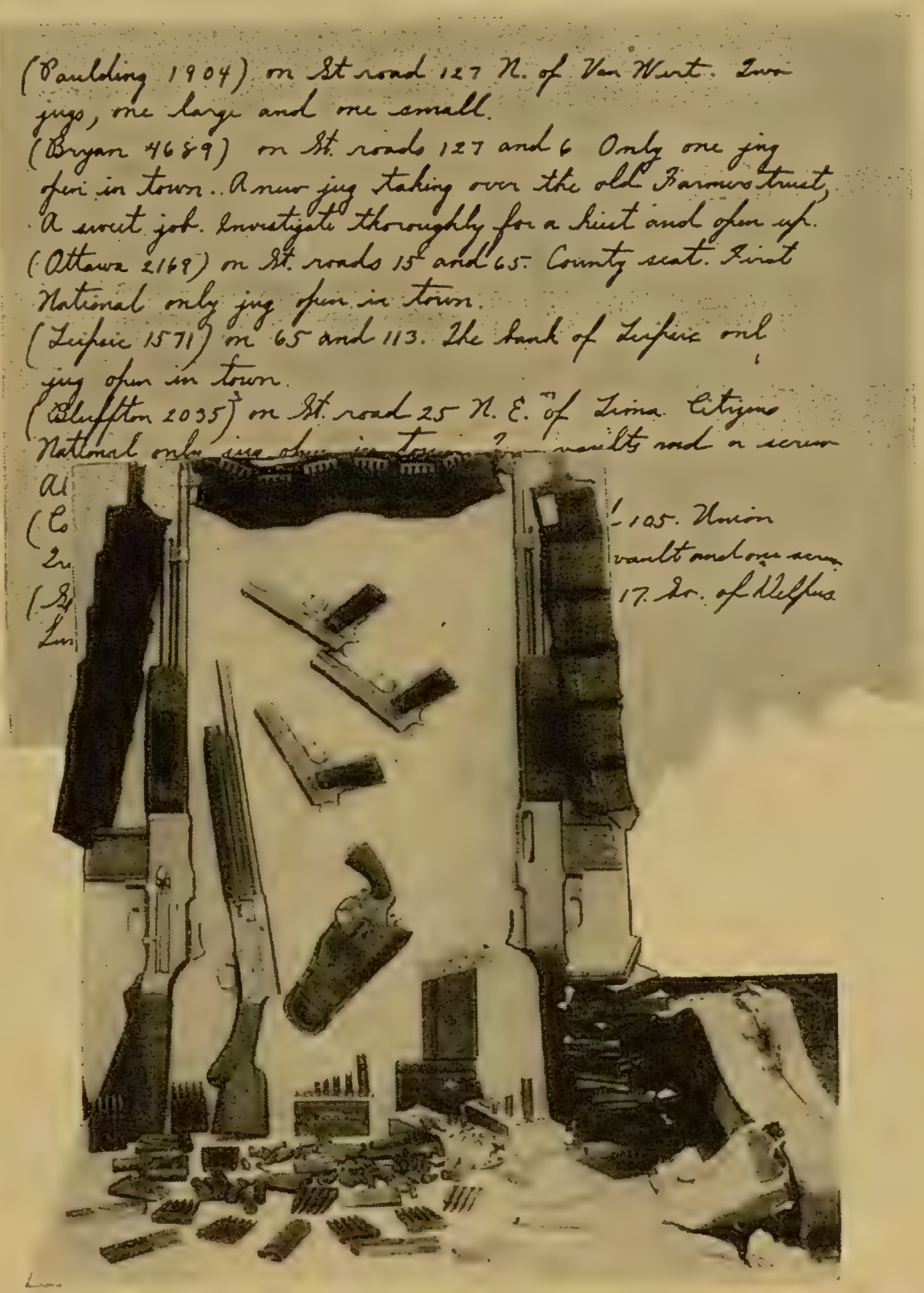
(Continued from page fourteen)

police could make nothing. A few days later they understood. With help from outside, Harry Pierpont and Charles Makley broke out of the state prison at Michigan City, Indiana. This document was the plan for the escape. With Dillinger arrested, some one else had carried on. A fortnight after that Pierpont and Makley returned the favor. By impersonating officers come to demand a prisoner, they entered the jail at Lima, Ohio, where Dillinger was confined. They killed the sheriff—killed him without rhyme or reason in the presence of his screaming wife—and released Dillinger.

Often these breaks savored of corruption. Some one in official position had probably taken blood money as a reward for smuggling arms to the prisoner or for greasing his exit. In the case of Harvey Bailey's escape from the Dallas jail, that complicity has been demonstrated in court. As I write, the Governor of Indiana is trying to prove that John Dillinger's famous "wooden gun" escape from the Crown Point jail had assistance. Frank Nash, himself an escaped convict from the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, during his period of haunted liberty made a business of engineering prison breaks. His operations did not languish for want of financing. Harvey Bailey, probably the angel of this business, once lifted $2,000,000 in a single bank robbery!

Meanwhile other and less expert crooks, noting the big winnings of these masters and their immunity to punishment, were falling in behind them. Bank employees in small towns worked with the feeling that they were on the firing line. The premiums on robbery insurance rose month by month.



(Paulding 1904) on St road 127 N. of Van Wert. Two jugs, one large and one small.
(Bryan 4689) on St. roads 127 and 6 Only one jug open in town. A new jug taking over the old Farmers trust, a sweet job. Investigate thoroughly for a heist and open up.
(Ottawa 2169) on St. roads 15 and 65. County seat. First National only jug open in town.
(Leipsic 1571) on 65 and 113. The bank of Leipsic only jug open in town.
(Bluffton 2035) on St. road 25 N. E. of Lima. Citizens National only [illegible] in town. 2 vaults and a screw
Al
(C ... 105. Union
2 ... vault and one screw
(S ... 17 ... of Bluffton
L

The Barrows' guns—"how often a deputy opposed a mere .38 revolver against them!" Above: The Dillinger mob's notes on "jugs," meaning banks. They robbed the one in Bluffton.

WHAT could be done about men like that? Nothing except to set over our horde of scattered, uncoördinated policemen some central authority which, with assistance of local policemen, could track down a man regardless of state, county, or township boundaries. It needed also an authority immune to the breezes of local politics and secure in office, so that it might follow a trail systematically, year after year.

Here, to digress for a moment, we touch on another defect in our police arrangements. A set of bandits robs a bank and kills a citizen or a policeman in Big Bear, Texas, and blows away into a neighboring state. The chief at Big Bear wants ardently to arrest these men. From his small force he details two or three detectives to hunt through other states. The local police are supposed to help them; but by the time the chase leads to a remote town in Minnesota, Michigan, or Arkansas, that assistance is likely to grow perfunctory. Then Big Bear has a political upheaval. The chief goes out of office. His successor overturns his policies, in the way successors have. The detectives come home. Unless the police of another town arrest the criminals on some other charge, the Big Bear robbery and murder stands on the books as perpetually unfinished business.

Somehow Washington must assume direction of such jobs. And the only force in Washington capable of tackling it was the Division of Investigation, Department of Justice. For nearly ten years before the peril from robbery grew acute, a happy combination of government officials had been building that organization into the best trained group of detectives in the world. It began its quiet rise when President Coolidge appointed Harlan F. Stone Attorney-General to succeed the disgraced Harry Daugherty. Stone visioned a force of well educated men who should finish off with a postgraduate course in the best modern methods for detecting crime. His plan included a laboratory of crime modeled on those institutions in France, Germany, and England which were raising detective work to the status of a learned profession. From the force itself he picked J. Edgar Hoover as director. William D. Mitchell, Stone's successor, passed the department, intact, uncorrupted, and still further developed, on to Homer S. Cummings.

ALL this is not so simple as it appears in synopsis. Now and then politicians clamored to have Edgar Hoover removed and supplanted by a deserving Republican or Democrat. For his job does not come under the civil service; neither do those of his operatives and his office staff. But the three Attorney-Generals stood firm, and so did the three Presidents behind them.

Their success in squelching the kidnaper gave them considerable newspaper notoriety. It was only natural that editorial writers should begin to demand that these federal operatives take hold of the new problem. This fitted into the wider plans of Attorney-General Cummings and his assistant in charge of criminal prosecutions, Joseph B. Keenan. Cummings had already conceived the idea of making his small but expert federal force a kind of general staff for our armies of law and order. But when it came to the roving criminal, he was at the moment almost hogtied. Robbing a national bank, killing a citizen, even murdering one of Uncle Sam's operatives, was no crime under federal law—unless it happened on a government reservation.

Washington had only one stock excuse for taking a hand in this game. A few years ago Congress put the transportation of a stolen automobile across a state line on the list of felonies punishable under federal law. Your roving bank robber virtually lives in stolen cars. That was the pretext on which the federal agents entered the Barrow case toward its end; and the only crime they ever hung on John Dillinger. It was a slender foothold, but it might serve for a start. On June 15, 1933, the Attorney-General announced officially that Uncle Sam proposed to move on crime in general and the roving bank robber in particular.

And as though in response, the very next day the underworld made a blunder that lost the war for it. Cold-bloodedly, defiantly, it killed four officers of the law, including one federal agent, and wounded two other federal agents—the notorious Kansas City massacre.

Solving that obscure case, whose roots ran not only into the underworld but into filthy municipal politics, was a task as heavy and irritating as any which the G-men ever attempted. Now, a year and a half later, it is no longer obscure. This magazine furnished the first “break.” The federal men wanted Richard T. Galatas, politician of Hot Springs, Arkansas, as a key witness. He was missing. Liberty published a list of badly wanted fugitives, with their photographs, including that of Galatas. A reader recognized Galatas as a quiet mysterious neighbor; and the federal men laid their hands on him. Within ten days an Ohio sheriff captured Adam Richetti, wanted for the Kansas City job, and federal agents killed Pretty-Boy Floyd, almost certainly one of the trigger men at Kansas City.

It is possible now to tell in essence the true story of this black defiant crime. Frank Nash, escaped convict and expert in helping others to escape, had been at liberty for three years. His jail-breaking operations, his personal popularity and that of his pretty wife, made him an essential man to the underworld. No fugitive was ever so well guarded and protected. But he had escaped from a federal penitentiary and recapturing him was a job for the G-men. All this time agents F. J. Lackey and Frank Smith of the federal force were on his trail. They found him at last in Hot Springs, Arkansas—with his face “lifted” and a wig covering his bald head.

He was well guarded. Arresting him without precipitating a murderous fight constituted a problem. However, Lackey, Smith, and Chief of Police Reed of McAlester, Oklahoma, who had volunteered to assist, trapped him quietly and neatly, tucked him into a small sedan, and started for Leavenworth. Various events on the road proved to them that they were somehow being watched. They turned back to a way station in Arkansas and took a night train for Kansas City, first telegraphing for reënforcements. They intended at Kansas City to transfer Nash to another car and so make the final journey to Leavenworth. At the Kansas City station next morning four officers met them—federal agents Raymond J. Caffrey and R. E. Vetterli, city policemen William J. Grooms and Frank Hermanson. They proceeded without incident to the car. Three officers took places on the back seat. Lackey ordered Nash to sit beside the driver. He entered from the left side, and was pausing momentarily in the driver's seat when a fusillade burst out.

FROM the pavement before the car, two men with machine guns were firing into it. From a little car at the rear another machine gun rattled. Fifteen seconds of this; then the little car ran alongside. Some one in it called, “All dead, boys!” The killers on the pavement jumped in; the car raced away with its throttle open. The officers were not all dead, but they were all down—Chief Reed, policeman Grooms, policeman Hermanson killed instantly, federal agent Caffrey dying, agents Lackey and Vetterli wounded; and Nash himself, as an agent expressed it afterward, “just a sponge.” Alone, agent Smith escaped without a scratch. Seeing the futility of opposing three machine guns with five pistols and two shotguns, he had dropped to the floor and played dead.

The motive of this impudent crime long remained a mystery. If the underworld wanted to rescue Nash, why did they kill him? Gossip from the hangouts and hotsy-totsies said that a row over a woman caused his pals to take revenge on Nash; and that they wiped out the police only incidentally. Others believed that Nash, a kind of reporter for the underworld, knew too much. But slow analysis of the confused evidence seems to prove that it was a rescue which went wrong. The late unlamented Verne Miller, expert machine-gunner, being full of hop at the time, conceived this defiance of a nation. The late unlamented Pretty-Boy Floyd, multi-murderer, being full of booze, fell in with the idea. Somewhere near the center of the plot, the federal men think, there wriggled Adam Richetti. Three or four city police departments want him; but the Department of Justice proposes to keep him until a jury declares him guilty or not guilty in the Kansas City massacre.

While Nash was entering the car, policeman Grooms stood guard in front. He looked up to see two men—probably Miller and Floyd—approaching with machine guns. Pluckily he fired twice. Either he missed or he hit Floyd's famous bulletproof vest. These shots sprang the battle prematurely. The killers had no time certainly to identify Nash. But on the first stage of the journey he had ridden in the middle of the back seat. So they avoided that spot while they concentrated on the man at the wheel.

No government can stand such defiance and keep the respect of its citizens. Also, this crime threw the G-men into the same mood which the blowing up of the Maine produced on the whole American people. If it was war they wanted—by God, they could have it! The Department of Justice prepared to mobilize and march. On one floor of the building Attorney-General Cummings drafted new laws giving the federal operatives real authority. On another Director Hoover, using the imperfect means he had, started to run the eminent bank robbers ragged. Cummings got most of his bills through Congress. Now it is a federal crime to rob a national or Federal Reserve bank, to cross a state line as a fugitive from justice or as a runaway witness, knowingly to aid or harbor a man wanted for a federal offense, or to possess an unlicensed machine gun.

THIS legal program did not come to fruition until the summer of 1934. Meanwhile the operatives had been knocking off desperate bank robbers as a side issue to the campaign against kidnaping. George Barnes (alias Kelly), Albert Bates, and Harvey Bailey, now serving life terms at Alcatraz for snatching Charles F. Urschel, were all big-time bank robbers. In the pursuit of John Dillinger the federal operatives or the police working with them killed a half dozen more. These killings have their importance. The federal men are bound to give any criminal a chance to hoist his hands and surrender. But at the first flutter toward his gun they shoot. “And,” says an inhabitant of Washington who knows, “these murderers don't like their own medicine. More than most men they fear death by shooting. The electric chair? That's far away. It's the prospect of being shot up which really fills them with terror.”

Terror—that word expresses the mood of this element as the federal campaign moved relentlessly on. Charles F. Urschel reported the panic which came over his kidnapers when they learned from a newspaper that the G-men were working on this case. At the trial of George Barnes, alias Kelly, a witness who saw him in one of his hide-outs told how he walked the floor lamenting that he had planned this Urschel job and so brought the G-men into the affair. “Why did I do it? I was sitting pretty as it was,” he moaned.

Pretty-Boy Floyd figured as one of the hardest, most reckless killers in his game. But four times, while he was on the dodge, he sent an intermediary to offer his testimony against every accomplice, provided the federal men would promise him relative immunity—almost anything short of the chair. And when the federal agents confronted him, he just ran. The Barker-Karpis gang, the only organized mob of kidnapers still at large, used to commit robbery on the side. Since the Department of Justice billed them as wanted for the Bremer affair, they are too busy saving their own lives. And the rate of bank robberies has dropped by a third.

Some city police departments call these Department of Justice operatives “theorists,” “Boy Scouts,” and “night-school detectives.” But the professional criminal seems to know class when he sees it.

At last the long-awaited inside story, known only to the G-men's chiefs, of how “that poisonous little rat” John Dillinger was hunted down, cornered, and killed, will be made public by Mr. Irwin and Liberty in next week's installment. It will reveal the facts about the much discussed Little Bohemia Lodge affray, and about the round-up of Dillinger's mob since his death.

Photographed in Yoho Valley, Canadian Rockies

For folks who don't like their fun confined

Maybe it isn't the most important thing in life... but grant to Spud this little contribution to the art of living: *it freed our daily enjoyment of smoking from the nagging restraint of a dry, stale mouth.* Spud took the limits off smoking pleasure when it took the tar-laden *heat* out of smoke. And two million cool, fresh mouths give cheery thanks. If you are one of those who likes his smoking fun in big measures, you and Spud ought to get acquainted.

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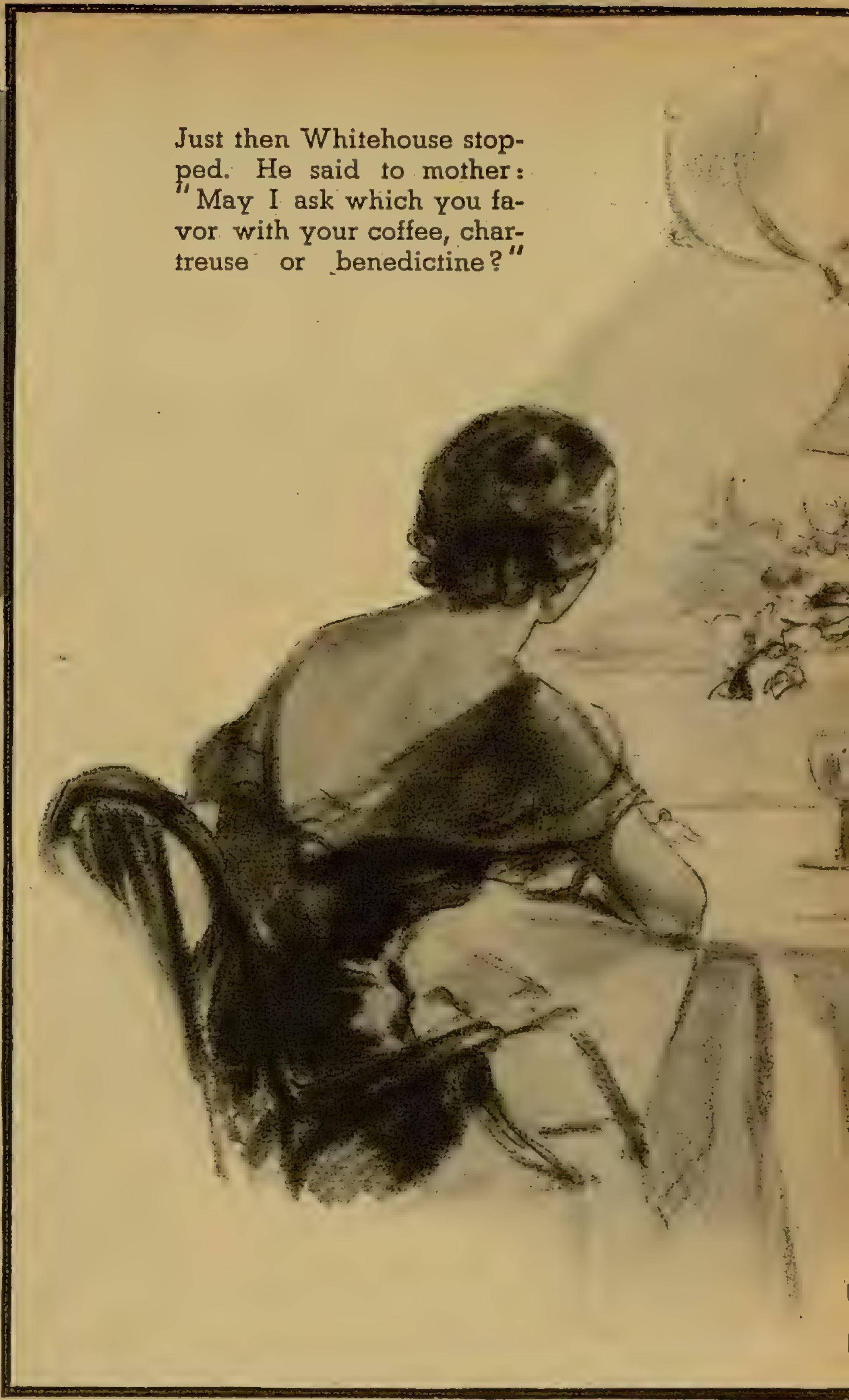


Just then Whitehouse stopped. He said to mother: "May I ask which you favor with your coffee, chartreuse or benedictine?"

IN the years of her bedridden childhood Leila Haight thought an "utter" was something. This was because she didn't realize the dash that meant "simpleton" or "funny darling," or almost anything, when mother turned her small fixed smile down to Leila at some outrageous or fantastic sally of the child's and said, "Don't be an utter ——!" Perhaps it had come to be a noun even to mother.

Leila and mother lived in a house in a garden surrounded by a wall in Limerock Street in Johnsboro. Till she was going on seventeen Leila never knew anything about Limerock Street or Johnsboro. At fifteen, the doctor began to have her practice walking now and then, on his arm or on mother's.

The day she was sixteen Dr. Feather took the brace off her back for good and she walked around the rose circle by herself. Dr. Feather was nearly seventy, pudgy, pouchy, and bald; yet that day he looked like young Alexander looking at Persia. He grinned at mother. "You didn't believe me, Marion, ten years ago when I told you you'd see the day when she'd be as good as you."

"Better 'n you'll be, Marion, if you keep this up," he added later.

It was later by a year, to the day, in the same tight garden. He'd been studying the two as the sunlight fell upon them, a crease deepening between his brows. And he said to mother: "It's time you were beginning to think of packing this one off to school."

Mother looked at him sharply. "Don't be an *utter!*" It was the first time Leila had ever heard that tone.

Dr. Feather put his head down in his neck, the way he had when he bullied.

"And we won't have any argument either!"

Leila's first night at Colony Hall School was her last there. She had never slept in the same house with any one but mother, to say nothing of the same room, and now she was to be shut in behind a door with a stranger named Berta.

Berta was sixteen, Leila seventeen, but they both thought Berta was the older. Berta couldn't talk about anything but a place she called "the lake." She'd just come from "the lake," where she'd spent August on a visit, and there was something that she seemed to be trying to make Leila understand without actually telling her.

Leila felt more and more trapped and dumb and panic-stricken.

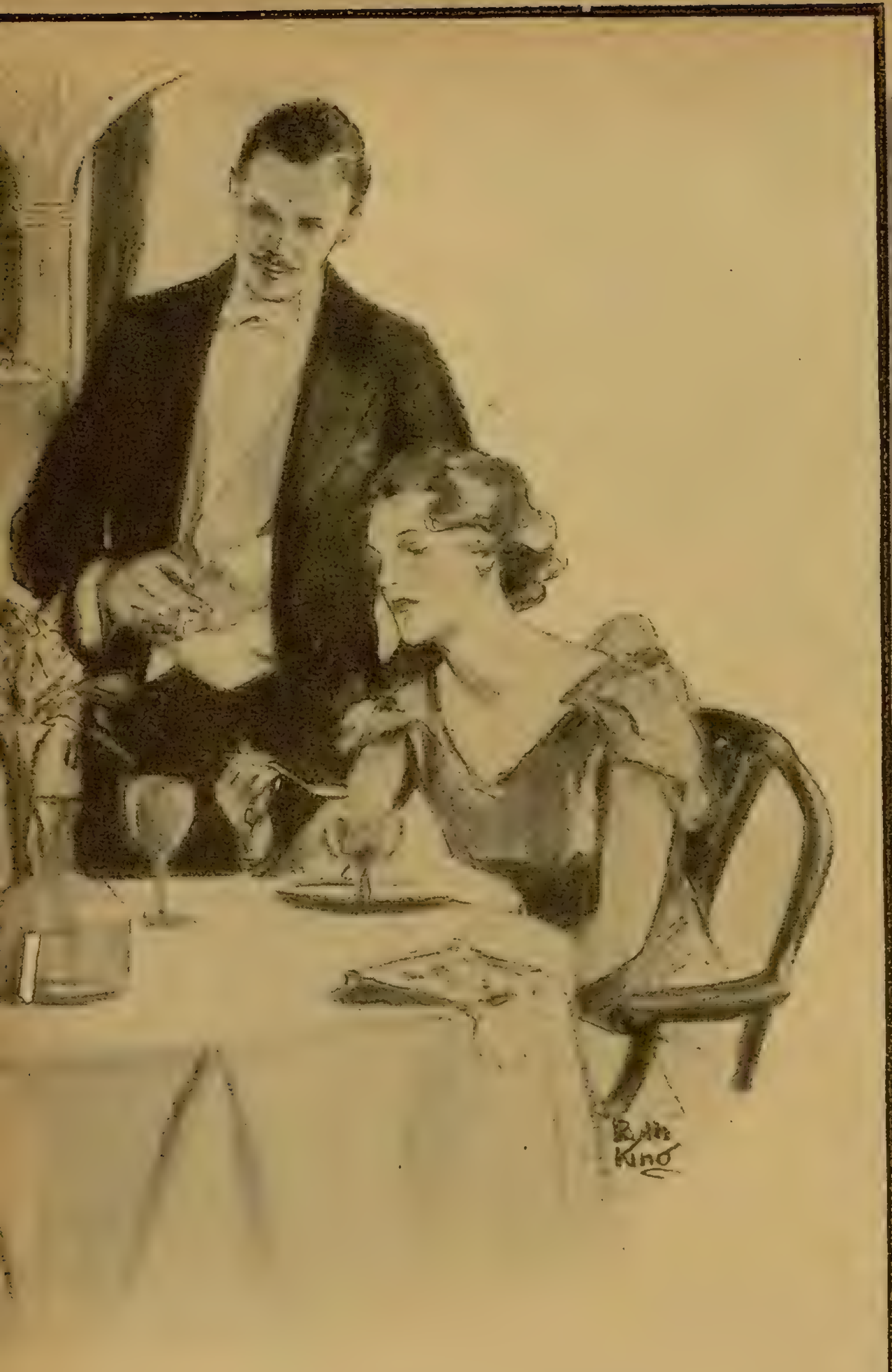
Berta was so rounded. Berta had a golden down on her forearms and the back of her neck, a small full-lipped mouth which she kept bright carmine, and a glowing restlessness. She had photographs of half a dozen boys, one of them an older boy. She slipped this one of the older boy under her pillow, not minding if Leila saw.

Leila hurried to undress and get in bed. How could she go to sleep, though? Heaven, tonight, would have been to know she had to lie, till she died, in her bed, in her wheel chair, while mother came and bent above her and went away, presently to come and bend again.

Mother had bent so much that her shoulders hung a little. She'd worn slippers so long she teetered when she put on shoes. Dr. Feather sometimes said to her: "Why do you want to go around looking like the wrath of God, at your age?" That angered Leila. She had no idea what mother's age was; she had never wondered. But she didn't look like any wrath of God. To Leila she was beautiful. Her face was as smooth as smooth ivory, and always the same, with the same little bent-down smile; and certainly there was no color on earth so lovely as the dark red of the hair that always had wrinkly wisps straying out of it. It was beautiful, seen against the green of leaves, but it was even more beautiful, Leila thought, against the deep blue in the top of the sky, which matched the blue of mother's eyes.

Berta took forever, undressing. When she was in bed at last, and that photograph out from under her pillow, even in the dark she couldn't stop. It was "Oh, Leila" this and "Oh, Leila" that across the room. For Berta couldn't bear to have to sleep, to have to stop glowing and thrilling, dying to tell what she hungered to tell without telling.

It was only after she had slept at last that the really terrifying part of it all happened. For Berta waked again in a dead hour of the night, when everything was



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY RUTH KING

The End of a Voyage Brings the Beginning of Life for Two Groping Hearts in a Memorable and Strangely Poignant Tale

by WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

different, and came and crept into Leila's bed, and clung close to her for comfort, shivering and whimpering in a black aftermath of panic, "Oh, God, don't let anything happen!"

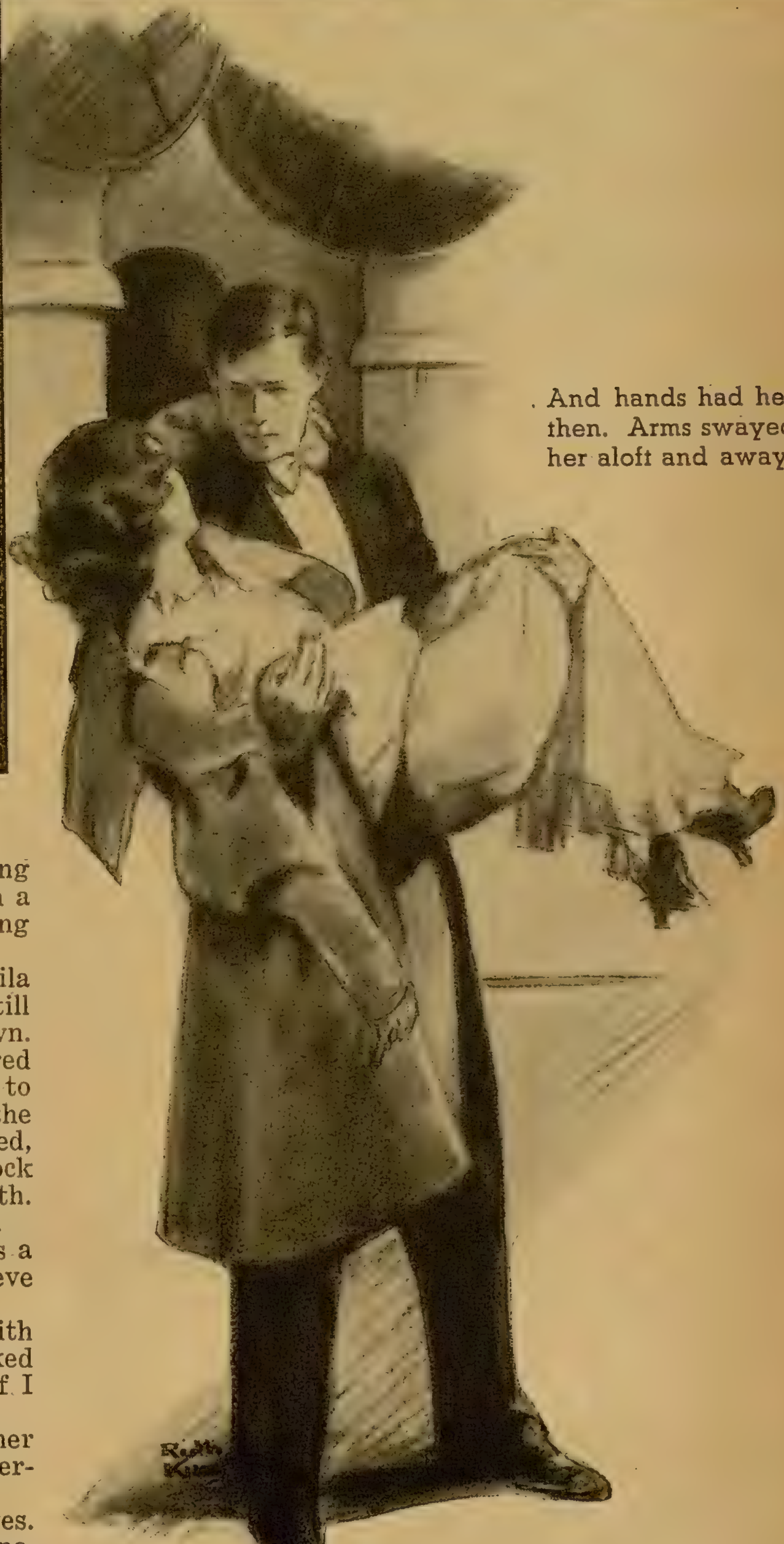
She wore herself back to sleep in the end. Then Leila was able to get free. She dressed and sat in a chair till dawn. At six she heard stirrings below and went down. The yard gates were opened at seven. She hadn't dared bring hat or coat, only enough money balled in her fist to pay the fifty-odd miles on the train to Johnsboro. If the gate in the wall in Limerock Street had been bolted, there's no saying what would have happened. Some clock of instinct had measured her powers to a hair's breadth. She got through the gate, shut it tightly, and fainted.

She was in bed when Dr. Feather came. "She has a fever," mother told him. "All right, if you don't believe me, take it!"

He took Leila's temperature, and was exasperated with her. "You would!" he growled. He stood off and looked at the two, his head down in his neck. "I suppose if I had any sense I'd wash my hands of the pair of you."

"Isn't there any way you can bring it down?" mother appealed to him next day, when the temperature persisted.

He had his head in his neck again. "One way, yes. That's to wire the school she'll be back there, fever or no, next Monday. Not you, Marion—I'll send it off myself, on my way home now."



And hands had her then. Arms swayed her aloft and away.

He was too bold for them. They were helpless and they knew it. Mother trailed him out into the next room, but it did no good. Leila heard him turn on her there:

"What's more, Marion, you've got to clear out of here. Take a trip. Go abroad for a while, Marion." A newspaper crackled. "Look here—and Monday, too. The Sumaria is sailing from New York on Monday." Then there was something new under the sun—Dr. Feather pleading in place of commanding. "Marion, won't you?"

Leila sat up of a sudden and called: "Yes, mother—say yes, you will!"

When mother came back into the room after the doctor had gone, she stood and looked at Leila in the strangest dazed lost way.

Dr. Feather had to crow next day when he came in and found Leila up and busy helping mother get ready. "What did I tell you? I'm not so dumb!"

He had five more days in which to guess that something might be wrong with that picture, and he never did. Not till the evening after the Monday morning when he saw them off on separate trains did a first mistrust of their docility come to him. On impulse he put through a call to Colony Hall School at Waterbury. No Leila had they seen. He knew then; but it was too late. His heart was heavy and his brow all wrinkles.

"Damn Leila! Poor Marion!" After a moment he repeated it, with a change. "Damn Marion! Poor Leila!"

For three days Leila knew what it was to be happy. The wind blew and the seas ran. There were few on board the Sumaria that weren't ill. After half a day's headache she was one. The young man with the brown cap and the book and the grouch was another. Leila thought he thought he was smart, walking the deck the way he did, back and forth in front of the deck chairs, jutting his homely jaw, frowning into his book. She was glad when he went inside and left the sea for her to look at.

Leila was miserable to know that mother was miserable, of course. She held mother's hand. Not five minutes passed but she was out of her rug to make sure the one on the next chair was tucked in tight around mother. She winced every time mother winced, when the rail went down and the horizon came up on one of the periodical big rolls. Yet deep under Leila's misery hid happiness. Her sense of possession was whole, now that mother was helpless. She couldn't help it—she gloated.

As for the others scattered along the chair line, they might have been as dead as they looked, and no matter.

On the third day the bundle in the chair beyond mother spoke: "I'm not seasick, mind you. That's all in the mind." A bileful chuckle. "I'm simply resting."

It took Leila a moment to realize that the only chair it could have been addressing was mother's, since the three beyond were empty. She was startled, then indignant. She wanted to cry, "What right have you?" She wanted to squeeze mother's hand, and dared not, since mother herself might not have realized, and that might make her.

"I say," the bundle tried again. But that was as far as it got; Leila sat bolt upright, with her face frozen.

"My mother is asleep."

A chuckling groan. "Oh, please forgive!"

THE chair on Leila's other side never had anybody in it. The name on the card was "Mr. Eli James Jamieson." When the ill-natured youth with the brown cap suddenly plopped down in it that afternoon, Leila wanted to cry at him too, "What right have you?" She could never be glad enough afterward she hadn't given him so happy a chance to bite her head off. He happened to be Eli James Jamieson.

The brown cap was of some Scotch goods with a shaggy nap that made it enormous. His coat was enormous too. Leila didn't know how she was going to keep from screaming. Not even lying in the dark in the same room with a strange Berta had been as smothering as this—hemmed in, overhung. Mother didn't see because her eyes were still shut. Leila tried closing her own. Immediately something said, "He's turned his head; he's looking at you." Open they flew again.

Then it happened. He didn't turn or anything. He just suddenly spoke:

"Have you ever read the Life of Sir Martin Frobisher?"

The voice was hoarse and surly; his not looking at her doubled its belligerence. Leila couldn't move and wouldn't speak.

The book slammed shut.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure!"

It didn't sound like begging. He didn't look apologetic, humping up and stamping his feet away along the deck; what he looked was good and murdering mad.

Once he was out of sight, "Mother, did you hear—" Leila started, then stopped. Why bother her if she hadn't? What could she do?

NEXT morning it was Leila who would have kept to the stateroom, mother who sided with the stewardess about getting out in the air. During the night the weather had changed, and so had mother. They were in the Gulf Stream, and the Gulf Stream was a mirror. The sunshine falling in at the port ran circles no longer over deck and bulkhead, but lay where it fell. For days mother hadn't had any food to keep. About breakfast time she was stubborn with starvation. She went ahead down to table in the saloon neither she nor Leila had yet seen, and Leila had to follow. Leila was ahead, though, when they came on deck. She reached the chairs first, and took mother's. What was the difference? Both were theirs.

If mother comprehended, she gave no sign. The chairs to right and left were empty. Leila saw the brown cap but once, at a distance, its visor pointing into the Life of Sir Martin Frobisher; and the bundle which had tried to speak to mother seemed gone for good.

In the end, a man who had tramped himself out stopped and sat down on the bundle's chair. He sat on the foot rest sidewise, facing her, his knees so nearly touching Leila's that she pressed hers together to make them thin. She didn't know whether to be the more enraged or disgusted, seeing he was far from young, the bare head and the mustache with pointed ends frankly grizzled, and fine wrinkles raying from the corners of the eyes with which he was deliberately trying to catch hers.

She wished she knew some telegraphic code of squeezes, so her hand could tell mother's, "In a minute he'll go away." She would have been wrong, as it turned out. The man wasn't as sensitive as all that. He sat right on. He began to grin. He said: "How do you do, Miss Leila Haight? The name on *my* card is Whitehouse—Arnold A. Whitehouse—and I wish you wouldn't look that way."

Leila couldn't help it—hotness struck her temples. "I'm not looking any way!"

"Oh, yes, you are. And I asked you so humbly to forgive me, too."

Again Leila couldn't help it. "What for? When?"

"For not knowing she was sleeping yesterday."

So this was the bundle!

"And I'd very much like to meet that lady," she heard him add, "for a reason."

In her helplessness, all she could do was look to mother. Then she gave thanks.

"She's sleeping again," she could say.

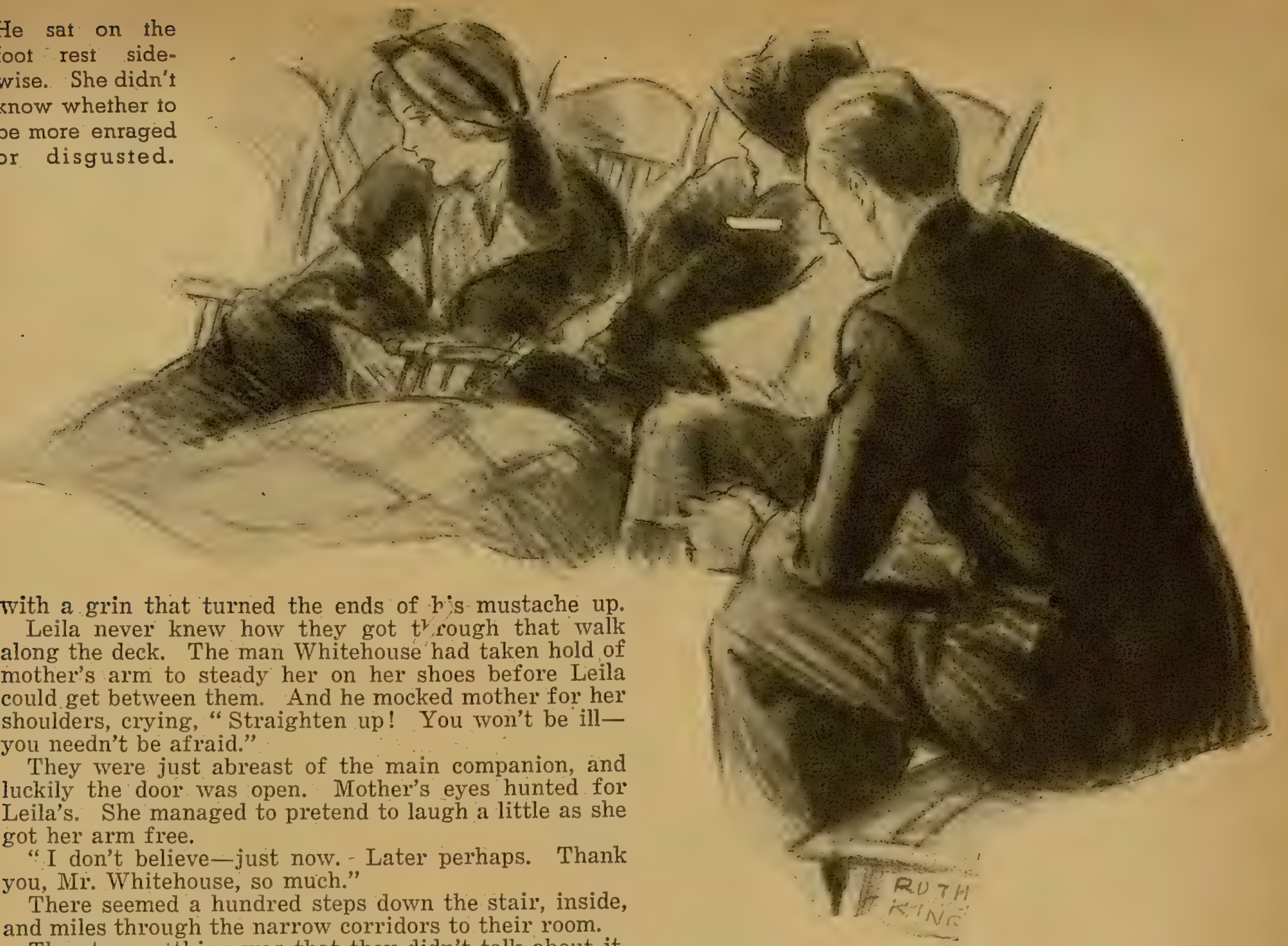
After minutes the man Whitehouse said to the underside of the deck above: "The reason is because I happen to know—I happen to be a chemical engineer by trade, so I know it for a fact—you have to grow that particular shade right on the head. You can't buy it. They can't make it. Millions in it if they could."

It sounded crazy. Leila sat up and threw the rug off violently. As for mother, one swift hand had almost betrayed her, starting up to tuck away a strand of that deep-red hair that blew untidily across a temple—stopping just in time. She covered it by sitting up and opening her eyes. She turned them everywhere. The look in them made Leila want to whirl on the man, crying: "Now see what you've done!" Instead she scrambled to her feet and said to mother, "Let's take a walk."

"Yes, do, Mrs. Haight!" Up he got. "Come on!"

Mother looked everywhere. "I don't feel much like—"

He wouldn't let her finish. "Nor you won't till you do. Will she?" He had the nerve to appeal to Leila, He sat on the foot rest sidewise. She didn't know whether to be more enraged or disgusted.



with a grin that turned the ends of his mustache up.

Leila never knew how they got through that walk along the deck. The man Whitehouse had taken hold of mother's arm to steady her on her shoes before Leila could get between them. And he mocked mother for her shoulders, crying, "Straighten up! You won't be ill—you needn't be afraid."

They were just abreast of the main companion, and luckily the door was open. Mother's eyes hunted for Leila's. She managed to pretend to laugh a little as she got her arm free.

"I don't believe—just now. Later perhaps. Thank you, Mr. Whitehouse, so much."

There seemed a hundred steps down the stair, inside, and miles through the narrow corridors to their room.

The strange thing was that they didn't talk about it, now that they were alone. Another strange thing—about the things they did talk of, they lied. When the luncheon bugle sounded along the corridor, mother said she'd eaten so much breakfast she didn't see how she could, and Leila said she wasn't hungry either. Later on it was the sun. The sun would be on the deck where their chairs were, and Leila had a headache and couldn't face it, she said. Mother had a book she wanted to read, and she couldn't read with the sun in her eyes.

Leila lay down on her berth, finally, because of her headache. Mother sat in the one chair with her book. Time dragged. Leila nearly closed her eyes.

Mother turned one page, just at first; after that she didn't turn any more, though she would have seemed still to read. Leila's lids grew heavy and closed at last. They opened quickly when mother moved. But she had only risen to stand with her back to Leila, staring out of the porthole.

Leila dropped off again. She dreamed the one recurrent dream she had. It was about her father. She'd never known him, because he was killed in a motor accident the year she was born. She knew she must have loved him dearly had he lived, since mother had. Mother used to talk of him often in the years when Leila was little. The dream was that there had been some mistake at the hospital, and her father was alive and had just come back to them now after all this time. Leila could never see him plainly. She tried to cry out, and couldn't; tried to run to mother, and couldn't lift her feet. She always managed to wake up then.

When she did now, mother had moved from the port. She stood before the cabinet that held the washbowl, staring into the mirror. Of a sudden she drew her shoulders back with a cruel twist and reached up and hooked her fingers in her hair. Leila heard her cry under her breath: "It's the truth—the horrible damned truth!"

She heard Leila's gasp and turned half away. So she stood for a moment. Then she sat down heavily on her berth opposite and faced Leila—with what a face!

"Mother! What?"

"Leila, do you know how old I am? I'm not forty yet, not thirty-nine even. I'm only thirty-eight years old, Leila, and I look like the wrath of God."

Before Leila could move, something astounding happened. Mother began to cry.

Leila moved then. She was all over mother in a fury. "You don't! You're perfectly lovely!" She tried to smooth the wispy hair back. But mother put her hand away, crying, "Don't be an utter!" with a vehemence that made it frightening.

LEILA dared not give up, though. "Your hair's the loveliest in the world, the very loveliest!" In her passion she forgot. "That old man this morning, that's what he meant—"

Mother had stopped crying. Instead she was staring. "Old! What old man?"

With that she started to laugh. She laughed harder and harder. Leila had never seen hysteria. She didn't know what to do. It had to run its course. In the end it was mother who bathed her own face with cold water from the tap and said it was all right now.

Leila had always known everything that mother knew, till this. She thought now mother would tell her why she had stared and then laughed. She waited. She went and stood looking out of the port at the white water. She heard mother moving restlessly around the room behind her. Presently she heard her go out.

Fifteen minutes later Leila rang the bell and the stewardess came. Leila kept her hands out of sight, because her hands always betrayed her. She managed her voice.

Did the stewardess know where mother was? The stewardess didn't. She went away and came back, and still she didn't know.

Leila waited another fifteen minutes before she went on deck. The chairs were empty. She took her nails out of her palms. She mustn't walk too fast. She walked all around that deck. She climbed the stair aft to the boat deck. She found she mustn't walk too slowly, either.

Three young people with shuffleboard sticks thought she wasn't doing anything and said they were looking for a fourth. Leila murmured thanks and hurried on past the back of the boy with the brown cap, who leaned stiffly on the rail, his nose in the Life of Sir Martin Frobisher.

Leila got down to the other deck just in time to run into the man Whitehouse coming out of the smoking room, filling his pipe. He drew off and stared at her.

“For God's sake! Who's dead?”

“I'm looking for my mother.”

He chuckled. “Good idea! I'll help you.”

She got away. She hurried forward along the port side toward the main companion. The deck steward, who was working near it, turned and called in, “Here she comes now.”

Leila's stewardess was on the stairs. “Mrs. Haight sent word she's in the barber's, miss, and she'll be there for a while.”

Leila got to the stateroom and lay down. Her hot clothes stuck to her. Little by little they grew colder till they were icy: she had to pull a blanket over her. The room turned red with sunset, then gray and dark.

She had meant to lie still when mother came in; but she sat up like a shot when the lights snapped on, and caught her breath.

“Do you like it?” Mother looked in the mirror and moved her head a little, so that the light jumped from wave to wave.

Leila tried twice before she could say, “Lovely.” Mother's head was suddenly too small to be mother's; that was the trouble. And the neck and shoulders seem to feel it, as if half the weight they'd been carrying was gone.

“Mother, why did you?” Leila couldn't help it.

Mother's face was the other way and she took a moment to answer: “Because I don't want you to go down to dinner with an utter old dowd, that's why.”

“We don't have to go down! We can have something here!”

“We've got to commence, sooner or later, my dear one. People will begin to look at us if we don't. Come, I'll ring for the baths—it's after six.”

They were nearly through dinner before another thing that was strange explained itself to Leila. “Mother, have you put something on your mouth tonight?”

There was sudden color on the height of the cheeks too, at that, but it came of itself. Mother kept her eyes on her sherbet. “Isn't it all right? I've had an end of a piece—I don't know why—for nearly eighteen years.”

JUST then the man Whitehouse, coming past from the captain's table, stopped at their little round one. It was odd what the white shirt front did to him, making his hair and mustache almost dark. He said to mother: “May I ask which you favor with your coffee, madam, chartreuse or benedictine? Because I'm putting in an early order in the lounge.” To Leila he said: “I was right about the hair.”

The color that had been at the top of mother's cheeks spread down to her neck; she didn't know where to look or what to say. She looked at Leila. Leila said it:

“Thank you, but mother and I don't take coffee after dinner.”

The man shook his head over them, the points of his mustache down. Then they went up. “In that case, wraps and three times around the deck in the moonlight is indicated. What?”

Leila couldn't understand why mother should look and act so helpless, as if in another moment she would have to, simply because he said to. Yet her heart rose with sharp relief to see that with the helplessness in mother's eyes was mingled panic.

“Mother is tired,” she said to the man.

He was sorry. He had started on, when he paused to look back in a funny way, not at mother but at Leila. Then he clamped his jaw, shook his head, and winked solemnly before he turned to go. It made Leila boil.

“I don't see why, when he knows we hate him!”

After they were in bed and the lights out, mother got up and came over and sat on the edge of Leila's berth. It must have been an hour she sat there, holding one of Leila's hands, sometimes loosely, then hard again.

“Why?” Leila asked her once.

“Because you mean so much to me, little Leila. I love you so much.”

“Mother, are you crying?”

“I? No, no, I'm not crying.”

Leila cried, when mother had returned to her bed. Now that the nameless shapeless thing that had seemed to threaten the two of them had gone away, she could cry for happiness a little while, and then sleep. She didn't know it had been but a preface. She didn't guess that it had hardly begun.

THE sun rose, climbed to the zenith, swung down to another night when Leila did not sleep. It rose again, climbed, sank to still another. Across the stateroom, beyond the thin iron beyond the berth where mother lay in the dark, the power of the deep slid past with a ceaseless threshing whisper. Leila was so starved for sleep she could only nearly fall asleep. As she sank into the beginning of daze, it seemed as if she had fathomed at last what it was. It was that black stream over there, over mother, that was carrying mother away. Leila cried out before she was fully awake. She bit her lip and prayed that mother hadn't heard.

Mother had, though. Above all the sounds of an iron ship at sea Leila heard slippered feet. The mattress sagged to a leaning weight and a hand was trying to find hers. Leila didn't help. Mother's hand had always been something to hold to. Now it seemed as if there were nothing much there between Leila's fingers if she took it, try as she tried, try as mother tried.

It would have frightened Leila less if mother hadn't tried so hard; for by that she knew it was something mother couldn't help, couldn't stand against—this mysterious drift that had caught her and was carrying her away from Leila, farther and farther, stranger and stranger with that new deep luster of shaped hair and come and go of troubled color, and a breast where a hollow had been.

They hadn't said anything yet—only spoken of idle things if they talked, letting the ice grow. But now, when mother tried to find her hand, Leila broke the ice to bits:

“Why do you walk with him? Why do you talk with him?”

And there again was the tiny wait before the answer:

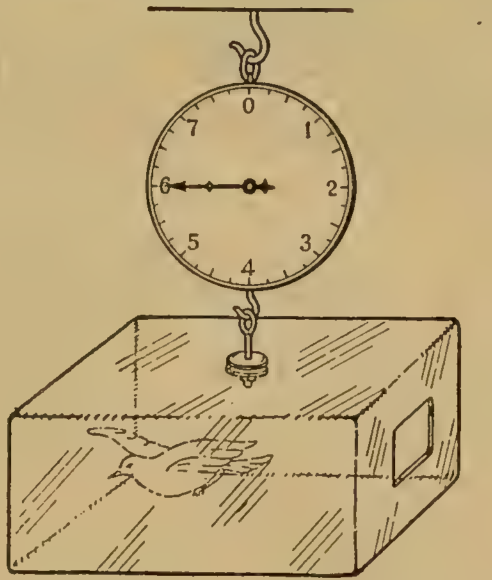
“Dear, don't be an utter! What can one do else without being rude?”

“*Be* rude! *Be!*”

A little laugh that it was pain to hear. “But, sweetheart, we're not tucked away in Limerock Street any longer. We can't snub a whole worldful of people, can we? We'll have, somehow, to begin to learn how to give and take.”

Try This One When You Want an Argument

By F. Gregory Hartswick



Our illustration shows a remarkable piece of apparatus invented by Professor I. Rackabrane. It is composed, as you see, of a glass box which is hung by a chain from a spring balance. The box weighs exactly six pounds. You will observe that there is a hole at one end of the box, and during the professor's absence a bird has made its way into the box and is flying about without touching the sides or the bottom in any way. We may state that this bird weighs exactly one pound.

Our artist has drawn the spring balance registering six pounds—the weight of the professor's glass box. We would like to know whether or not he is right. Would the entrance of a one-pound bird into such a box affect the weight of the box, always remembering that the bird keeps flying and never touches the box in any way?

The answer will be found on page 27

"Give what? Take what?" But Leila only cried it in her mind when mother had gone back to bed. The ice was growing again.

When light came, it showed pinkness at Leila's temples. She had a slight fever, and mother was in a panic, knowing in her heart where the blame lay. She had the ship's doctor called; spoke with him in the corridor before he came in. He studied Leila and was not greatly impressed. She was worn out with her insomnia, that was all. He gave her an opiate and told her to forget about trying to sleep.

"I'll sit here with her," mother said.

"No; I don't want you to!" There was a passion in Leila's cry. "I want you to go out! If you don't, I won't—I—I'll—I don't know what!"

Mother looked lost. The doctor backed up Leila; she would rest much better, left alone. It was pitiful to see the two women that mother was—the one that wanted to stay and couldn't, and the one that wanted to go and did.

"Don't worry about me," Leila called after her with a bitter lightness. "I'll be all right." She lay down with her face to the wall.

She thought she could stand it, but she couldn't. Less than half an hour later, fighting off the first drowse of the opiate, she was dressed and out on deck.

MOTHER and the man were in their chairs. Mother was startled, panic-stricken—wanted to take Leila straight back down. When Leila said she wouldn't go, a look passed between the two in the chairs. Leila saw it, and saw through it. "No!" she protested sharply, as mother would have moved over into Leila's chair, leaving the one between the two of them for her to take.

Quick as pain she was around and down in her own.

She had hardly realized till then that the boy with the brown cap was in his, at her elbow. It wouldn't have mattered. Mother and the man were being too maddening to let her worry about *him*. The man had forgotten everything but his pipe, and just lay and looked at the underside of the deck straight above him. Mother had forgotten the man. She lay half turned on a shoulder toward Leila. Catching a corner of Leila's eye, she was quick to smile and nod; and when there was nothing else to do she reached over and tucked in Leila's rug.

"Thank you," said Leila, and turned her face the other way. All she could see there was a lot of fuzzy overcoat, parts of trouser knees, two gripping hands, and pages eighty-six and eighty-seven of the Life of Sir Martin Frobisher. A sudden giddy recklessness was on her.

"My, you read fast, don't you!" The frustrated drug may have been to blame in part; hysteria took her and rocked her.

At the first, the shoulder humped

"*John*—powder won't cover that beard... *you can't get by without shaving*"

A TOUCH of lipstick and a spot of rouge may work wonders for a woman—but a dash of powder can't get a man by without shaving. Women dislike stubble. Employers won't tolerate it. One man after another has lost the affection or respect of others by neglecting to shave well and often.

Isn't it a fact—doesn't a man look untidy, ill-kept, when his face is marred with bristles? How can he inspire confidence in strangers or hold the regard of friends and family! Today neglect is inexcusable. The Gillette Blue Blade makes frequent close shaving entirely comfortable, even for men with tender skin. "No other shaving method compares with the Gillette Blue Blade." This is the unanimous verdict expressed in literally thousands of unsolicited statements written to the Gillette Safety Razor Company within the last few months.

The Gillette Blue Blade is, we believe, the sharpest, smoothest shaving blade ever produced, and the vast majority of men agree. It is ground, honed and stropped in one continuous operation—tempered to perfection in electric furnaces where temperature changes automatically in accordance with the special requirements of the steel. This blade is rust resisting—comes to you in a special envelope that "anchors" the blade in position so the keen edges are never damaged in transit.

Try the Gillette Blue Blade on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. We promise you an experience in shaving comfort that you have never enjoyed before.

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and stiffened. At the second there were eyes with eyebrows tied in a knot above them.

"I beg your pardon?"

"It makes everybody think you're so deep. I know."

"Leila!" That was mother, agonized. "I'm sure—" She tried to speak to the boy with the brown cap, but he was already up and going away.

Leila flung a look around at her. "I don't care!" She wished she were dead. She lay as still as the dead, chin in the air. In five minutes she was asleep.

It was late afternoon when she waked. Mother was there, but the man was gone. He came along the deck soon afterward. Seeing her eyes open, he stopped.

"That was what you wanted, wasn't it, young un? You're as right as rain now."

"Yes," mother said; "I think she is."

He petitioned Leila with an extraordinary earnestness: "Splendid! You *will* stay up this one night, then—*please!* Big doin's, you know—captain's dinner, fancy ball, everything. Say you will!"

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

was reared to be a painter, but played hooky from a Paris académie in 1909 to start writing. The stories, he admits, "were terrible." The next year he went to Provincetown, where he has been since, with side trips to most spots on the globe.

After a moment mother spoke almost sharply: "Leila!"

Leila was looking away. Then, with a hot vehemence: "Of course she will, sir! If she won't, you must make her." She left them and went below.

It was fully half an hour before mother came down. "What will you wear?" Leila asked without looking at her.

"I'm not going to—"

Leila whirled: "You *are!*"

Mother whirled. For an instant it was like hate, like flying at each other's throat. "I'm *not!*"

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like saying good-by twice, and I've just said it once to Arnold Whitehouse; that's why. So don't be an utter!"

Leila stared and swallowed. After a moment mother swallowed. Then she did something to her strange face swiftly, and once more it was the one Leila had known, smooth as smooth ivory, smiling with a small everlasting turned-down smile. And the shoulders were heavy again.

"Besides, Leila, I'm so tired."

Next thing Leila knew, she was in mother's arms and they were both crying. They cried till they cried it out.

They had dinner brought on a tray, and it was heavenly. Neither ate much. It was as if mother were too busy with her old smile to spare the time, and Leila didn't want to do anything but watch. As soon as the tray was taken away they went to bed—mother was so tired.

LEILA expected not to sleep for a long while, after her day of sleep, but now she didn't care. Accordingly, about the first thing she knew after her head touched the pillow, she was waking up. There was no telling what hour of the night it was, and it didn't matter. She lay and listened to the sea. Now that nothing could carry mother away from her, it had a pleasant sound. She rose on an elbow, suddenly hungry to see again. It was too dark to see. She got up and crossed on tiptoe. After a moment she snapped on the lights—and put both hands over her mouth. Mother wasn't there!

It was after midnight; but a purse had been made up to keep the orchestra playing, and shadows of dancers moved across the yellow ports of the lounge. Leila tried the starboard six, peering in, one by one. Her brain was benumbed; it wouldn't tell her that mother simply wasn't there. She started around to try the other side. The after end of the deck, athwartships, was uncovered. Full moonlight fell there. Nothing but need got her across. She'd had no time to put on stockings. She had on a cloth coat of mother's. In the recovered shadows of the far side she stumbled among chairs and had to look out for them. She was nearly to the first of the lounge portholes when she caught herself, just in time.

Some one else was standing, looking in at that one. It was a man by the shape of head, set of shoulders, and triangular gleam on a dress-collar wing. Leila wanted to get away without a sound, yet she couldn't. She had to wait. She had to know. She had to make a sound with a chair. The head turned, and it wasn't the man Whitehouse; it was a younger man. Forgetting the portholes, she started back aft, the way she had come. She realized that the watcher had turned from the port and was following. She hadn't time to mind. Just around the corner was the stair leading up to the boat deck.

Leila found them there, at the far end. They stood at the thwartships rail beneath the bridge, facing away toward the bow.

They never knew Leila was near. But the little wind of the ship's passage brought their words back to her clearly:

"I tried to fight it and I couldn't fight it, Arnold. What am I to do?"

"I'll do it. I'll tell her, and you mustn't worry. I can make her see."

"Oh, but you don't know! I don't know that I know, myself. All I know—I was dead, and I'm alive, beloved, and I want to live!"

Leila turned and went. Midway of the deck's length she stopped to think. Everything that had been tangled was suddenly simple. All wants were reduced to one want, so easy to fill—needing but the taking of twenty steps. It would have needed but ten to the starboard rail. But that would have been in their sight had they chanced to turn. She started on the longer line to port.

IT was curious now, as she walked, she didn't think about mother. She didn't think about herself. Her reactions were altogether sensuous, measuring the lazy tipping of the planking under her feet, photographing vividly the moon-white shapes and black shadows of the things that watched her, winches squatting like the bonework of giant frogs, ventilators turning black mouths, the fat cornice of lifeboats hung above the deck's edge before her, with gaps between the pairs like exits along the side aisle of a theater, "for use in case of emergency."

Then there was another thing—not watching her but in her way. It was the shirt-fronted bareheaded stranger with nothing to do, who had been standing outside the lounge porthole looking in. Here he stood just as idly in the iron jungle of the boat deck, looking nowhere in particular and spoiling everything.

No, but he couldn't spoil it—not now! It wanted but a short quick run before he turned and saw her. Leila ran.

She had almost reached the opening between the nearest lifeboats when a low guard wire she hadn't marked tripped her and threw her. She tried to rise to scramble on; but the leg she tried with was useless and went out from under.

And hands had her then. Arms swayed her aloft and away.

Leila fought. She tore at the arms, struck at the face cruelly. "Let me go!"

"For God's sake—I—I beg your pardon, but—"

"Let me go! I want to go!"

"D-d-don't be an utter—"

It knocked Leila limp. She shut her eyes. She opened them again and looked at the face above her, the underside of the set chin, the overhang of furious brows and mussed hair standing out in the wind. Her own voice sounded tiny and far away:

"What did you say?"

"I said, for God's sake, don't be—"

She couldn't wait; her gasp stopped him there. It was only chance, of course, but it was shattering. The more she stared, the more it became incredible. The moonlight did part of it, making the gray-blue eyes, seen from below, bluer than they really were perhaps, and giving the red rags of hair above them a deeper dye.

"You've always worn that cap," said Leila. "I didn't know."

He flushed and frowned, but it made no difference. He growled, "If I let you down now?" and started to let her down. But the numb leg went straightway out from under, so that made no difference either; he had her up again.

Leila couldn't feel confused. She couldn't feel frightened. Merely by an accident of words and a coincidence of color, a door had been broken open into a world where anything might happen more than one time, even mother.

Leila didn't try to figure it out. All she knew right now was that she couldn't help it—to save her life, she couldn't feel strange.

" Why do you always pretend to be busy reading? Why are you angry with everybody? "

He looked bewildered and angrier than ever.

" Me? "

" Down there tonight—why weren't you dancing? "

" Because I hate it! " He made an awful jaw. " I—I mean, I—I step on their feet—somehow. And if I try to talk with—well, them—I mean if I don't know them—I don't seem to—they seem to—I don't know."

Something in Leila wakened fiercely.

" You mustn't be like that! It's all in the way you think, and it's silly and bad, and you mustn't! "

HE tried to glower. He looked this way and he looked that. " You're hurt. I must take you down. Your mother ought to know."

" Don't bother mother."

" Well, then—uh—"

" I'm heavy. Your arms are shaking."

" Don't be—"

" Tell me not to be an utter! "

The vehemence of it took him aback. " Was that the wrong—"

" The right! Where are you going? "

He had started, but he stopped. " We ought to find the doctor for that leg."

" No, I mean—"

" Oh, you mean—I see—Paris."

" That's where I'm going—Paris."

" Honest? Why, then—I mean—uh—we—we're both going to Paris."

After a moment Leila said, " What's that out there? "

" The light? Bishop Rock, I guess. That's our landfall, and it ought to be about there about now."

Yes, it ought to be there. It seemed of a sudden to Leila it always had been there, winking, winking, where the round world went over into the round sky.

She found herself counting the flashes, one and two, three and four, and the arms that held her were like a brace.

THE END

Answer to the Puzzle on Page 24

Our artist is wrong. The spring balance should register seven pounds. The weight of the bird, even though it is not touching the box, must be added to it. When a bird flies, its weight is supported on columns of air under its wings and body, and the pressure on these columns is transferred to whatever the air may be resting on—in this case the bottom of the box.

Are you

DISAPPOINTED

in the Laxative you're taking?

IS IT so bitter that you shudder at the thought of taking it?

Does it upset you—give you stomach pains—leave you weak?

Do you have to keep on increasing the dose because it loses its effectiveness after a while?

IF SO, HERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW!

It's entirely unnecessary to take violent, painful laxatives! There *is* a pleasant, painless and effective way of relieving constipation. That's the Ex-Lax way!

Ex-Lax works gently and surely—without pain or discomfort. It doesn't upset you. It doesn't leave you weak!

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate!

Don't be disappointed any more. Try Ex-Lax just once. Then you'll know you've found *the right laxative for you.*

At *any* drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

Be sure to look for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Don't experiment with imitations!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Are We Headed for

Yes, Says a Well-Informed Observer . . . Communism, Fascism, or a Greater New Deal—This Winter Will Tell the Story

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

AMERICANS must choose the way they want this country to go, and must choose quickly. The decision will be made this winter. One way or another, we are headed for a general strike.

We may have a successful general strike by American labor which will establish a communistic state.

We may have a successful general strike by bankers and employers which will *re*ëstablish a fascist state run by big business and kept in power by terrorism.

Or we may have a successful political "general strike" by the American people which will use the New Deal and the methods of self-government to give the workers the security they desire without surrendering to communistic tyranny or to big-business supremacy.

The New Deal under President Roosevelt can save America only if it offers the best and surest road to a real redistribution of abundance to the mass of the American people. There is no other choice.

The general strikes in Russia paved the way for communism. In England a general strike caused the government to embark on a program of socialism which leaves us far behind.

In Italy and Germany it was the employers and the bankers who struck first, and the result is Mussolini and Hitler and the practical abolition of labor unions.

Four years ago, when Herbert Hoover was still pretending that prosperity was just around the corner and the big boys were booming that the condition of the country was "fundamentally sound," a quiet investigation was made as to why American labor was taking the wage cuts, the lay-offs, and the unemployment situation lying down. A prominent labor leader said, "American labor will stay quiet and be good during the depression, but as soon as things begin to get better—look out! Then we are going to go after a new state of society, so that things like this can never happen again."

In 1933 President Roosevelt came into office, and the NRA was substituted for the old-fashioned tooth-and-claw, catch-as-catch-can style of business. "There!" said everybody. "Now we have solved the labor problem and everything will be rosy from now on."

What was the result? Strikes, strikes, strikes. Those in the automobile industry caused bloodshed and led to a slackening of effort. Then more strikes. Strikes on the Pacific water front, strikes in Minneapolis, strikes in the Chicago stockyards.

Suddenly the picture changed. In San Francisco a general strike of all labor tied up the city. In Minneapolis, Governor Olson brought the militia into the picture on the side of the striking teamsters and brought the employers to terms. Then came the textile strike, which in many sections of the country was almost a general strike and which in the open-shop regions of the Solid South was almost a revolution.

The textile strike had no sooner died down than whispers of a nation-wide general strike of all labor began to circulate. George W. Christians, head of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty (an oath-bound secret body working for monetary reform along the old Ku Klux lines of organization), claimed to have started the San Francisco strike and the textile strike, and said he would start a general strike in Chicago and in the East. Then the more radical leaders in the American Federation of Labor demanded action for a general strike throughout the entire nation. And in the meantime, strikes—strikes—strikes.

The general strike is a revolution. It can only mean a new state of society. It stops the transportation, the light, the power; it stops the mines and factories; it closes the shops and brings the flywheels to a standstill. It threatens every one—the strikers themselves included—with starvation. It reminds every one that society can always commit suicide if it is driven too far—also that political liberties will be thrown overboard if they seem to stand in the way of three square meals a day.

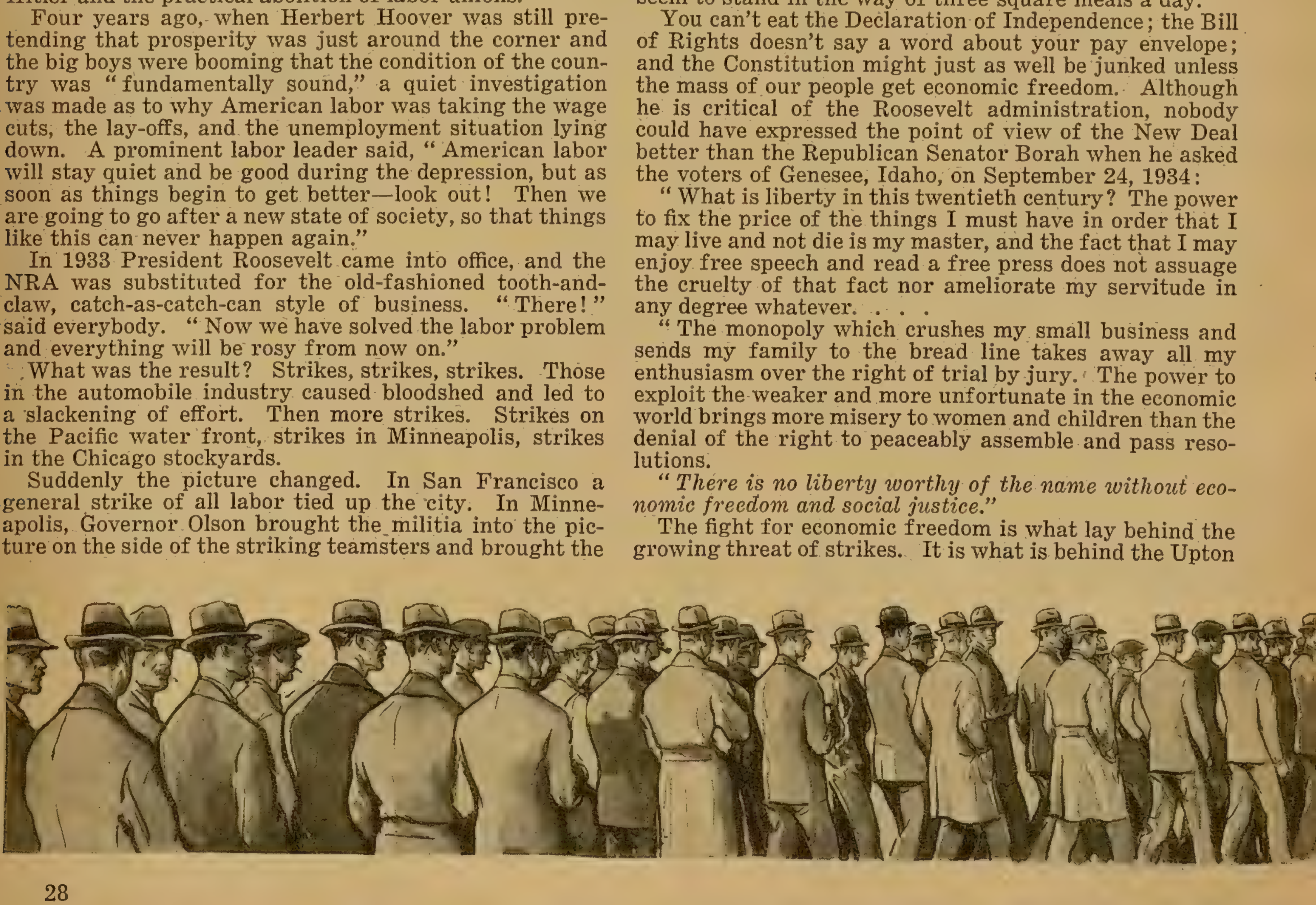
You can't eat the Declaration of Independence; the Bill of Rights doesn't say a word about your pay envelope; and the Constitution might just as well be junked unless the mass of our people get economic freedom. Although he is critical of the Roosevelt administration, nobody could have expressed the point of view of the New Deal better than the Republican Senator Borah when he asked the voters of Genesee, Idaho, on September 24, 1934:

"What is liberty in this twentieth century? The power to fix the price of the things I must have in order that I may live and not die is my master, and the fact that I may enjoy free speech and read a free press does not assuage the cruelty of that fact nor ameliorate my servitude in any degree whatever. . . .

"The monopoly which crushes my small business and sends my family to the bread line takes away all my enthusiasm over the right of trial by jury. The power to exploit the weaker and more unfortunate in the economic world brings more misery to women and children than the denial of the right to peaceably assemble and pass resolutions.

"There is no liberty worthy of the name without economic freedom and social justice."

The fight for economic freedom is what lay behind the growing threat of strikes. It is what is behind the Upton



a General Strike?

Sinclairs, the Huey Longs, the Bob La Follettes, and the Father Coughlins. Americans are slowly awakening to the fact that plenty for every one is within our reach, and are getting ready to fight for it. And when President Roosevelt called the truce and scrapped the NRA monopoly system and began to overhaul its machinery in the interest of labor, it was just in time to stop the walkout of several million men in several key industries.

All of the labor unrest and all of the strikes have been well advertised. Less well known were the moves toward a general strike by the banks and big-business interests. The efforts to use the pay rolls to swing the California vote against Upton Sinclair were matched by sudden unexplained demands that the government reëstablish the gold standard and by a threat to refuse to buy government bonds. Wall Street began erupting with impressive-sounding political committees, all aiming at halting the New Deal, while various industries fought savagely in the courts against the labor and other standards established by the NRA. American fascism—government by the big corporations—which had ruled and wrecked America between 1920 and 1932, began to gather itself for a fight to sabotage the government which had escaped from its control.

THE men who made their living from the old order began preparing to fight back. Theirs is the press, theirs the money, and theirs the old prejudices. These people do not hesitate to besmirch any President who displeases them. They called Teddy Roosevelt a drunkard and a madman when he began "trust-busting." The dirty stories about Woodrow Wilson became strongest when his War Labor Board tried to bring order to the steel industry. Today they are circulating blasphemous parodies of the Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer attacking F. D. R., and have not hesitated to start rumors about him like those about Theodore Roosevelt. Our home-brewed "fascists" are tough babies.

There were conclaves and secret meetings of bankers and industrialists. They tried to shake the nation's credit in order to stop a New Deal. They organized the American Liberty League. They tried to rally the old, the secure, the timid; all the ragtag and bobtail of American white-collar prejudice.

It was only when they realized the fury of the rising storm of labor radicalism that they suddenly turned right about face and began rushing to take shelter behind the very President they had been attacking.

The American people do not want communism, as they have seen what it means. In a highly organized country like our own, communism could inflict hardships and famines which would make the Russian troubles look like a picnic. American labor does not want it, and will fall back on a general strike only if the New Deal fails.

The American people do not want fascism. They do not want worship of the Constitution without any attempt to secure economic freedom for Americans under the Constitution. They do not want police spies, raids, deportations, arbitrary imprisonment. They do not want to continue the confusion, waste, and suffering, in the face of abundance, which have existed for years. They do not want shooting down starving men and condemning women and children to despair, undernourishment, disease, and death.

That is what American fascism means, and the American people are determined to end it.

In fact, it is the strength of the New Deal that the American people have declared a general strike against labor communism and business fascism and are seeking the more abundant life through the workings of democracy.

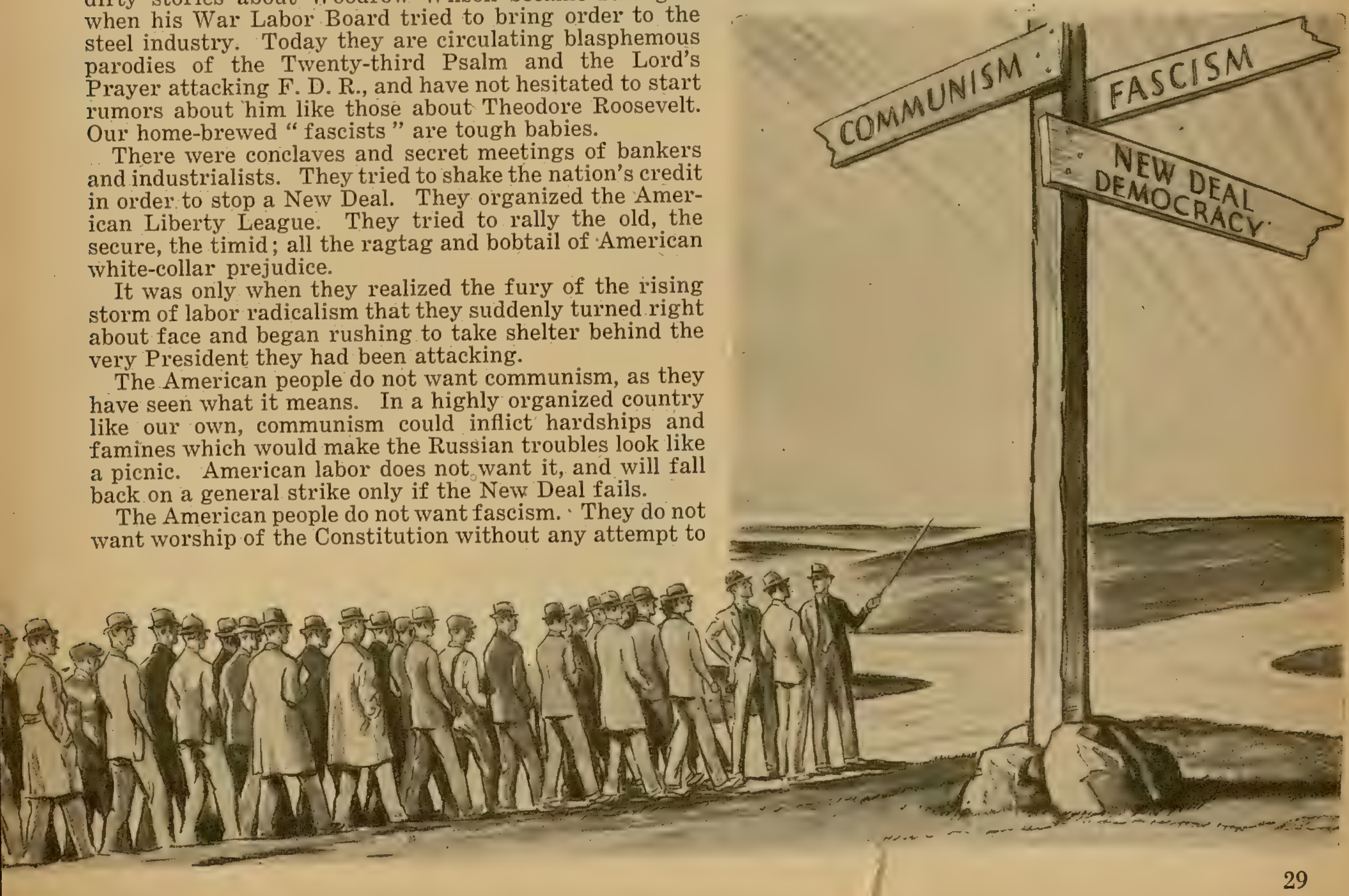
We struck first in November, 1932, when we elected President Roosevelt. We struck again in the Congressional elections of 1934, when we reaffirmed our faith in the New Deal method of solving our problems. And as we strike for economic freedom through our ballots, the government strikes with us. It cannot rest, and will not be allowed to rest, until we have laid the foundation for economic liberty under self-government.

One thing is sure as shooting. This winter is the dead line. It will determine whether the New Deal is going to put up or shut up in terms of "the more abundant life" which is the object of the Roosevelt Revolution.

So far, the Roosevelt administration has kept the battle inside of our political institutions.

But if ever we despair of the result of this peaceful, political method, God help America!

THE END



HAPPY, HOOVER

Mr. Crosby Finds Good Fortune in Some Neat
boys Engages a Trio of Stars, and a Pair of Film

by BEVERLY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ HERE IS MY HEART

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle, Roland Young, Alison Skipworth, Reginald Owen, Marian Mansfield, Cecilia Parker, Akim Tamiroff, Arthur Housman. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Story by Alfred Savoir.

DRESSING it up with songs, gags, and some good-natured performances by Roland Young, Reginald Owen, and Alison Skipworth, Paramount has taken the old story of the grand duchess and the waiter and contrived an entertaining, fresh, and lilting picture of it.

Playing casually and effectively, Crosby is seen as an American songster vacationing on the Riviera. There he gets a glimpse of the Princess Alexandra; and one glimpse is plenty, for he falls so hard that he buys the hotel rather than let the impoverished princess and her equerry get ousted for their bills.

With this introduction, the film, though it has a few lapses, goes about its business in a gay straightforward manner, and the scenes in which Bing, disguised as a waiter, serves the royalists, are beautifully done in his sure and easy comedy touch. Kitty Carlisle is properly austere and lovely as the princess and attempts to inject a note of romance into the doings. But the film, for all her sentimental efforts, remains sheer comedy.

Bing has never appeared with better effect. Possessor of America's most popular voice, he has a rarer distinction: a crooner with a sense of humor. He displays this sense tellingly in two scenes especially—one in which he harmonizes with one of his recordings, and the other when he candidly appraises his charms in the mirror.

Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle in the tuneful and funny Here Is My Heart.

Here Is My Heart is smooth and tuneful and furnishes a bright frame for the Crosby voice and antics.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Bing Crosby twins, only outdone by the Dionne basketball squad, are named Dennis Michael and Philip Lang. Until recently were distinguished by the color of their hair and a small gold locket. Now Philip has sprung a dimple in his right cheek and their pop and mom tell the doublets apart instantly. Bing lives the Garbo life in the sparse settled Toluca district, with his wife, Dixie Lee, and the three kids. For relaxation he operates a dry-land fishing device that enables him to catch a dog with a fishing reel baited with a bone. . . . Rainger and Robin, who wrote the tunes for the film, had to write twenty-five new melodies to satisfy an order for two that beat their Love in Bloom. . . . Kitty Carlisle was born to money in old N'Orleans; educated abroad. Tired early of running about doing nothing elegantly; took up drama-schooling. Graduated into a revival of Rio Rita; then Champagne Sec; then Hollywood. Has been in Hollywood a year; has yet to be seen at a night club, rendezvous, dance spot, or party. . . . Roland Young is author of a swell book of nonsense poems called Not for Children, the which he compiled on telegraph blanks in a rôle in which he was cast as a (stage) train dispatcher. He also illustrated the book. . . . Director Frank Tuttle is a Yale man; married to a Russian gal. Started life as a press agent for the Russian Diaghilev ballet, and has been sticking quietly but efficiently around pictures for quite a number of years as a light-comedy director of near-brilliance. . . . Alison Skipworth is expecting to get her first vacation in thirty-six years. She hopes to spend it motoring across the continent, and on the way she will inspect bookstalls for a copy of a book of Oscar Wilde's which Oscar himself autographed "To the charming Miss Skipworth. Advice to a bride: Never worry over trifles—and still less over serious matters. It is impossible to exaggerate the unimportance of everything. OSCAR."

★ ★ ½ FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Charles Butterworth, Billie Burke, Frances Drake, Rosalind Russell. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. From the play by Frank Cavett and Edward Roberts.

THE M. G. M. studio is a tower of strength for Republican political campaigns and the people in its latest star-studded film, Forsaking All Others, are still loyally living in the Hoover era. Tossing millions about with an abandon which would have seemed profligate in even boom times, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Robert Montgomery tie their drawing power in a cinematic effort which is certain to be widely seen.

Trying for a laugh in every line, the story shows Miss Crawford as an elegant young lady preparing for her wedding to Robert Montgomery, her childhood sweetheart and current playboy. Montgomery, however, gets himself well oiled and while in a haze marries a gilded gal from his Paris days.

Gable, another playboy, comes to Crawford's aid, attempting to ease her sorrow and disgrace. He has been in love with Crawford since childhood too, but being busy wisecracking and turning up his hat in the collegiate style of the early '20s, he has never told her so.

After Montgomery's run-out and marriage, Crawford continues, despite hairbrush spankings from Gable, to see her old lover. And when Montgomery buys off his wife by tossing her a million dollars, Crawford is all set for the altar once more. This time, though, it is Montgomery who gets left, for Miss Crawford runs away to Spain with Gable.

W. S. Van Dyke has directed this with an energetic pace and a fluent camera which somewhat hide the shallowness of the plot. Crawford is interesting in a comic rôle, though not quite at home in it. And Gable is too mature for his cut-ups. In an unsympathetic part Montgomery steals the picture.

Forsaking All Others is quaint and old-fashioned, and so when Junior asks, "What was it like when you were young, daddy?" we suggest that you take him to see it.

Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable in Forsaking All Others.

VITAL STATISTICS: More stars clutter this honey than do the Pleiades. Their combined salaries fall between twelve and eighteen thousand dollars a week, and when the government removes 40 per cent of it for income tax, their agents 10 per cent, etc., etc., etc., each star has a job getting along on a mere thousand or two. . . . Director W. S. Van Dyke is known as "Van" to all. He is long, leathery, rangy. Six years ago he directed the hardest-boiled horse operas extant. Before that he had been miner, lumberman, reporter. Gradually his hard-boiled genius has mellowed into excellence at drawing-room comedy, farce,

IAN, HOPEFUL

Fitting Gayeties; a Chronicle of Yesterday's Play-
Throw Favorable Light on Two Young Players

HILLS

the turgid emotions of penthouse dwellers. . . . This is Clark Gable's sixth picture with Joan Crawford. Gable cherishes eight high spots in his life: (1) when he met his stepmother first; (2) when he walked for the first time into the mysterious backstage of the theater; (3) when he met his former wife, Josephine Dillon—Portland (Oregon) Little Theater director; (4) when he opened in Arthur Hopkins's Machinal; (5) when he met Rita Langham, his present wife; (6) when he signed a first long-term movie contract with M. G. M.; (7) when he became a star; and (8) when he shot his first deer. What a magnificent anticlimax! . . . Joan Crawford averages three pictures a year and six months' vacation. Spends most of that time preparing for the coming feature. Likes to sew, hook hugs, and make curtains. Can't stand clothes made to fit too tightly around her shoulders but likes 'em close in at the hips. Still can't make up her mind about Franchot Tone. . . . Bob Montgomery bought his third Great Dane recently. Despite his love for such large dogs and his fearlessness of wild animals, with whom he has often been photographed, he is afraid of moths. . . . Charles Butterworth claims he was brought up in the better-class pool rooms. Took years to do it, but he finally mastered the operation of the shower bath and is now able to get the right pitch to his bath-water heat. Also studied street-car transfers for years, living in thirty-four cities to make proper connections.

★ ★ ½ ONE HOUR LATE

THE PLAYERS: Joe Morrison, Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, Ray Walker, Toby Wing, Gail Patrick, Edward Craven. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Story by Libbie Block.

IN his first starring picture Joe Morrison plays a young office worker who aspires to radio fame. Cut off the air on his first audition, and fired from his job for insulting his boss, he finally gains success and his girl by repairing a passenger-loaded elevator which had become stranded. Singing at his dangerous task, he is heard by a radio magnate who immediately signs him up.

Joe Morrison and Helen Twelvetrees in One Hour Late—Morrison's star debut.

From this meager plot One Hour Late emerges as a pleasant and well fashioned little picture and discloses Mr. Morrison as a personable young man with a fine voice. With a bit more screen experience he seems due for wide popularity. The fragile and lovely Helen Twelvetrees as his girl friend, a dumb and harassed stenographer, shows herself as a surprisingly good comédienne. Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, Ray Walker, and Toby Wing round out the cast of office workers and under Ralph Murphy's understanding direction they make this fairy tale of clerical life an unimportant but engaging offering.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture produced by Bayard Veiller, who wrote, among others, The Thirteenth Chair, Within the Law, and The Trial of Mary Dugan. . . . Joe Morrison was made by The Last Roundup, after Joe Morrison had made The Last Roundup. Was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and gave up studying for the priesthood to learn singing. At eighteen he was member of a vodvil 4tette fruitlessly attempting to crash Hollywood. It took The Last Roundup, introduced by him, singing it in George Olsen's, to give him the immediate sensational tremendous popularity that got him ridin' his dogy to Hollywood, where he made his début with W. C. Fields in Old-Fashioned Way. . . . In private life Arline Judge is Mrs. Wesley Ruggles, wife to the w. k. Hollywood director. She danced her way through a Jack Donahue revue into the Second Little Show, thence to Hollywood. . . . Helen Twelvetrees was studying painting when her marriage to Clark Twelvetrees, young actor, gave her stage curiosity. Her marriage died but her stageitis lived. Continued miscasting almost ruined her Hollywood chances at the start. She had to retire and start all over again to reach the top again. Now she's married to Frank Woody and has a son. . . . Edward Craven is nephew to Frank Craven and is of long theatrical stock. Was born in Memphis, Tennessee, graduated from the U. of Penn., saw life from a steamer stokehold, and got himself the lead in Sailor, Beware!—a rôle that crashed the Hollywood gates open for him. . . . Conrad Nagel was once Hollywood tops and is now but an occasional star. He is one of the leading Christian Scientists of Hollywood. . . . Douglas Blackley revealed that one Charles Wendling, assistant director on film, is really Claudette Colbert's brother, changing his name after service in the war from Chauchoin to Wendling.

★ ★ ½ BRIGHT EYES

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, James Dunn, Jane Darwell, Judith Allen, Lois Wilson, Charles Sellon, Jane Withers. Directed by David Butler. Story by David Butler and Edwin Burke.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S latest picture, which finds her with the pixy charm still unspoiled and a newly developed understanding of acting, has the young lady in the part of an orphan who becomes adopted by a corps of aviators. But the barracks life is deemed unsuitable for a child, and when Miss Temple is farmed out to a family she scampers back to the lovely unsuitable life at the barracks. This leads to endless complications, last of which has Shirley bailing out of an airplane.

Balanced by her native charm and a pleasing performance by Jimmy Dunn, Bright Eyes is not as sickly sentimental and cute as any outline of its plot might lead one to believe. It dodges most of the inherent bathos of the situations and for the most part the film is a joy for those who like child pictures.

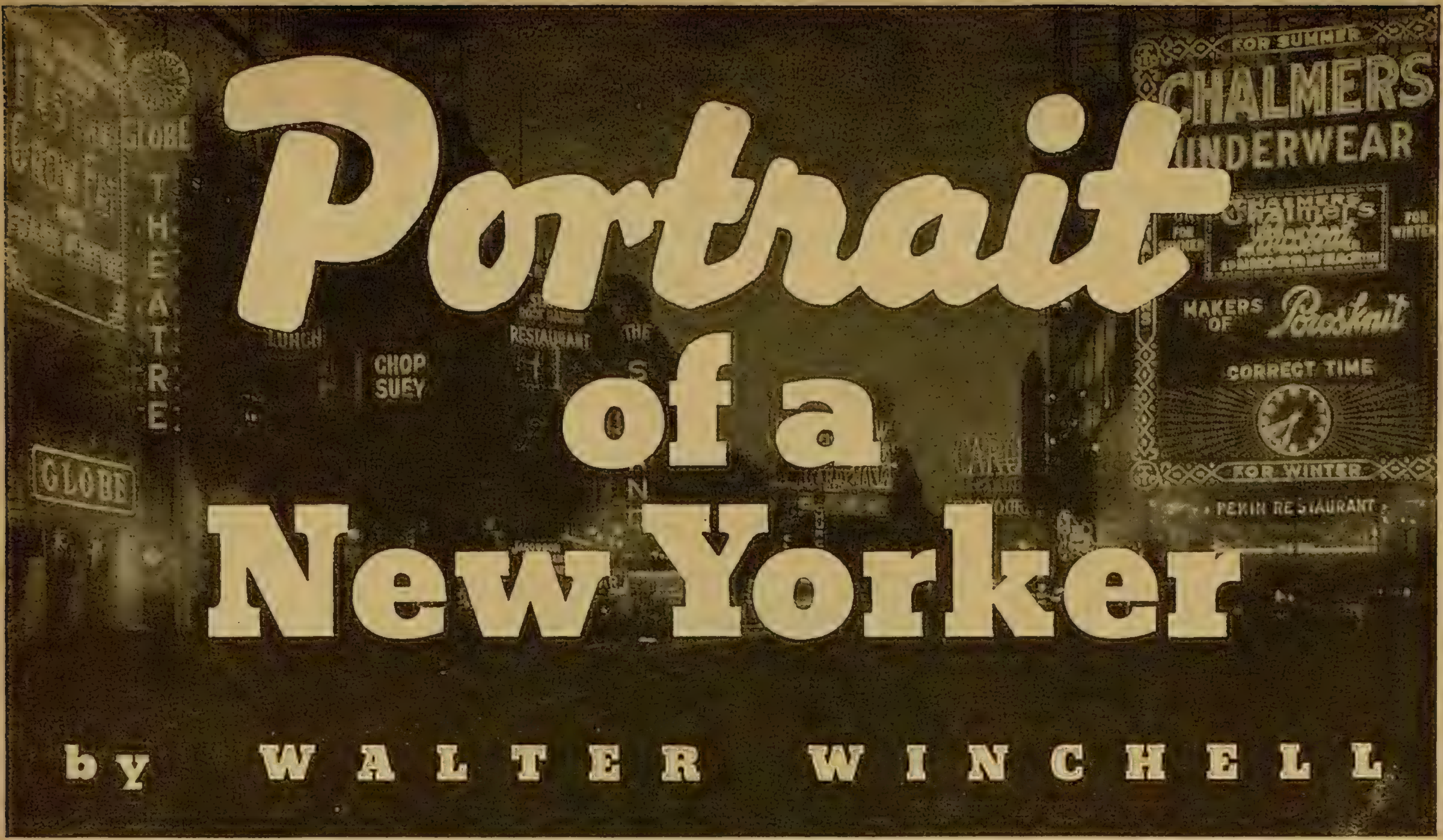
VITAL STATISTICS: Probably the most sensational and rapid rise to wowdom is that of Shirley Temple. Her initial appearance was a small rôle—rôlette?—in the Fox musical Stand Up and Cheer, released last May. Bright Eyes is her fifth picture, and a recent poll of 9,000 exhibitors has named her among the ten biggest box-office draws in the country, figures being strictly the b.-o. mccoy. She can neither read nor write but is coached in her lines by Maw Temple. Since Shirley's rise to famedom, her father George Temple's branch bank at Santa Monica, California, has tripled its deposits. Like most stars, Shirley has a stand-in, one who takes the star's place while the cameras are being focused and the lights arranged. Shirley calls her stand-in "my step-in." It is customary for her to stop work early—at three o'clock in the P. M. One day during filming of Bright Eyes she refused to leave, inasmuch as the sequence called for a Christmas scene in which she was asked to play with toys. She insisted on playing this scene right through the afternoon, regardless of the script and footage.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love.

★★★—The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces.

Shirley Temple, still unspoiled, and James Dunn in the pleasing Bright Eyes.



Portrait of a New Yorker

by WALTER WINCHELL

Brown Bros. photo

A Kaleidoscopic Memory of Bygone Days on Broadway

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN a suite at the Hotel Astor on a recent night four men sat and looked at each other. They could not believe it had happened. Charlie Dillingham was gone. The four men were the last of the Mohicans in the career of a man whose life had been as glamorous as any man could want on the street that was once known as the Gay White Way—R. H. Burnside, who staged many of the big Dillingham spectacles; his aide-de-camp, nicknamed "Mulligan"; Martin, his faithful valet for twenty-six years; and the doctor who attended the great producer in his last hours. Tears streamed down their cheeks as they realized that their chief would never speak again.

Mr. Winchell, famed Broadway columnist, "blessed-evented" in 1897. As a kid he was a singing usher in a Harlem nickelodeon. Next he was in vaudeville, with a wartime interlude of service in the navy. Began newspaper work in 1921. Says his wife is "the loveliest lady in the world." They have one daughter, Walda.

ONE block away the Globe Theater advertised a fourth-run motion picture. All the glamour of a day when Dillingham's name meant as much to the theater as Tiffany's to jewelry was gone. . . . The Globe at one time was Dillingham's monument, and it meant more to him than his life, his wife, or his future. When the Globe was at the height of its career Dillingham could have sold the theater and property at a profit of $5,000,000, but he refused. When he went into bankruptcy he couldn't raise a nickel on whatever investment he had in the theater. He had never entered the building since the day a receiver walked in, and whenever he walked past the theater he would turn his face the other way. . . . Old New Yorkers will never forget the brilliant opening nights at the Globe, when every seat was occupied by one of the Four Hundred and the lobby represented a fortune in gowns and jewels. Such openings probably will never be duplicated in New York. This was the old New York that has died with the changing times and the mechanical inventions that have sent show business into a retard. . . . On the right of the outer lobby were the stairs that led to Dillingham's private office—known as the "million-dollar stairs" because when an actor, writer, producer, scenic designer, or composer ascended them it was usually at a command from the great Dillingham, and when he came down he would usually have a contract in his pocket that would make him independent for life. Jerome Kern, Montgomery and Stone, Irving Berlin, Irene and Vernon Castle, Frank Tinney, Frederick Lonsdale, Marilyn Miller, Eddie Foy, Lillian Lorraine, Herbert Marshall, Edna Best—the list is long of those who started their way to fame and fortune going up and down those stairs. . . . Now the Globe is a cheap picture theater. It died three years before Dillingham did, but when it died Dillingham's heart died too.

THE career of Dillingham from the time he left Hartford to become a newspaperman reads like a Horatio Alger, Jr., novel. He is credited with having invented the newspaper interview. He worked on the old Chicago Herald with George Ade, and was assigned to cover the Loop hotels. He sold his paper the idea of personal interviews with well known personages visiting Chicago, and the feature caught on. The first man to refuse an interview was Charles Frohman, the great producer. Dillingham burned. He went down to the Haymarket district and bought a photograph of an old Hebrew with long whiskers, went back to his newspaper office, wrote an imaginary interview with Frohman, and used the photo with a caption crediting the man as being Frohman. Instead of losing his temper Frohman laughed and sent for Dillingham to tell him he admired his creative genius—and the incident ended with Dillingham going to New York as general press representative for Frohman! He learned the show business from A to Z, and it was not long before he became Frohman's general manager. Then he turned to producing on his own. His first production was When Knighthood

Charles Frohman

Was in Flower, with Julia Marlowe. On that he made a hundred thousand dollars.

NO one ever knew why Dillingham did things. He was a hunch producer. Once he went down to the Astor barber shop for a shave. He sat in the chair with a hot towel on his face. In the next chair was another man with a hot-towel application. This man heard Dillingham talking to the barber and recognized his voice. "Hello, Charlie," he yelled through the towel. "This is Bayard Veiller. I've got a great play for you." "Hello, Bayard," C. B. replied. "I'll take it, and we will start rehearsals a week from Monday if we get a cast." . . . Dillingham did not know the story, the title, or anything about the play. But Veiller had worked with him as a cub reporter in Chicago. The play, That's the Woman, was produced and was not a success. Dillingham smiled and started work on another show. . . . In his later years he went one day to the corn doctor in the Astor. He was having his feet treated. The corn doctor tried to sell him a play written by his sister. Dillingham was in the dark days then and did not have the money to do a show. But he liked this idea, and he called every other producer he knew and urged them to buy the play. They all turned it down. It remained for an unknown producer, Arthur Beckhard, to be made rich with this one. It was Another Language. If Dillingham could have produced it it might have turned the tide again in his favor.

Bayard Veiller

The late C. B. Dillingham—to Broadway, "Good-Time Charlie."

HIS sense of humor is Broadway history. Everything was a laugh with "C. B." and those who knew him never knew when to take him seriously. . . . On one occasion when he was operating the great New York Hippodrome, Mrs. Dillingham had arranged one of the most brilliant dinners in the history of social New York. She had invited the cream of the Four Hundred. Unknown to his wife, Dillingham went backstage at the Hippodrome and arranged with a troupe of jugglers to go to his town house. He dressed them in butler and waiter uniforms, and when the guests were seated the jugglers took plates, knives, forks, bowls and did their act. The guests were horrified. . . . This incident started the separation of the Dillinghams.

FOR many years a piece of paper rested in the Dillingham safe that could have solved all his financial difficulties. But despite his reverses in recent years he never depended on such tactics to recover. The piece of paper was a contract signed by Maurice Chevalier for his exclusive appearances for many years in America under the Dillingham management. It was signed when Dillingham was in Europe and Chevalier was working with Mistinguett at the Folies-Bergère in Paris. When Dillingham returned to New York he received word from Chevalier that he was afraid to open in New York because he could not compete with Al Jolson, Fred Stone, Ed Wynn, and other American entertainers. Dillingham urged him to come to America as his guest and look the situation over. He came, saw the Broadway shows, and got stage fright. The signed contract was placed in the safe. . . . Two years later Jesse Lasky was touring Europe; he saw Chevalier, who explained he was signed by Dillingham. Lasky sailed on the next boat and went to see C. B., who smiled and gave his O. K. for pictures, saying only that any show with Chevalier must be produced by Dillingham. He did not even suggest selling the contract. There never was a Chevalier show. His success in pictures made Chevalier a rich man and Paramount a fortune. But that signed contract is still in the Dillingham files.

Maurice Chevalier

THERE was great romance between C. B. and Fritzi Scheff in the days when she starred in the Dillingham production of Mdlle. Modiste and sang the immortal Kiss Me Again. A year ago an agent sold Dillingham the idea that he could make money on the radio. He was told he would have to give an audition. Reluctantly he agreed—and when he went to the station he found himself face to face with Fritzi Scheff, on the same program for an audition to sing Kiss Me Again.

Fritzi Scheff

ONE of the biggest hits in the Dillingham régime was Three Cheers. When Fred Stone, the star, cracked up in an airplane in New England it looked like the end of the show. A wire from Will Rogers offering to pinch-hit brought forth page-one stories in all the newspapers of the world, and C. B. put a fortune into this production. The show proved a smash, selling out and playing to $50,000 a week. Rogers's salary for pinch-hitting was $7,500 a week, and Dorothy Stone was down for $2,500. With the production cost and all the other expenses there was not much chance for Dillingham to make money, even doing this terrific business. All he wanted was to break even, happy in knowing that he had produced a hit. . . . The picture vultures of Hollywood got to Rogers and signed him for $10,000 a week on a contract to start June 1. This was about April. Dillingham was far from even on his production, and when he realized Rogers would not stay any longer than June 1 he had to pull the show out of his own Globe and send it on the road for six weeks. Rogers went to the coast, the show closed, and Dillingham held the bag to a loss of over $100,000. If Rogers had played only twenty weeks on the road the following season and finished that season at the Globe Dillingham could have broken even. But Rogers did a favor for his pal Fred Stone when he jumped to pinch-hit, so the editorials in the papers said. . . . Just another illustration of why the old school of producers went broke.

Will Rogers

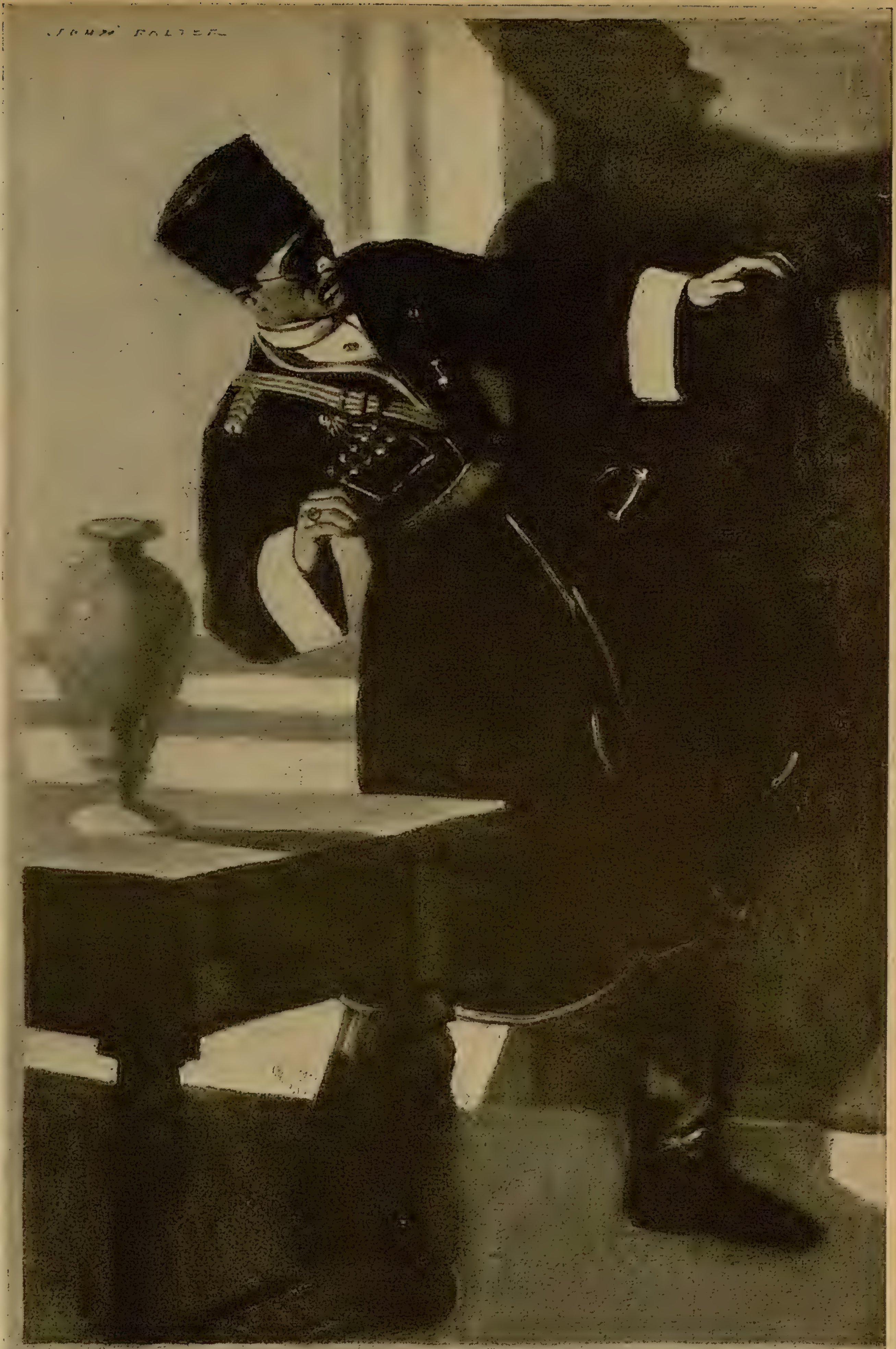
WHEN he was in his prime he smoked one-dollar cigars made especially for him and J. Pierpont Morgan. He would bring out handfuls of these precious Havanas and stuff them in his guests' pockets. As the supply ran low in recent years he would come out with one cigar when he had a guest. . . . He had been a connoisseur of fine wines, champagnes, and liqueurs. In recent years Martin, his valet, served gin on the same silver tray as ever in the same elegant manner. . . . For years he had the field box at both the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. His car had a special parking plot allotted by the owner of each club. In recent years he went to the ball parks in the subway. . . .

That was Charles B. Dillingham—himself a tribute to the Broadway that failed him. It was nice knowing him.

THE END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN FALTER

READING TIME
29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



REF

by JENNINGS

A Glamorous Story of These Strange Times When Princes May Be Chauffeurs—

THE amazing car from out Westchester way swung down through the upper latitudes of Manhattan, and even callous traffic coppers turned to smile admiringly and nod to John Vassil.

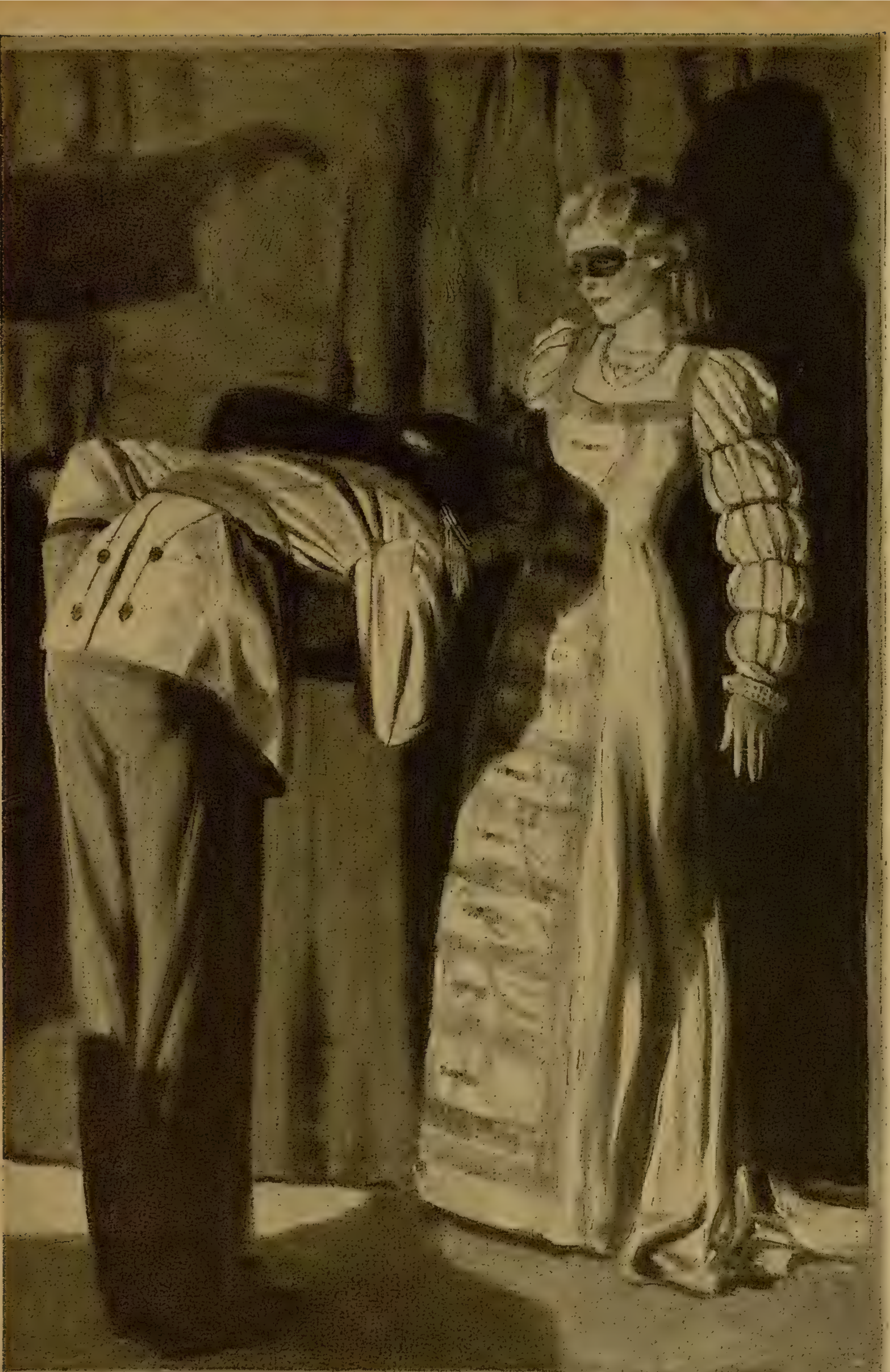
Old Dunstan Craigie's car—all bright and glitter, the masterpiece of engineers and jewelers and silversmiths—regal! Before the imperious blare of its silver trumpets ordinary vehicles swerved aside.

John Vassil's hands, warm in fleece-lined gloves, rested lightly on the open wheel. He settled his head into the astrakhan collar piece of his big fur coat and eyed a headstrong taxi that paid no heed to the warning of the trumpets. A cocky little guy! John Vassil grinned faintly. At precisely the proper moment he touched a pedal and the great car crouched to a halt under the suasion of hydraulic brakes. But the cocky cab also had stopped, and before its driver could utter even the briefest anathema John Vassil had slid by on his way.

"Beautiful!"

John Vassil started—and was glad his ears were hidden deep in the collar piece, for they were burning. It was unfair! He imagined her back there watching—and laughing, her white teeth showing in the darkness. A little ago, on the Concourse, the same soft, amused voice had said suddenly, "John, your head is rather nice, you know." Out of a clear sky! And what could he do? What was expected of him—if anything? Even if it had been his place to reply, how might this be done into the wrong end of a speaking tube?

The swift downtown set of traffic on the avenue bore them along—as swiftly, John Vassil thought, as Time had borne them along these three years he had been with Mr. Craigie. He had driven old Dunstan Craigie to The Oaks, up off the Albany Post Road, when Miss Irene had finished there. All last year she had been abroad with her aunt. But now—last month—she had returned, a lovely and self-assured young woman, to take her place out front in the social life of the city—his, John Vassil's [illegible]b at the moment being to bring [illegible]r down safely to the Ritz for the annual charity masquerade, and for some reason it had occurred to her to remark that his, John Vassil's, head was "rather nice." And, well, if it diverted Dunstan Craigie's daughter to stick pins in



Bending swiftly, John Vassil touched his lips to Irene Craigie's hand. "For this one glorious moment," he whispered, "I thank you."

U G E E

P E R R Y

but Love and Beauty and Courage Are Still What They Used to Be

Dunstan Craigie's chauffeur, he, John Vassil, could only sit and take it in the back. Of course.

Still, it was unfair, and he resented it. . . . Yet he was twenty-seven, and Irene Craigie was, beyond any comparison, the most beautiful thing in the world and— And what? It was all too idiotic.

John Vassil twirled the car in to the curb under the shining marquee and stepped out. He opened the door and stood, erect and tall, respectfully waiting.

HER hand, as she alighted, accepted transiently the assistance of his arm and for a mere instant she paused, looking up at him. "I'll want the car at two," she said. Then she was gone. Of course her fingers had not, however slightly, pressed his arm; of course her eyes, serene and impersonal, had not remained upon his own one second longer than needful. That was, he realized, sheer insane fancy. Her eyes were brown and liquid; her slender throat rose from the flared collar of her wrap like a lily pistil from its calyx—from the gay ruff of her costume and the soft gleam of pearls. All this he still was seeing, though she had gone, vanished through the glass doors, and a burly doorman was suggesting, "How about moving along, bud?"

"Eh?" said John Vassil. "Oh, sure."

His time was his own till two. Ten now—as one of the sponsors, Miss Irene had had to come down early. John Vassil turned the Isotta's silver nose down Sixth Avenue and, below Twenty-fourth Street, parked before a lighted store front.

The lighted front was his brother Paul's delicatessen shop and he put his head in at the door to call a greeting.

"Anybody home?"

"Everybody." Paul, in his white apron, came smiling to meet him. "The Little Mother, Alice—all at home. And I shall go with you to see them. It is, anyway, time I close up now. Yes, and Uncle Igor—"

"What?"

"Yes, at last. He came yesterday. With us he will stay."

John Vassil shook his head over Paul. Good old Paul on whom the burden had fallen, was still falling, and who bore up so calmly. A little bald now, a little round; personally as neat as his little shop was neat. Always he had been like that, calm and neat, even—though John could hardly remember—at Dyenka, before their world had crashed.

John took out his wallet. "See here, you've got to let me help more. Look, two hundred dollars—and only this month's pay. You must take half, Paul. I don't need it—and now, with Uncle Igor—"

But Paul hid his hands. "No, John, you put your money in the bank now. Already you have done more than you can afford for the Little Mother. For yourself you will need it some day, to go into a good business like me and Nicolas. Besides, you are a young man and—for your amusement, eh? Come, we will go up together."

Paul's flat, two flights up over his shop, was roomy and comfortably fitted. "Little Mother," Paul announced with gusto, "John is here!" An aging but still dapper figure under the floor lamp lowered his paper and asked, "Who is it?" But John Vassil, going straight to his mother's chair, stooped, and she kissed his forehead.

"Take off that ferocious coat, Ivan," she said, "and speak to your uncle." She spoke with barely a trace of accent, though she alone of the family still called John Vassil by his Russian name, for that had been his father's. A diminutive person, quiet with a peace of sturdy spirit, her eyes steady and reflective under the smooth sweep of her white hair, her small hands folded in her lap, she was like the portrait of a lady mother from the ancestral gallery of some old aristocratic house.

JOHN VASSIL turned from her obediently. "How are you, Uncle Igor?"

"As you see me, young man." It was clear to John his uncle had not recognized him at first. He had arisen now to shake hands. His hair was white, as were his mustache and trim imperial. He was dressed formally for evening, but John could not help noticing the broken edges of his collar and the frayed cuffs. "Things have not been going too well. I—I have come for a little visit with Paul."

And this, John thought, is Count Igor Shonovensky, who rode his title to the bitter end, and now must ask my brother's charity.

Paul's wife, Alice, a pretty blonde woman, plump and patient and unflaggingly cheerful, had entered, and John kissed her. But his mother called him back to her side.

"We were expecting you, son. You had to come in early, of course. Miss Craigie would have duties, as a sponsor. From her pictures she is very charming. Do you like her, Ivan?"

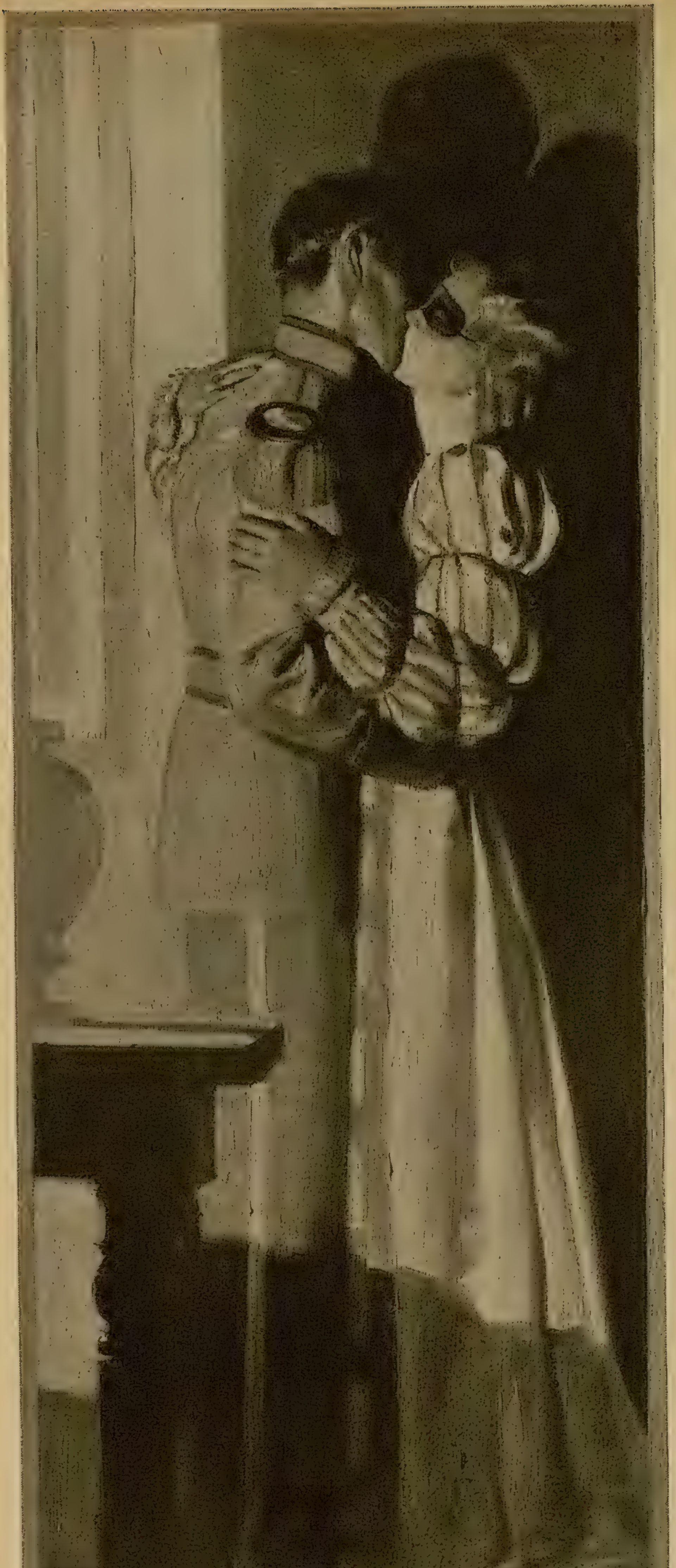
IT was wonderful how the Little Mother kept up with all the movements of the social world, through the newspapers of course; how her interest in those things from which she herself had been so long removed kept bright. John met her eyes, smiled at her question, but made no answer.

"Was she wearing the pearls?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You believe so! Did you not think I would want to know? The pearls your father gave me to wear at the imperial anniversary ball at Moscow? You should have seen your father that night, Ivan—the Czarina herself spoke of him as the most handsome figure at court. In his colonel's uniform, with the Double Eagle and the Cross of St. George! Hold up your head, son. A little more to the light. There! You are very like him, Ivan."

There was a note of wistfulness in the Little Mother's voice, and John wondered if perhaps she were contrasting his condition with that of his father and the brave show he had made in the world. Often she reminded him of the resemblance. But one had only to look at her own strong, calm face to understand her sons: why they who, like Uncle Igor and Cousin Dmitri, might have exploited an old name in this new



Immediately, without any skirmish, she was in his arms, and he lifted her up and kissed her.

land had chosen to make their way by their own efforts. Paul had established himself as owner of a delicatessen store; Nicolas had gone out on Long Island with his Marfa to raise—profitably, too—ducks, and his own brood; and her youngest, Ivan, in hard times, when money had been so desperately needed by them all, had donned a livery to get it. She so often nowadays recalled their father and the dashing glory that had been his back there in Old Russia. Of course she was proud of them, their independence; but perhaps sometimes—

"You haven't told us," Paul reminded craftily, "how you find Miss Craigie."

"Oh, but why should he?" Alice came to his aid. "It's certainly not our affair anyway, is it, John?"

"Your father," said the Little Mother, "saw me first at the opera—we had come up to Moscow for the season. He bribed an official to bring me a note. Then, for months, flowers—flowers! By special messenger—"

She would go off at a tangent like that, the Little Mother. But mostly when John was there. His presence turned her thoughts back to the spirited officer of the Alexandrovnas who had cast the claims of his nobility aside to marry her—the daughter of a bourgeois family which had no great distinction, save honor and wealth.

"At your age, Ivan, your father had already two fine sons. It would be pleasant, I think, if I should make the acquaintance of Miss Craigie."

The Little Mother! The poor Little Mother! Princess Olga Vassilivich—how could she imagine the gulf that lay between her son, their chauffeur, and these rich, proud bourgeois people?

Uncle Igor's old man's voice spoke querulously: "I should certainly have accepted! Young Dmitri will be there. Only—there was some reason—something—" His eyes blinked with momentary confusion. "Here is my invitation—you see?—at the Ritz. But, also, a hundred dollars!" He cackled. "Where can I find the little matter of a hundred dollars, please? For charity."

AT the name of their cousin Dmitri the faces of the two brothers had hardened, and the face of the Little Mother had become hardest of all.

"When will that scoundrel get his deserts?" she demanded. "Is there no justice to reach him?"

John lifted his shoulders and Paul whispered, "Where is he filling his pockets now, John?"

Again John shrugged. So many things were rumored about Count Dmitri, the pet of title-avid hostesses of a certain social set. Only this was known to the Vassils: that when they had come to New York he had engaged himself to dispose of all the valuables that remained to them—the Little Mother's jewelry; but they had never received more than a fraction of the proceeds, and this had made it extremely difficult for them to live.

The Little Mother leaned back in her chair and her thin blue-veined hands doubled into tight little fists. John Vassil saw that her eyes were closed, and, gazing at her, tried to divine her thoughts. His uncle's words echoed in his ears: "Dmitri will be there." Was it of that, he wondered, the Little Mother was thinking? That Dmitri, the slickster, the poseur, who had never done an honest stroke in his life, might go where he pleased, mingle with the best, while her own sons must stay outside? He smiled lovingly—the Little Mother, with her dreams of other days!

"Ivan." She had risen and was holding out her hand to him. "I want to show you something."

SHE led him back to her own room and he stood beside her while from a chest of drawers she took out the neatly folded uniform of an officer of the Alexandrovnas—a resplendent attire, still bearing on the breast the decorations awarded by an imperial régime now vanished. His father's uniform; the only link to their former grandeur to which his mother had clung. At her request he held out his arm, over which she laid gently each garment. Then she looked up at him, and it seemed to John Vassil her eyes held a challenge.

"It would fit you perfectly, my son. You should have seen your father in it, appearing at the ball."

Unmistakably a challenge! Frowning, John Vassil slowly raised his eyes to stare beyond her. There was a silence in which his thoughts quickened to overtake the temerity of her spirit. She had gone back; she was remembering. He alone of her sons had had no close association with the old life back there. He had a vague, boyish memory of his English governess, then the flight to Paris, and his father dead with the shattered White troops; then the removal, after Paul and Nicolas, to America. It was cut off from him. Even their name, since they had entered willingly into the life of the new country, changed. Vassilivich—a name older than Peter the Great.

His eyes came back to the Little Mother. His eyes were shining and the corners of his mouth twitched with excitement.

"If you mean you would let me take the uniform, Little Mother, for tonight—"

"Yes, Ivan."

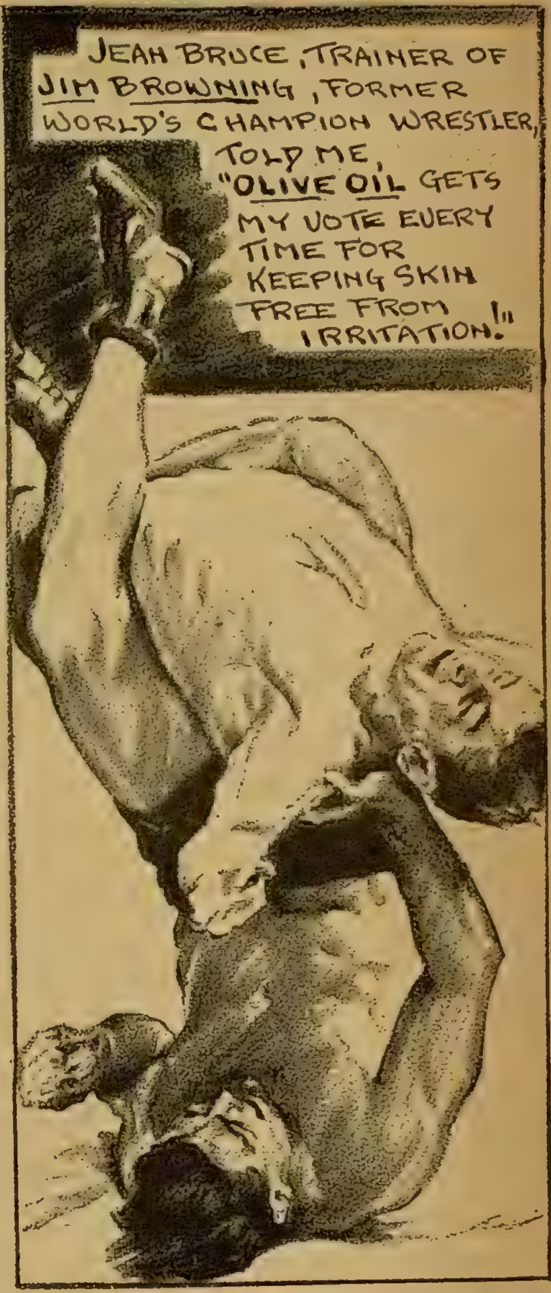
"But even—even if I—"

Her transparent fingers reached up and pressed lightly against his cheek.

"Your father carried *me* off in a troika, my son."

It was not quite midnight when John Vassil, splendid in the uniform of a colonel of the Alexandrovnas, his eyes hidden behind the velvet domino, stepped to the little table at the entrance to the ballroom and laid down, along with Uncle Igor's invitation, a hundred-dollar bill. Then, passing into the room, he stood for a moment looking over the heads of the masked dancers whirling in a festoon of con-

THEY TOLD ME *by Oliver*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fetti spirals, a swirl of rich colors under shifting lights. Gayety and glitter such as he had never looked upon but which, strangely, held no abashment for him. It was as if the music and the revel called to some inherited affinity in him. His courage lifted, a smile of pleasure came out upon his lips. A girl in the springing brief skirts of a ballerina, dancing by, leaned back in her partner's arms and laughed with red lips up to him.

John Vassil bowed gallantly.

"My dear count!"

He glanced down at the plump white hands that seized on his arm, the fat fingers burdened with diamonds. He was being captured by a matronly houri in pantaloons, whose adoring simper he found slightly sickening.

"You don't remember me, do you? I'm Paula Werner—one of the committee. I happened to be near the desk when you came in. We are so delighted for your presence. You came—alone?" This last with a little possessive giggle that all but put John Vassil in panic.

He had, he admitted, come alone.

"But of course you know every one here—perhaps better than I do. Only—in these silly get-ups"—again that squirmy giggle—"one feels so at loss."

"Yes, madame." Ruefully John Vassil surveyed the vast expanses of exposed territory about her arms and neck.

What, he wondered absently, would his father have done with this?

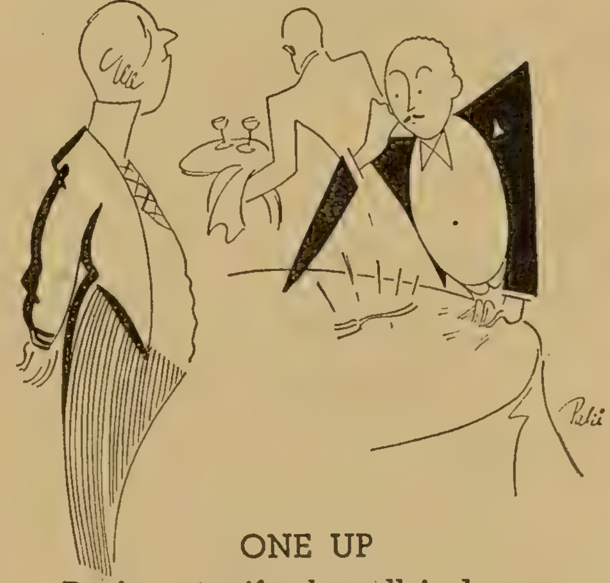
"Madame," he attempted, "your charm is so visible—but at the moment—"

"Oh, Count Igor"—her clutch on his arm tightened—"isn't it the most marvelous music for dancing?" In desperation then, with a mumbled excuse, John Vassil broke away, leaving the lady open-mouthed behind him, and strode through the sea of dancers, looking to right and left. He was tall and impressive, and his passage made a ripple of comment. In the middle of the ballroom, under the spinning glass globe with its myriad flashing facets, he halted and searched in every direction.

Along the panoplied walls, on a raised floor, tables had been set, about which gay parties gathered, and toward one of these, as the music paused, he discovered Irene Craigie making her way. She was wearing an Elizabethan costume of white satin, shaped to her slender waist, and he would have recognized her by the creamy gleam of the Little Mother's pearls about her throat even if the proud easy carriage of her small brown head had not marked her definitely apart. A group of young men surrounded her, but she walked with her hand upon the arm of a red-bloused Cossack whose thick neck inclined toward her incessantly.

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By DELLA T. LUTES



ONE UP

Don't worry if, when all is done,
An extra fork you seem to've won.
To use your dinner fork for salad
Is now considered right and valid.

But if there is a salad fork, you'd better use it.

STARING after them, John Vassil was conscious of a curious feeling behind his ears, as if the hair had bristled. It had been years since he had seen his cousin Dmitri, and the sight of him now, bending his round cannon-ball head almost to Irene Craigie's shoulder, was decidedly unpleasant. With troubled eyes he watched the party grouping itself about a table on the raised floor, and suddenly, as the swish of violins announced the beginning of another dance, he headed directly toward them.

He arrived just as Dmitri and the girl descended to the dance floor and, with perfect timing, he set down his heel on the polished toe of his cousin's boot. "Pardon," he said, "you are hurt? You *are* hurt!" There was utter politeness, if an utter lack of solicitude, in his voice, and as Dmitri, grunting angrily, jerked back his bruised extremity from the danger zone, he turned, smiling, to Irene Craigie. "He is hurt," he repeated blandly. "No can dance. Then, should we?" Without awaiting the response he swept her away, casting only one casual glance across his shoulder to enjoy the ugly snarl that decorated his cousin's purpling countenance.

Promptly he forgot the existence of Cousin Dmitri. The knowledge that by some miracle he was holding Irene Craigie in his arms was all the traffic this poignant present could bear. A crazy happiness showered sparks in his breast. So, perhaps, his father had felt when he bore the Little Mother off with him in his troika. Irene Craigie had made no protest at his high-handed abduction, but now he heard her asking, "I know it's not cricket at a masquerade, but haven't I known you somewhere before?"

She had known best, he reflected with an inward smile, the back of his head. Could he risk recognition? He met her eyes behind the mask and said, "Does it matter much, really?"

"No, only—was it nice to treat Count Dmitri as you did?"

It was reassuring that she did not seem at all offended for Dmitri.

"Glorious," he said. "Besides, all is fair—"

"Is this war?"

"Never!"

"Then it must be—love. How exciting!"

"How romantic!"

"And hopeless?"

JOHN VASSIL breathed deeply, took wing. "That, dear lady, is for you to say. Just now, in these gay lights, with this music, anything seems possible. A little later—tomorrow—we may be total strangers again."

"So true—so true." After a moment she asked, "Do you know me?"

"Yes, Miss Craigie."

"You have an advantage."

"I need one."

"Do you mind," she said, "if I remark, in passing, that you are a superb dancer?"

"Not at all. I have an academy. If you would be interested in expert instruction—"

It was good for laughter, this sprightly fencing—while above Irene Craigie's head John Vassil's eyes fiercely warned off the interruption of other men. They drifted with the eddying current of dancers and the vagaries of the music. She spoke of the Cross of St. George on his breast, and he gave her his word it had been won honorably, valiantly in a cavalry charge at Baclazov—at which she smiled only half a doubt.

"What brave thing," she asked, "would you do for me?"

"I would move the world in space—but there won't be time tonight. You must be tired of dancing. Isn't there some quiet corner here, some sort of cavern I could hide you in?"

"Over there, back of the tables, in the window embrasures."

Skillfully he piloted her from the thronged floor to a deep recess behind the silver curtains where, immediately, without any skirmish, she was in his arms, and he lifted her up and kissed her. She made no effort to repulse him, only a slight movement of distress, and when he released her she remained close to him and very ominously still.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because I love you. Because time is fleeting."

"But I've never seen you before. I don't even know who you are."

"Was it so—unpleasant?"

"No-o. But my maidenly dignity has been deeply offended." She hesitated. "We'd better go back now."

He restrained her. "Darling, you don't understand. I can't be here for the unmasking. For me it was a rush to the stars, one brief magic moment. I may never see you again—like this. I shall always have something to cherish."

"Will you take off your mask?"

"Please. I cannot."

"Then I must be ashamed of myself."

"You will not be ashamed." John Vassil made bold: "You'll remember this, perhaps, as the one extraordinary incident of a charity ball. God knows I hope you'll remember it longer than tomorrow."

"Now we'll go."

"As you command."

"Wait."

Her eyes were downcast and she was smiling. "Before we go," she said, "would you mind kissing me again?"

She was in his arms when the curtains parted and an accented voice exclaimed, "*Nu!*" She spun free as Count Dmitri, smirking with mock humility, bowed his regrets. "I didn't know. I feared you had forgotten we had the next dance."

"You are," John Vassil said, "a snooping rat."

"And who are you? Miss Craigie, do you know who is this man?"

"Let him tell you himself."

Dmitri was enraged. "He is not my uncle, Count Igor, though so he makes believe to come here. I have inquired. An impostor, he is! We shall soon see, *hein?*"

A trumpet call in the ballroom had proclaimed the hour of unmasking. In mid-air John Vassil grasped the thick fingers that clutched toward his face. Deliberately he pressed the ball of his own thumb against Cousin Dmitri's broad nose and pushed ungently. The count reeled backward. Bending swiftly John Vassil touched his lips to Irene Craigie's hand. "For this one glorious moment," he whispered, "I thank you." Then, with a great free swinging stride he hurried away through the riot, unmindful now of the hands that snatched at his mask, and out into the street. Belated pedestrians turned to gaze and smile at the tall reveler in the costume of a Russian officer who walked as if the swaying crest of his shako brushed the stars.

JENNINGS PERRY

was born in Jackson, Tennessee, in 1900. In 1918, after brief service in the army, he went to sea where he served two years. Worked on newspapers in the East and began to write fiction in 1923. Since then he has written many stories and a few novels. He travels a great deal.

THREE blocks away John Vassil halted before the door of a garage. For a moment his eyes looked back over his shoulder, gleamed, then, pivoting to the left, he passed through the wide entrance.

At ten past two the head doorman blew upon his little silver whistle. "One sixty-one!" he bellowed. "One sixty-one!" Assistant doormen passed the call along. John Vassil slid the Isotta smartly under the fringe of the marquee. Almost before the wheels had ceased to turn he had sprung to the sidewalk, shouldered aside an ambitious flunkey, and opened the door.

Count Dmitri's fingers tucked in the silken scarf about his coarse neck. Heels trimly together he made to Irene Craigie a precise little bow.

"You are so gracious. My own motor, unfortunately, is for the time in the shop. I live west, by the river. You are sure it will not take you too much out of your way to drop me at my home? No? Then I must repeat, you are so kind as you are so lovely, Miss Craigie."

FROM a superior six inches John Vassil scowled down at his clever cousin. Dmitri, of course, had no motor in the shop; yet Dmitri could contrive to ride with Irene Craigie, to sit beside her as her guest, to talk with her on equal terms. A warm wave of fury swept John Vassil. He looked at Irene Craigie and was comforted. She had seen his scowl, for she was smiling. Moreover her eyes had a swimming thoughtfulness, a reflection of pleasant reminiscence, that caused John Vassil's heart to thud-thud mightily against the Cross of St. George on the breast of his father's uniform under the greatcoat of his chauffeur's attire.

"John, we'll drive this gentleman to his home on our way. His motor is—ailing."

"Yes, Miss Craigie."

She was not fooled, not she—wise little head! Ah!—John Vassil sighed—how he loved her! About to enter the car, she paused and shot at him a quick puzzled glance, before which his own fascinated gaze dropped precipitately. He must take care! To him, John Vassil, chauffeur, so much would be permitted and no more.

He resisted, closing the door after Dmitri, an almost irresistible impulse to slam it on his heels. He had no fear that Dmitri would recognize him, or if he should that he would reveal his identity to Miss Craigie. The thought of Count Dmitri saying, "Miss Craigie, your chauffeur is my cousin," was worth a hearty chuckle down in the astrakhan collar.

The hour was late, traffic on the avenue thin—a few private cars humming uptown on singing tires, the usual hopeful stir of late-cruising cabs. From all of these old Dunstan Craigie's silver trumpets commanded respect and the right of way. The gray quiet pile of St. Patrick's shifted smoothly by. Irene Craigie, John Vassil was remembering, had asked him to kiss her—she had asked him! With an unconscious gesture he lifted his hand and gave his cap a jaunty tilt. A reckless joy filled his mind with fancies, mad fancies, heady with folly, echoes of daring from the tales the Little Mother would tell. A jingling of bells and the swift rapturous flight of a troika in the snow—

"Driver" — the stiff masculine voice grated at his ear, erasing at one stroke, like a wet cloth, all the glory he was dreaming—"we shall go by the

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't Even Lie Down!

The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

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park, driver. Turn here at the Plaza entrance—and there is no hurry, my man, remember."

In habitual acknowledgment of an order John Vassil's glove made a movement toward the visor of his cap, dropped back suddenly to the wheel. The elation he had had drained from his heart and in its place rose a bitter and sickening discouragement, a disdain for himself and his mode of living. For this, then, he had cast himself into the mold of the land, had endeavored, in these strenuous times, to make his own way and earn his own bread honestly—for this! To salute servilely a scheming reprobate who had only to trade upon an accident of birth to find all doors open to him; who could say to John Vassil, the son of Prince Ivan Vassilivich, "Come, my man," or "Go, my man"!

All this happening in him like a storm as deftly he swung the big car from the avenue into the shadowy curving drive of the park—all the high, bright adventure of the evening going out before this shabby reality. How Irene Craigie would despise him, despise herself, he thought, if she should ever know that, hiding behind a mask, her own chauffeur had taken her in his arms!

Obediently, upon entering the park, he had cut down the motor. The Isotta moved almost silently along the deserted drive, only the crunching of dead leaves under the tires protesting its passage. Behind him, through the heavy glass, he could hear Dmitri's throaty accent, and occasionally Irene Craigie's response, light and serene. "And young John Vassil," John Vassil thought with a twinge, "perched out front—in the cold."

Somehow, at the thought he grinned—a very wry grin but sufficient to break the dismal sequence of his brooding. A hand up from the depths. After all, why all the sudden self-pity? What might he ever hope to be, more than he was, to old Dunstan Craigie's daughter? It was no good to start eating his heart out over a kiss which, very naturally, had meant nothing more to her than an amusing incident at a masquerade. He would go on drawing his monthly pay, which was good pay, for duties performed—among which, he reminded himself grimly, by no stretch of the imagination could be listed the necessity for wondering why, at a late hour like this, Irene Craigie should choose to drive in the park with a scoundrel like Dmitri.

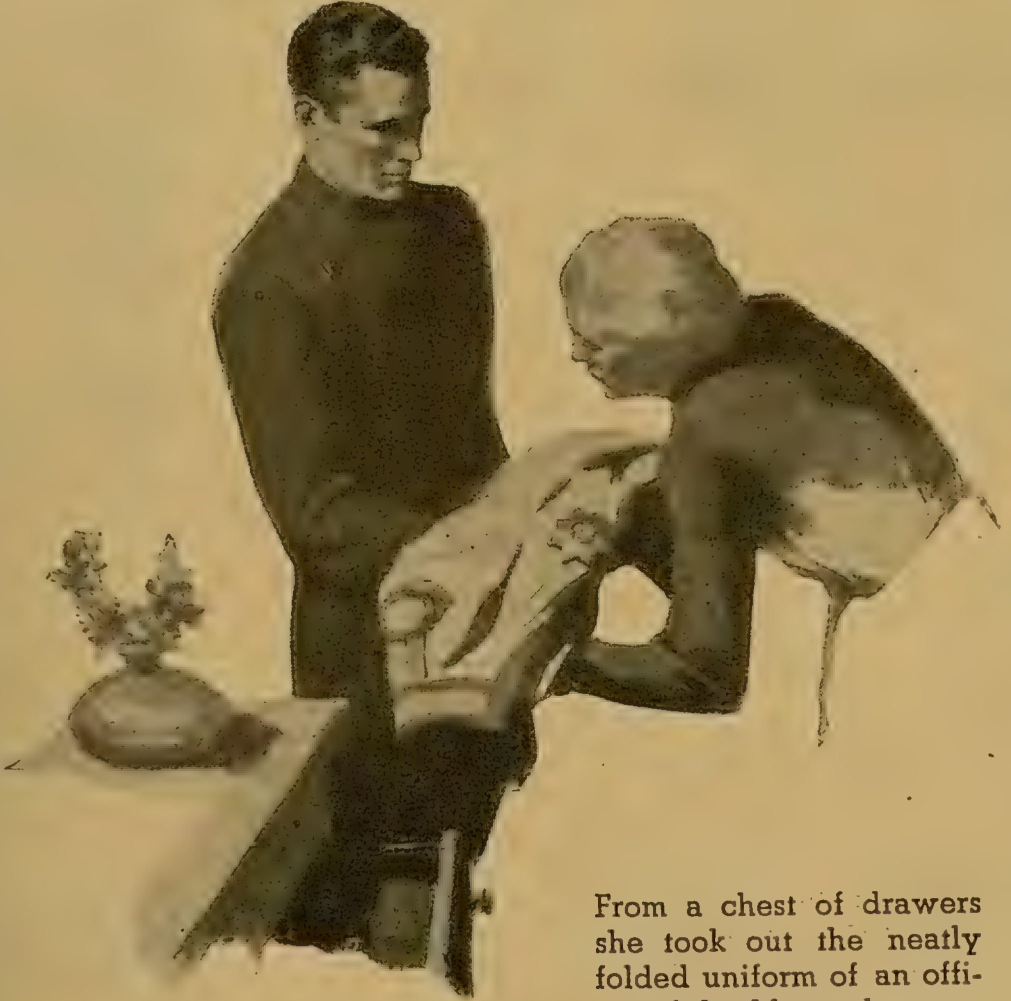
YET now, his own preoccupation relaxed, he found his head buzzing with this concern. Why—after all? Why with Dmitri? Shamelessly he strained his ears for some scrap of conversation that would give him a clue, but the glass between was effectively soundproof. Then, all at once, he realized that Miss Craigie had taken down the mouthpiece of the speaking tube; her voice held a tone of impatience.

"But you promised," he heard, "to tell me who he was. You said you knew. If you can't, there's no earthly reason for loitering out here any longer. John—"

"Please, mademoiselle!" Dmitri's voice, suave and imploring. "I am just now to tell—"

The mouthpiece clicked back on its hook. John Vassil's black eyes opened wide in the darkness, and in his excitement his foot tapped on the gas pedal. The whole great car made a joyous leap, then subsided, rolled smoothly again as John Vassil got himself in hand. This, of course, would not do: no matter how buoyantly his heart might flip, he had his job. Even if what he had heard—

His attention was demanded by the lights of a car coming up behind and he drew over to the edge of the drive. His fingers jigged ecstatically on the rim of the wheel—stopped suddenly and stiffened as a creepy feeling of unusual happenings possessed him. The car from behind, a large black sedan, had pulled abreast and slowed to his own speed. He looked out curiously.


From a chest of drawers she took out the neatly folded uniform of an officer of the Alexandrovnas.

At the same instant the door of the other car was flung open and a dark figure leaped to the running board of the Isotta. The muzzle of an automatic bobbled under John Vassil's nose and a harsh voice informed him that if he kept going slowly he would keep his skin whole. From the side of his mouth the man then called sharply, "All right, Mischa, what are you waiting for?"

A STICKUP — and the man had called in Russian! A lot of thinking went through John Vassil's head in a very short time. The pearls, of course—the Little Mother's pearls that Cousin Dmitri had sold to old Craigie's agent, that Irene Craigie was wearing tonight. That was the idea, and Cousin Dmitri was in on it. That was the reason for the drive in the park. But the one awful, insufferable thing to John Vassil was the knowledge that the little mystery of his own presence at the ball had been used to lure Irene Craigie into the trap. Ah, no! John Vassil winced—and as a second figure poised to leap across from the sedan, his foot jammed down on the accelerator.

The gleaming car surged forward. There was a red explosion in front of John Vassil's eyes and the thud of a bullet in the leather seat beside him. He struck with his left hand at the man clinging at his elbow but there was not enough room to swing. His arm whipped up about the man's body, clutched him to the side of the car. The man struggled to free himself. Two shots followed rapidly which were like two hammer blows to John Vassil's breast.

The Isotta whined with building speed. In the speaking tube Irene Craigie's frantic voice cried to John Vassil to stop and let them have what they wanted; that they would kill him. Alongside the black sedan raced, and from the window of the driver's seat a pistol sought to come to bear on John Vassil—but could not find him—for John Vassil was holding to what he had. His arm encircled the bandit's waist and his fingers were locked with an unbreakable grip on the wrist that had the automatic. The man was his shield.

John Vassil's body was wet with blood. A numbness crept up from his breast, and the black serpentine strip of the drive seemed to writhe in the glare of the Isotta's lights. Police whistles were piping through the park but John Vassil did not hear them. In a few moments, if he could hold off this dizziness, he would be out of the park, and then—

A stream of bullets licked out from the sedan and the man in John Vassil's clasp went limp. Suddenly the windshield was spangled with white stars. With a furious dash the other car was forging ahead. They would shoot through the glass, and that would be all for John.

But left, and right ahead, appeared the iron railings marking the cut where the bridle path passed under the drive. John Vassil gave his powerful engines the full charge and fixed his drowsy eyes on the railing. The two cars again were speeding side by side. With his free hand John Vassil pulled the Isotta sharply against the black sedan.

The Isotta would not be withstood. With a scream of torn iron and split air the black sedan disappeared into the deep cut of the bridle path.

John Vassil withdrew his toe from the accelerator, fumbled for the brake. The lights of Central Park West rushed toward him with abating onset. Tall buildings rocked and shuddered and vanished. John Vassil went to sleep with his foot on the brake and a dead thug in his arms.

It was Irene Craigie who drove the Isotta—with two policemen clinging for their lives—to the hospital; who, in the emergency room when they stripped off John Vassil's chauffeur's coat and revealed on the uniform of a Russian officer the Cross of St. George, bowed her shining head in amazing grief—amazing, the attendants thought, to show for a simple servant. But John Vassil was not there to witness this wonderful thing, nor to hear the newsboys crying how a refugee prince had risked his life to save old Dunstan Craigie's daughter.

For John Vassil—the son of Prince Ivan Vassilivich, colonel of the Alexandrovnas—with two bullet holes ranging through his chest had a long, insensate sleep. But when he opened his eyes the Little Mother was there, and Irene Craigie was there, and he made the most of that.

But it never was made common knowledge that Count Dmitri Shonovensky, who happened to be riding in the car with Miss Craigie that night, had more than a casual connection with the sensational attempt. There would have been no point, John thought, in disclosing to Irene that the noble family of which she was about to become a part had this one crooked branch in its tree.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Cacography is what?

2—What causes fogs?

3—What is a jennet?

4—What Canadian province has a Latin name?

5—Who wrote "For forms of government let fools contest; Whate'er is best administer'd is best"?

6—What islands of the Hawaiian group are inhabited?

7—What *three* families have given the United States *six* Presidents?

8—When did the Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant parks become national parks?

9—Who built the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls?

10—What is the capital of the British crown colony of Hongkong?

11—By what name is a female swan known in England?

12—What is *amour propre?*

13—How long and how high is the center span of the Quebec Bridge?

14—How far away is the moon?

15—When were wigs first worn?

16—By what names are street cars known in England?

17—Where is found the saying "There is no new thing under the sun"?

18—What celebrated Canadian physician was credited with advocating the chloroforming of all men of sixty?

19—What term describes birds whose toes are connected by webs reaching to their extremities?

20—Where is Edgar Allan Poe buried?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

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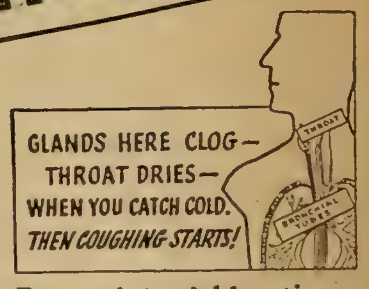
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How To Drink

The Things to Do and the Things NOT to Do (See Picture at Left), as Learned in Thirty Years' Extensive Research

by
H. L. MENCKEN

WOOD CARVING BY CARL PFEUFER

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IF the moral theologians in practice among us were engined by anything properly describable as apostolic zeal, they would be giving over a large part of their time, in these apocalyptic days, to teaching their catechumens how to drink. For it must be manifest that some such teaching is sorely needed in this great republic. Drinking with skill and taste is no more a natural art than love; either it must be learned by the onerous process of trial and error, or it must be taught. Plainly enough, the latter way is the better; but so far there is no sign that the guides appointed for gropers are ready to take it.

The fact, of course, is not surprising, for moral science is always a bit laggard, and it is especially so in the United States. It took our appointed moralists at least twenty years to discover that there was a demand among the young for instruction in the enigmas of sex, and even today they linger far behind the best contemporary thought on the subject. Maybe a good deal of their backwardness on the drink question, like their bad showing on the sex question, is due to the fact that they really know very little about it. Not many clergymen could be called, with any plausibility, informed and accomplished drinkers. Perhaps a majority of them, or nearly a majority, are teetotalers. Among the rest, I know half a dozen who can tell claret from Burgundy without noting the shape of the bottle, and two or three (all of them foreign-born) who know why Pilsner is better than steam beer; but they are exceptions. The average clergyman, though people may envy him his apparently easy life, really lives very meagerly, and it is not often that he gets a whack at first-rate wines and liquors. Thus it is probably asking too much to expect him to enlighten the young.

RULES

(1) THE MILDER DRINK IS ALWAYS THE BETTER

(2) NO REALLY ENLIGHTENED DRINKER EVER TAKES A DRINK AT A TIME WHEN HE HAS ANY WORK TO DO

The school-teachers are in even worse case. They are, as a class, extremely stupid persons, and seldom find out anything until the rest of us have begun to forget it. Moreover, they are naturally timorous and always jump at a *woof*. During the thirteen years of prohibition the Anti-Saloon League had at them so violently that three fourths of them became professed drys, and even today they tremble in fear that it may reconquer the country and put them on the spot again.

This throws the burden of instruction on the only agency of moral didactics that is left—to wit, the public press; and as one of the humble jack tars of its crew I hasten to shoulder my share. My qualifications, I suppose, ought to be stated. I have been a student of alcoholic beverages for more than thirty years, and have pursued my studies all over the area comprised between San Francisco in the west, Istanbul in the east, Oslo in the north, and Caracas in the south. I have read all the principal textbooks on the subject, and have made personal visits to such shrines of the booze arts as Rüdesheim, Bernkastel, Nierstein, Bordeaux, Beaune, Budapest, Malaga, Madeira, Curaçao, Pontarlier, Cognac, Pilsen, Munich, Kulmbach, and Würzburg.

Nor have I visited these places in an idle and voluptuous spirit: I have always gone into huddles with their resident wiseacres, made thousands of notes, and undertaken tests of a scientific character, sometimes at considerable risk. In 1910, while carrying on an investigation of Lacrima Cristi, I narrowly escaped an eruption of Vesuvius; in 1912 I came down with arsenic poisoning after a study of English bitter; and in 1922 I picked up rheumatism in the catacombs of the Bürgerbrauhaus at Pilsen.

Such information as I have garnered has not been kept to myself. On the contrary, I have published it freely, seeking to benefit humanity. During the thirteen years of prohibition I composed and printed no less than 2,500,000 words in long and short meter against that great assault upon American liberties, and had to bear a vigorous counterassault by its proponents. Some of them prayed for me publicly and suggestively, but more of them damned me; and I was compared at different times to Czolgosz, Lenin, Ingersoll, Darwin, and Kaiser Wilhelm II. To this day it is widely believed in Arkansas that I am in the pay of both Wall Street and the Bolsheviki, and in no less than six states, including my native State of Maryland, it has been proposed openly that I be burned at the stake.

Like A Gentleman

Such are my medals and diplomas: what I have to recommend may be set forth almost as briefly. Two simple principles lie at the bottom of the whole matter, and they may be precipitated into two rules. The first is that, when there is a choice, *the milder drink is always the better* — not merely the safer but the better. The second is that *no really enlightened drinker ever takes a drink at a time when he has any work to do.* There is, of course, more to it than this; but these are sufficient for the beginner, and even the virtuoso never outgrows them.

THE second is the more important. It is indeed astounding how the error persists that ethyl alcohol is a stimulant. If schoolteachers really had the confidence of their customers there would be no such nonsense afloat, for they have been teaching for many years that alcohol is not a stimulant but a depressant: it is, I dare say, one of the few things they teach that is indubitably true. Yet multitudes of people, having been fooled in school in so many other ways, go on believing the contrary, and as a result they drink when drinking can do them only damage, and avoid it when it might be a great boon to them.

The physical and mental effects of alcohol, whether in large doses or small, are very simple. Physically, it slows down all the bodily processes, save maybe digestion, and produces a faint and pleasant drowsiness. And mentally it works in almost the same way. That is, it causes what the psychologists call a raising of the threshold of sensation. The external world retreats a bit, and its challenges become less insistent. The drinker is not so much disturbed as he was by what goes on around him, and so his reaction to it is more friendly and tolerant. And simultaneously he is not so much disturbed as he was

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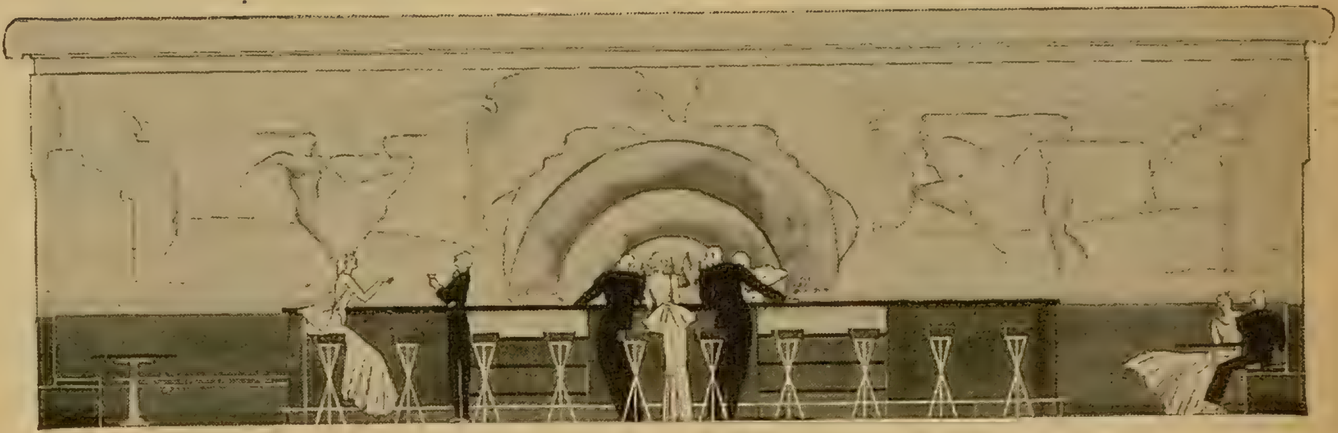
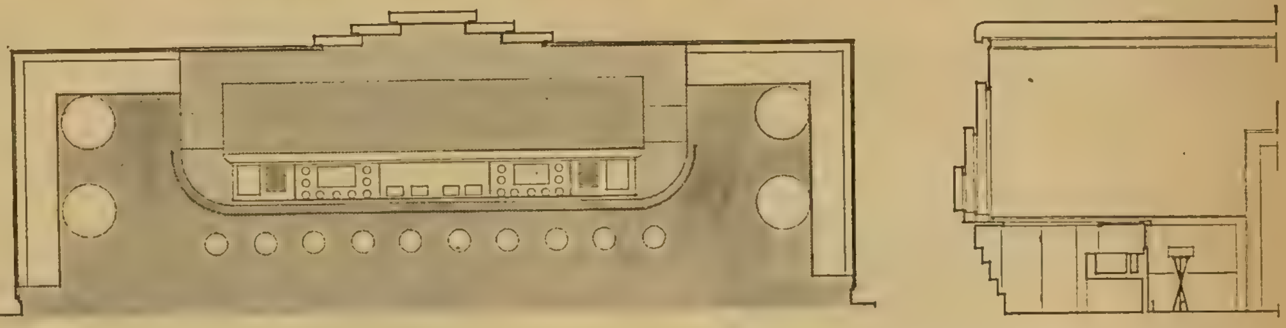


AN IDEAL BAR

by GRAHAM ERSKINE



Above: The ideal bar as Mr. Erskine conceives it. Glass panels enable customers to watch their drinks being mixed. Mirror shelves in the back bar show off the bottled stock. Below: A bird's-eye view of the bar and (right) a cross section.

THE bar of the future will be influenced by the ignorance of the present drinkers and by the intelligence of the present bartenders. I'll confess right now that most of the wisdom I am here writing down I got from Mr. Jack Fitz-Gerald, president and chief professor of the Bartenders School.

Before prohibition, drinkers knew their liquor. Now even the wisest of us may grope helplessly unless we can recognize the bottle we met the other night at a friend's. Therefore the bar must lay out bottles for the drinker to recognize. In the old bar fine art had a place—good-natured Venuses; now we need the wall space for the dummy bottles. Of course you might keep the mural paintings by locating the receding shelves for bottles beneath the top of the back bar. Either way, the shelves should be of glass, with mirrors behind them. It is sometimes the other side of the bottle that the drinker recognizes.

The ideal bar will have enough glass in the top to let you see what the bartender is doing. A good bartender desires your eyes upon him as he mixes the drink. It's a graceful act.

"The station" is the technical term for the spot where the drinks are mixed. Indispensable elements of the station are a small sink, a drain board, a receptacle for shaved ice, compartments for vermuth, gin, etc., and trays for sliced orange and lemon, olives, cherries, and limes. In the old days the arrangement was individual or haphazard. Today the layout is standardized, like the keyboard of a typewriter, and the bartender works by the touch system. The bottles must be in their right places, so that he can reach for them automatically.

Do you realize that your unthinking indulgence in ice-cream sodas during prohibition is now weakening the lumbar muscles and even displacing the kidneys of present-day bartenders? The heartless or ill-informed bar designer is putting forth a monstrosity modeled upon the soda fountain, which places between the bartender and the bar top the ice boxes, the receptacles for empties, and anything else you can think of to make the bartender bend at the waist. This cruelty must stop!

The ideal bar would permit the bartender to stand up straight and mix the drinks without any unnatural stretch forward. The receptacles for empties would be installed beneath the counter. Above them would be the stations. The ice boxes would be at a convenient height in the back bar.

A bar is a place of spontaneous and generous emotions. A large number of old-time bartenders, after a few years on a modest salary, were able to start again as proprietors of their own saloons. Their capital, it is surmised, had been accumulated involuntarily by those payments for drinks which in the good-fellowship of the moment they forgot to record.

The old-time saloon owner, lacking the exaltation of immediate contact with his customers, became jealous of his bartender, and in a moment of epoch-making meanness installed the cash register. The effect of this soulless machine upon our national character has not yet been sufficiently investigated. We may note here, however, its influence upon the location of the beer keg in the ideal bar of the future. Since beer more often than not will be called for, and since all drinks must be properly rung up, the scientific spirit insists that there shall be one cash register for each beer keg. When I say beer keg I speak symbolically, since there will be a complete beer station, supplying different kinds of beer from barrels in the cellar, with only the spigots emerging at the counter top.

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by what goes on within his own head, and thus he gathers a sense of contentment and well-being.

Plainly enough, all this is not a good preparation for hard work, whether mental or physical. When a man has work to do he should have all his nerves and muscles alert, and his mind should be leaping here and there like a gazelle, seizing avidly upon every idea. A single glass of beer is enough to incommode and cripple the process. It produces a glow, but that glow is not the fruit of energy but of indolence. The drinker feels better, but he is less efficient, and the prohibitionists are quite right when they bring forth their proofs that he can't add up figures as accurately as a cold-sober man, or drive as many nails in an hour, or get through as much of any other kind of work.

BUT who wants to work all the time? Only very foolish people. The more rational man knows that there is something even more important in life, and that its name is living. He is willing to work hard in his working hours, but when they are over he wants to relax, expand, and be happy. The whole object of labor, as he sees it, is to give human beings this release and reward.

Well, here is where alcohol comes in. In its milder and more palatable forms, as in wine, it remains unmatched after all these centuries as a maker of cheer. One finds eloquent encomiums of it in both the Old Testament and the New, and it is praised in the profane literature of every great people. There have been, in late years, some large advances in pharmacology, but no substitute for ethyl alcohol in dilute aqueous solution, suitably flavored and aged, has ever been discovered.

The time to use it is when the work of the day is done. That it is bad medicine in the morning is proved by the fact that no one, at that time, ever craves it in its milder and more benign forms: the appetite for it, if there be any appetite at all, is for a quick dose of something strong. Nor is it capable of its best effects at midday, save the whole day be a holiday and the afternoon be free for loafing. But on all days it is meet and suitable with the coming of twilight and during the hours thereafter. A good dinner is made doubly good by being washed down in the ancient manner of civilized men, and a good sleep is made doubly sound and refreshing if the sleeper first untangles his nerves and quiets his brain with a few shots of reliable stuff.

But what is reliable stuff? What is the thing to drink, specifically? I go back to my Rule No. 1. The better thing to drink, whenever there is a choice, is the milder thing. Wine is better than a highball, a highball is better than a cocktail, and a cocktail is better than hard liquor taken straight. To be sure, there are times when the system craves something with a swift and powerful kick. A man just saved from drowning or acquitted of murder is not likely to be content with a glass of beer; he wants a pint of whisky, and he wants it at a gulp. But such inflammatory emergencies are surely not common in normal life.

The typical situation is far less harrowing. The day is done, and the time has come to feed the body and relax the mind. Pleasant companions have gathered, and the aim of every one is to expand and be happy. Each has suffered since morning from the burden of chores and the assault of bores, and each is eager to let go his running rigging, drop his mainsail, and drift along quietly on the evening swell. Does he need a shot of 50-per-cent alcohol to achieve this benignant process? Does he need cocktails full of gin, rum, rye, applejack, and what not, with liqueurs, fruit juices, and bitters to disguise their naked shame? The answer is usually no, and in a perfect world it would be no all the time—but as things stand, alas, it is sometimes a kind of yes.

There are two tests: the company assembled and the dinner in prospect. If the company is made up wholly or in large part of yahoos to whom the only meaning of drinking is getting tight, and if the dinner ahead (as is likely in such a case) promises to be badly cooked and badly served, with nothing decent on the table to wash it down, then go for a cocktail by all means, and then for another, and then for as many more as you can get hold of. For what you need in such a situation is not something to emancipate you from care gently and beautifully, but something to knock you out at one crack. In other words, what you need is not an apéritif but an anæsthetic. Chloroform would be better, or the kick of a mule; but in their absence you must put up with a cocktail.

IF, however, you are in civilized and charming company, and a good dinner looms ahead, with sound wines on the table, then even the best cocktail is as far out of place as a college yell at a wedding. The appetizer for such lordly occasions is something milder and more delicate—a glass of sherry or madeira, or maybe one of vermuth without gin. I say a glass, but two will do no harm, and if you have come in more than commonly keyed up and need a double dose of medicine you may even venture upon three or four. But to drink hard liquor before wine is as barbarous as going to church in a bathing suit or with boxing gloves on. It simply insults the whole evening. It is gustatory suicide.

All this ought to be taught to the young by the moral leaders of the nation; but, as I have said, they neglect their duty. And when it is broached by the heathen moralists who print cocktail books, How-to-Become-a-Wine-Connoisseur-in-Two-Lessons books, and other such coney-catching trash, it is usually mingled with so much highfaluting but obvious nonsense that the neophyte is repelled.

Nearly all of these books teach false doctrines—for example, the doctrine that it is blasphemy to Bacchus to drink white wine with red meat, or red wine with fish. There is some truth under this, but not much. White wine ordinarily is too mild and delicate to bear the harsh flavor of beef—but by the same token it is too mild and delicate to be drunk with many kinds of fish. As for red wine, it must be stout indeed in flavor to score a tie with a T-bone steak or even a mutton chop: the drink that really goes with such heroic victuals is beer, or, better still, ale. A Frenchman does not hesitate to drink white wine with the meat of horned cattle. To be sure, he prefers red; but if he has only white he drinks it gladly, giving thanks to God. And he uses red wine to cook one of his finest fish dishes, bouillabaisse, and more red wine to wash it down.

HERE the so-called experts are simply intoxicated by the exuberance of their own virtuosity. They preach perfection — which is obnoxious to nature.

We live in the United States, and must be content with what is vouchsafed to us. If you happen to snare a good bottle of red Burgundy, and the cook provides roast chicken for dinner, do not hesitate to use the wine to dilute and adorn the fowl. Nothing will befall you—save only that you will rise from the table a wiser and a happier man. And the next time you see a whisky bottle on a dinner table you will seize it by the neck and beat in the skull of your host.

I have left the malt liquors to the last; for my regard for them amounts to veneration, and I fear that if I let myself go on the subject I'd bust into dithyrambs and maybe even into tears. I believe in all seriousness that this would be an immensely happier land if its annual consumption of them were doubled. The politicians burden them with cruel taxes, and in consequence the five-cent schooner is still as small as a wineglass, and the ten-cent family growler remains only a legend of happier times. There are children growing up in our great industrial centers who have never seen their fathers transformed from bent and weary slaves to proud and prancing freemen—all by the homely magic of a can from the Dutchman's at the corner. Yet sound beer is now available to all who have any change jingling in their pockets, and some of the better American brews are really first-rate.

BEER belongs to the end of the day. It begins to be good as the sun goes down, and it goes on increasing in virtue until the sandman makes his rounds. It is the perfect drink for the shank of the evening, when one would be unwise to eat the solid victuals that go with wine. It harmonizes perfectly with all the light and pleasant trifles of the table—sandwiches, bread and cheese, crackers, and so on. It can bear communion with salads, which would be fatal to wine. It slakes the thirst, shushes the medulla oblongata, warms the stomach, and fans the imagination. More good music has been written on beer than on all the other drinks of mankind put together. There is little risk of shipping an overdose of it, for it is transformed into blood, bone, hair, and ideas almost as fast as one can get it down.

Can it be that there are people who actually dislike it? It would seem so. Not long ago I invited a prohibitionist to supper, and induced him to drink a horn of Pilsner, assuring him that it wouldn't hurt him and hoping that it would cure him of his mania. He confessed afterward that its effects were surprisingly pleasant and harmless. He retained the use of his so-called faculties, and was aware of no impulse to kick over the table or brain the waiter. But he felt that he had to object to something, and so he objected to the taste. "It is," he said, "too bitter. I'd like it better if it were sweet."

Fancy that, Hedda! Pilsner too bitter! That fellow, when he gets to heaven, will object to the fact that angels have wings.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 41

1—Bad handwriting.

2—The condensation of the invisible watery vapors of the atmosphere coming in contact with a current of cold air or a cold surface.

3—A small Spanish horse originating from a cross of the native stock with barbs (Moorish) or Arabian horses.

4—Nova Scotia.

5—Pope: Essay on Man.

6—Hawaii, Oahu, Lanai, Molokai, Kanai, Niihau, and Kahulaui.

7—Adams, Harrison, and Roosevelt.

8—In 1890.

9—John Augustus Roebling; 1806-69.

10—Victoria (Kwan-tai-lo).

11—A "pen."

12—Self-love or self-esteem.

13—1,800 feet long; 150 feet high.

14—From 252,972 miles at apogee to 221,614 miles at perigee.

15—In ancient Egypt. One, now in the British Museum, was found on a mummy dating back to about 1500 B. C.

16—Trams or tramcars.

17—Ecclesiastes 1: 9.

18—Sir William Osler; 1849-1919.

19—*Totipalmatæ*.

20—In the burial ground of Westminster Church, Baltimore, Maryland.

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PLAYTIME

A Story of What May Happen When Love Misunderstands

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

WHENEVER Lola Watt lifted her eyes to see Señor Ramon Ybarrez stepping lightly across the lawns at Playtime Park, she sniffed slightly. Lola was one of the girls you saw behind the latticework at the booths at Playtime. Lola's skin underneath that layer of cream rouge and powder was of fairy texture, and her eyes were the most extraordinary color you had ever seen. They were like tourmalines under water; they had a golden-gray translucence.

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE *progressed not so long ago from being movie critic for a New York newspaper to acquiring a husband and two daughters. She was born in Chicago, lives near New York, thinks marriage a career, and likes to write of it in newspaper serials, novels, and short stories.*

The Señor, in his full, long-sleeved white-satin blouse, his white trousers, with his dark, ridged hair sweeping back in majesty, seemed unaware of Lola. But actually he was conscious of her presence, her bright scornful measuring eyes. At nine every night the Señor climbed a swaying pole, swung lightly from a rope with a minute metal contraption clamped in his mouth, and then mounted inch by inch to the topmost height of the pole, where he performed the amazing feat of standing on his head. Gasps, oaths, and shrill screams floated up from the audience. But Lola Watt sniffed.

But she didn't sniff at Frank Gilhooley.

Frank was one of the park cops. Six feet, brown all over, from the tip of his khaki cap to the toes of his polished boots. Tough as they come. You saw Frank, if you stayed at Playtime late enough, escorting the various concessionaires to the administration building, carrying the day's "take." Frank had a gun strapped negligently to a belt around his waist. Frank had a swagger. Lots of the girls went for Frank, Kitty over at the spun-sugar booth said, "in a big way."

Kitty liked Frank Gilhooley pretty well herself, but he never gave her a tumble. It was Lola he noticed, Lola he talked to—negligently, hoarsely, out of the side of his mouth.

Thus the set-up on a Friday in July. The sun had been blazing down for two solid weeks on end. The beaches were crowded: one maelstrom of naked flesh and raw color. Blue, orange, chocolate, vermilion: striped umbrellas and striped beach chairs.

It was six o'clock. Lola's relief came on at seven.

Kitty, her "trick" ending at six, paused on the shady side of Lola's cage to chat for a moment.

"Ain't this a scorcher? They say a woman fainted on the parade grounds after band concert."

"Yeah?" Lola took a compact from a side drawer and glanced at herself in the mirror thereof. She reddened the already absurdly red lips.

"Yeah. Say, where's his nibs been keepin' himself?" Kitty inquired. His nibs meant Frank.

"He's around. Why?"

"Oh, nothin'. Only he seems to walk past this belle in the Horoscopes quite some," offered Kitty.

Lola narrowed those tourmaline eyes, compressed her lips.

"Yeah. She hates herself, don't she? Frank was just sayin', night before last: 'That new doll hates herself.'"

"Funny," mused Kitty. "He drove her home last night."

Lola's eyes blazed.

"You're crazy. His mother's been sick. He got off early to run down to Woodside to see her."

"Oh, yeah?" Kitty's tone was suspiciously affable. "Well, it must have been a couple other fellas, then. I'll be seein' you."

She was swallowed up in the crowd. Long after she had vanished, Lola stared into the distance, biting her lip.

At seven she slid off the high stool and said to the relief, "I'm dead!"

She looked around for Frank. He wasn't visible anywhere. The new girl at Horoscopes was just hanging up her hat. She was all in white—she didn't have to wear the Playtime uniform—and she looked cool and aloof, with her black hair sleeked close to her small head. Kitty was just crazy, that was all. She wasn't the kind Frank fell for. Frank said (hadn't he told her a hundred times?) he liked them little and blonde and cuddly, like herself.

Well, she'd have to take the bus home tonight. It wasn't like driving home after the late trick with Frank, her head just drooping against his shoulder.

Next year—maybe Frank would have bought that little shingle bungalow. She'd gone with Frank two whole seasons at Playtime now. Winters too, when he had a "special cop" duty at one of the big estates on Purchase Road. She was his girl—they'd had all their dates together this summer. Oh, sure it was going to be all right, sure it was. Only—well, what would she do if he never asked her?

The flat she shared with Gert and Della, her sisters, was in an old frame building. Sounds and smells crowded in on you.

Lola went out into the kitchen and found some crackers and milk. Gert had gone to the movies. Della, a telephone operator at the local exchange, wouldn't be home till one. The shabby, mean, close little rooms were still.

What did you do when your man was slipping away from you? Lola's eyes narrowed. Her lips compressed firmly. You did something about it!

Kitty said she had seen Frank driving that girl home last night. . . .

It was eight fifty-six, and the band had just swung into the challenging strains of Toreador.

Señor Ramon Ybarrez, his dark hair shining in the flood lights, his silvery-white satin blouse and white trousers dazzling against the green of close-clipped Playtime lawns, stepped lightly across the sward in the direction of his pole.

Frank Gilhooley, six feet of brawn and muscle, draped himself against the façade of the little white cabin with the sign "Have Your Horoscope Read Here. Madame Winyah, the Greatest Astrologer of All Time."

Frank's eyes were on the heavy-lidded black eyes of the girl behind the counter.

"Lissen," he began hoarsely, out of the side of his mouth. "Lissen! How about me driving you home again tonight?"

"I'll think about it." But her eyes promised. The Señor, his wide satin sleeves billowing, had begun his final ascent. The pole swayed. Madame Winyah stacked horoscope cards with an idle hand, and Frank shifted his pistol slightly in its holster. The Señor poised for a moment before his triumph. The drums went rat-a-ta-ta-ra-ra to herald his daring.

In that split second some one screamed—a woman.

Usually it took the Señor Ramon half a minute to descend the pole after his head stand. This night he was down its twinkling length in ten seconds. Standing on his head two hundred feet above the milling groups, a man can see a great deal. He can see, for instance, a small blonde girl in white slip up behind a lounging khaki-clad figure and point a shiny object at a dark-

GIRL

haired woman whose face, appearing in a booth aperture, is the merest pin point in the distance.

A gun had barked. The crowd had scattered. Against the blue and scarlet of the Horoscopes booth, the little blonde girl faced them, white, blazing-eyed.

"She took my man! I got her."

The Señor was a white flash across the promenade to the blonde girl's side. His agile arm swept the gun out of her grasp.

Behind the blue-and-scarlet façade Madame Winyah crumpled on her side, and a big scared Playtime cop in khaki bent over her. The park doctor came running.

"Just a flesh wound. Bad shot," he straightened to announce. Madame Winyah was green-white under her make-up. Frank Gilhooley had Lola Watt by the arm. He was grim and he was angry.

"The little dope," he kept saying. "The dope! She grabbed my gun!"

Only the Señor was cool in the midst of it all.

"It was the 'eat," he kept insisting, showing his famous flashing smile. "She was so 'ot, it go to her 'ead. It was the 'eat."

Playtime officials came up. Lola and Frank were led away, the Señor following. The green-visaged Madame Winyah was trundled after them in a wheel chair.

THE arraignment was brief. Lola heard the words "attempted murder—held without bail—ought to be made an example of—"

She sagged against an oaken desk, and some one's hand slid under her elbow protectingly. She lifted lifeless eyes to—Señor Ybarrez himself!

The magistrate questioned her sharply. He knew Frank.

"Well, if she's gotta go to jail, she's gotta," Frank grated finally. Lola's tourmaline eyes traveled to him without surprise. *All right, all right,* she said to herself. *I get you. But don't rub it in.*

The Señor's hand, on which a diamond gleamed ingratiatingly, slid into his pocket.

"You 'ave spoken of bail, señor," he said evenly. "What ees the amount?"

Why, this was the little man she'd laughed at, made fun of!

The magistrate said wearily that she might be released if the gentleman wanted to produce $500.

Frank never looked her way as she went out with the dapper little man in gleaming white. . . .

"So tomorrow, then, we go straight from the court to the license bureau," the Señor was saying. "We will be married at once. When the season is over we will take ship for Brazil. My 'ome. You will love Brazil!"

The Señor was respectfully gallant. Once he kissed her hand, almost timidly, in Old World fashion. It was very late when he left Lola at the door of the flat. Tomorrow morning there was the court to face—and Frank's grim eyes—

She opened her eyes to hear the shrilling of the telephone. Six o'clock.

Frank's voice—angry, commanding:

"Lissen! You get dressed and come on down to the corner. I wanta talk to you."

"I've got nothin' to say. Last night you threw me down, when I needed you."

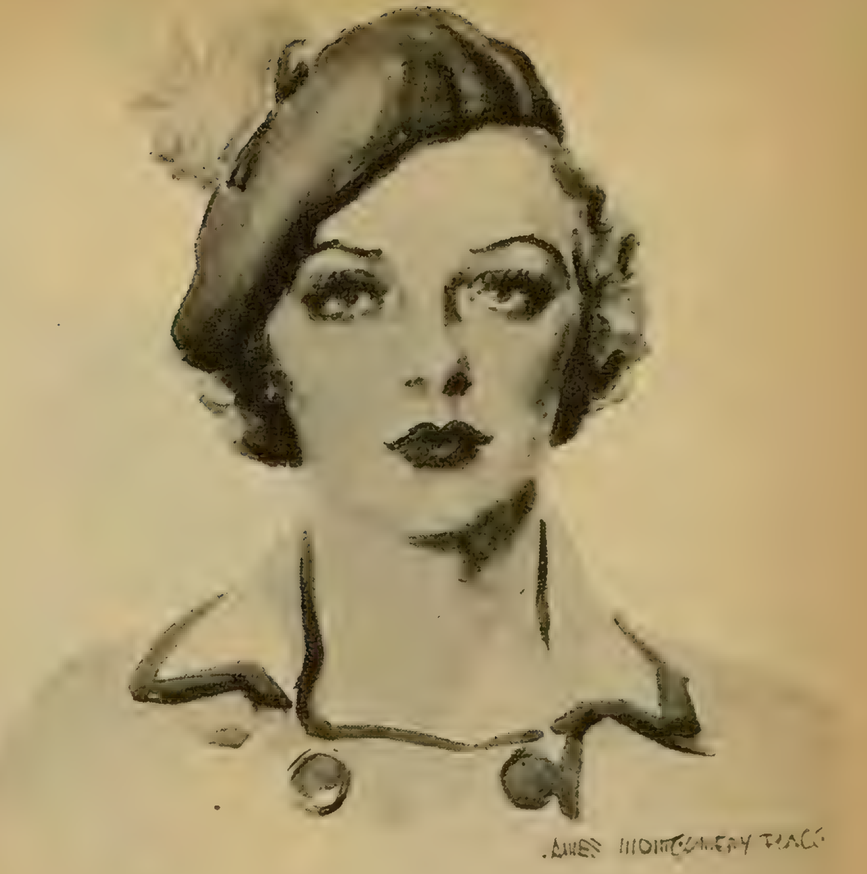
"Lissen. That crazy wop was around at the building last night saying you were going to marry him. What're you thinking of, anyhow? Off your nut?"

"He asked me, anyway."

"Oh, yeah? How about me?"

Some rushing tide in her heart almost choked her. But she said coldly:

"Well, *what* about you? This a guessing game or something?"



by MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"You get on your things and come on down. I'm telling you!"

He was waiting for her in the harsh light of early morning. He looked as if he hadn't slept.

"You ain't marrying this guy, see?"

She put her hands on her hips. She swayed toward him.

"Oh, yeah?"

"I'm telling you. Busting around that way, trying to kill people. Guess you're outa your mind! Pity they didn't throw you in last night. Teach you a lesson!"

"Sez you!"

Frank's brown hand caught hers in a vise.

"Quit clowning. I had to get that dame, see? Tip on the cocaine racket. You darn near crashed the works. Dumb kid."

Lola's mouth sagged. Frank had been doing his stuff, and she had barged in, messing things up. What a dope!

"If anybody's buying licenses, it's me!" Frank blazed on. "And if you touch my gun, see, after we're married, I'll break every bone in your body."

This was the language she knew.

They say the Señor went back to his own country when the season ended at Playtime. The ladies there understand the language of love.

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

THIS woman makes *more* money!

Gosh, how she makes money!

Her name is Nellie Tayloe Ross, and she runs the Mint in Washington. I met her in Chicago. She said, "I don't know how many billions we've got in the Mint right now. I could tell you if I looked it up, but I never can remember offhand."

Before she became our official money-maker, Mrs. Ross used to be Governor of Wyoming; her late husband was Governor of Wyoming, too. She says she handles her private finances rather sketchily. "I'm careless about money," she laughs, "and there isn't any Scottish blood in my veins."

But I guess she's only interested in the business of billions. She surprised me with the information that our Mint coins money for other countries—Cuba, Ecuador, Panama, etc.; ten millions for Cuba not long ago. Secret Service sleuths turn over every leaf on your family tree if you go to work in the Mint. That's because they once caught a Mint worker hiding new money in his wooden leg.

Mrs. Ross says our Mint is now grinding out more cash than it has for the past ten years. Another woman who helps make money for us is Miss Mary O'Reilly. She has been employed in the Mint for thirty years, and Mrs. Ross says that Miss O'Reilly knows more coinage law than just about anybody else in the world.

BARBARIC beads of rhinoceros hide, ancient beads of Egyptian amber, of jade and carved ivory—they are among the antique jewels collected by Anne Dudley Blitz, dean of women at the University of Minnesota.

NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS

I marveled over them in Minneapolis recently, during my first lecture trip to the Northwest.

Other sights I saw and admired in Minneapolis:

The university's experiments with long-wearing iron pavement blocks and quick-ripening Roquefort cheese. . . . Crippled children garbed in bright colors of their own choosing, and noisily happy at the Shriners' Home—the gayest invalids you can imagine. . . . Lovely riverside walks where Ole Man Mississippi runs narrow and handsome between deep, steep banks. . . . Souvenir kept by a Minneapolis lady who attended the last Russian coronation—a faded court program with names of my relatives inscribed therein. . . . Fine department stores showing the zippiest of embroidered gloves imported from Scandinavia and the fluffiest of knitted dresses imported from Wisconsin. . . . Pretty girls getting plumper (and prettier) every day as they test and taste new recipes for cake, bread, cookies, biscuits in the laboratory-kitchen of a nationally famous flour company.

COLLEGE boy home for Christmas vacation. In walks perfectly strange girl — perfect stranger to his parents —and she kisses him like a sister. "Then he introduced us," his mother tells me. "We approve of their modern informality; we think it is healthy and good—but it's *so darned hard* for us to live up to!"

VERY old in the practice of beauty magic is the knowledge that vigorous chewing keeps feminine cheeks firm, rounded, youthful. Generations of country girls in eastern Europe have been taught by their grandmothers to chew on plum stones. Balkan maidens are trained from babyhood to exercise their teeth and jaws on hard crusts of bread.

Now the *chew-and-keep-young* technique is being advocated by beauty culturists here. It is a common-sense preachment, I believe.

And the more we chew the less we can talk—which also may have its advantages.

THERE may be more sense than unconventionality in the idea of having small portrait photographs of ourselves printed on our calling cards along with our names. The notion has been suggested to me by a lady who trots around a lot and meets many people. "I am absent-minded," she says. "I often remember names and faces separately. And it is always embarrassing to tell any one, 'I know your face but I can't recall your name.' It is equally embarrassing in company to realize that some one present is Mrs. So-and-So, whom you have met before—but whose face you can't remember for the life of you!"

Such red-faced moments have afflicted us all. Truly, a visiting card with face and name reproduced together might help us connect the two.

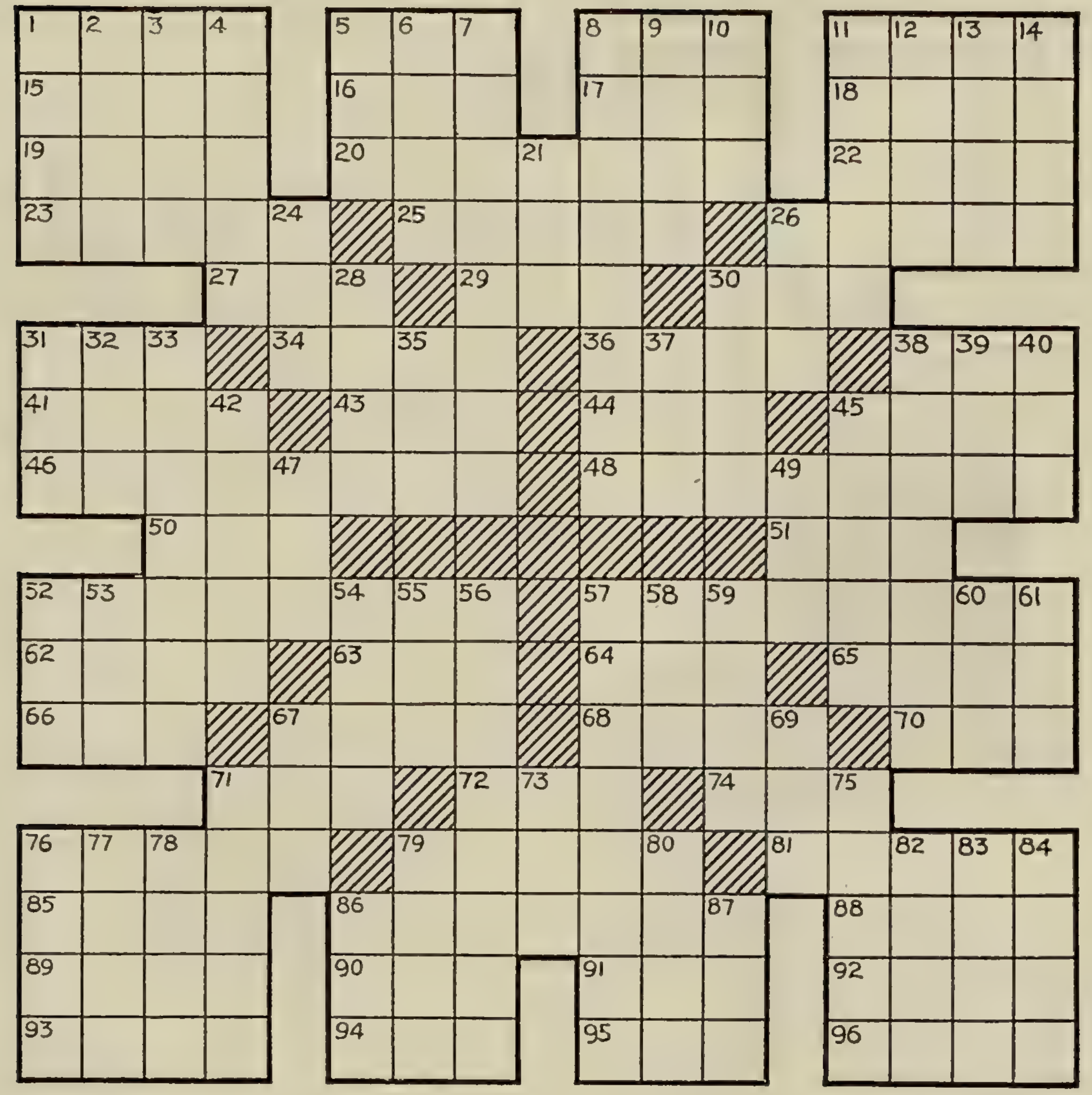
I THINK most women will be sure to like Beverley Nichols's new book, A Village in a Valley. (Published by Doubleday, Doran.)

FROM the spicy Orient by way of placid Holland come these curried croquettes known as *Dutch Fricandels.* Their curry flavor is mild, not hot. Make them as follows:

Mix ½ pound lean mutton (uncooked), finely chopped, with 1 chopped onion, 2 lightly fried crushed tomatoes, and 2 slices bread dried and beaten smooth after soaking in milk.

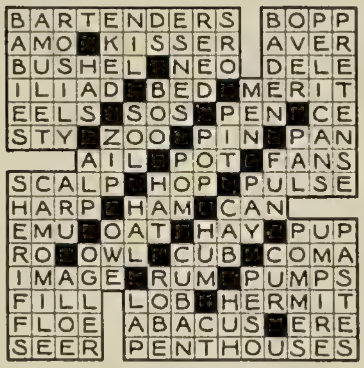
Add salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, and 1 raw egg. Shape into round cakes, dip in egg and bread crumbs, fry in butter. Prepare a cream sauce, using half milk, half bouillon, with 2 teaspoons curry powder (previously moistened) to 1 pint sauce. Let the *Fricandels* simmer gently in the sauce for 30 or 40 minutes. Serve with plain boiled rice or tippets of toast.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A horse's gait
5 A pacifier
8 A small piece
11 A city in Belgium
15 Expectation
16 Girl's name
17 Man's name
18 Image
19 Dash
20 Company of desert travelers
22 A flower
23 A fruit
25 Tag
26 Dried; cauterized
27 Measure of length
29 A fish
30 Secreted
31 Undermine
34 A balsam
36 To taunt
38 A male swan
41 Of the mouth
43 A beverage
44 An eternity
45 To heal
46 Manner of speaking
48 Prevented
50 Pieces of information collectively
51 Exclude
52 An agreement
57 Small crowns
62 Simians
63 A shelter from the wind
64 Old English money of account
65 A son of Seth
66 By
67 News paragraph
68 Agitate
70 A digit
71 Commotion
72 A tree
74 Domestic animal
76 The area in the central part of an amphitheater
79 Essays
81 Bet
85 Hairless
86 Impressed
88 Masculine
89 Language of Scotch Highlanders
90 Islet
91 Suffix: adherent
92 Sicknesses
93 Mounds
94 Watch clandestinely
95 A container
96 Cozy abode



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BARTENDERS BOPP
AMO■KISSER AVER
BUSHEL■NEO DELE
ILIAD■BED■MERIT
EELS■SOS■PEN■CE
STY■ZOO■PIN■PAN
   AIL■POT■FANS
SCALP■HOP■PULSE
HARP■HAM■CAN
EMU■OAT■HAY■PUP
RO■OWL■CUB■COMA
IMAGE■RUM■PUMPS
FILL LOB■HERMIT
FLOE ABACUS■ERE
SEER PENTHOUSES
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Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Pronoun
2 Part
3 Semiprecious stone
4 Import
5 Dry (French)
6 Elliptical
7 A country of South America
8 Amused
9 An inland sea in Asiatic Russia
10 Bar
11 Muddied
12 Scent
13 Part of the face
14 A vehicle
21 A loose sleeveless outer garment
24 No
26 Rest
28 Love foolishly
30 A suggestion
31 Turf
32 Part of to be
33 Profuse talk
35 A Gaelic sea god
37 Grief
38 In vogue
39 Native metal
40 Couch
42 Supplies with an inner covering
45 Wading bird
47 A vehicle
49 A tree of Central America
52 Head covering
53 Open (poetic)
54 Female voice
55 Born (French)
56 Venturesomeness
57 An application designed to beautify
58 A fragment
59 An incursion
60 Also
61 Compass point
67 Woman's name
69 A brawl
71 A mountain range
73 The linden
75 Street urchin
76 Incite
77 Unusual
78 Otherwise
79 Jaunt
80 Bristlelike organ
82 Strong wind
83 Measures of length
84 Repose
86 Dance step
87 Lair

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A TRUE STORY

By AN OHIO MOTHER

Who tells of a simple aid to good health and a beautiful complexion

When children grow up with fine complexions and are "pictures of health," mother usually has contributed some good sound advice. We thank Mrs. Leo Platteborze of 22 Euclid Avenue, Struthers, Ohio, for her letter, below, telling what she found so essential in bringing up strong, healthy children:

"I am enclosing a photograph of my two oldest children in babyhood. They were both Nujol babies.

"I started my newest baby on it when she was three months old and she has a fair complexion and is just as regular as the rest of us.

"The only disease the children have had has been measles and no bad after effects developed. They certainly are the pictures of health and I have always felt that we owe our gratitude and our 'regular health habits' to Nujol.

"We are constant users of Nujol. I always have an extra bottle on hand. It has kept us healthy all through the long hard winter. Our habits were regular.

"I really do think all children would be healthier if they were given Nujol—also grownups. It has done wonders for me. I have used it for a dozen years. Our boy is 12 years and sure is strong and very healthy. I really just *couldn't* keep house without Nujol."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Inc., 2 Park Avenue, Dept.21X, New York City.

Copr. 1934, Stanco Inc.

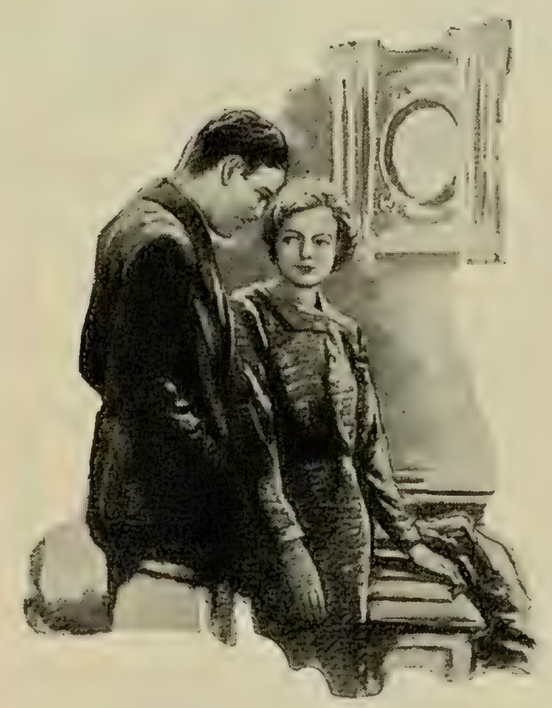
Advertisement

IT'S YOUR TURN

A Short Short Story

by BOBBIE PERKINS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



"IS this Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bromley's stateroom?"

"Come in, you dogs!" I shrieked. "Have you met Aunt Mary?"

The two-by-four room, 96, E deck, was already jammed to sardine quota with our rich friends and poor relations. Everybody was babbling at once: "Don't miss seeing Cannes." "Don't bother to write." "Lucky devils, trotting to Europe."

We did our part too. "We decided to go at the last minute. Second honeymoon, that's right! Pardon me, Aunt Mary has to go. Phil, take care of everybody a second."

Outside the babbling stopped and Aunt Mary started.

"Now, Sally," the cooing began, "I'm not one to live other people's lives, but the whole family feels that you and Philip are making a fatal mistake. No two sane people would take their last cent out of a good bank with Philip out of work and go traipsing off to Paris in these times."

"We're sick of bluffing. We're going on our last spree. When we get back we'll start from scratch."

"Well, mind you don't cable your Uncle Alvin for any money. We haven't got it and we admit it."

"All ashore that's going ashore!"

"I'll remember, darling!" I shouted as our guests drifted out.

When 96, E deck, was emptied it took on an adventurous grandeur. We were alone at last, sailing out to what? Our rich friends thought just another go-round of pleasure. Our poor relations thought to destruction. What did Phil think?

He puzzled me, stretched out on the bunk, six feet of ambition gone off the track. What had happened? God knows even mother admitted Phil had tried to get a job. He broke into my reverie:

"Sally, did I ever get to tell you you're a swell sport?"

"No, but I know I am. Phil, you wouldn't fool me about its being our last penny?"

"Have I ever lied to you, baby?"

"No," I admitted. "But will you just answer one question?"

"Yes, I love you."

"That's not it," I said. "Phil, why did you give up trying to see J. D. Franklin? You seemed so sure you could land a job with him."

"Baby, I couldn't get to see him. I could draw you a perfect picture of that guy's carved office door from the outside. I know every lurid detail, too, in his red-headed secretary's love life. She says it's a swell office inside but J. D. is never in it. He does his business on the golf course. Now forget it, baby. Come over here and kiss your only big mistake. Then we start shooting our last two grand."

We kissed and something wet came trickling down my cheek.

"Franklin's an old fishface," I drooled. "You'd be a great bet for him."

"Hey—where's that swell sport I had here a minute ago? Franklin's not an old fishface. Redhead says he's not bad on looks. She's a great gal!"

Instinctively I've always disliked redheads.

Up on deck a steward handed me a passenger list. B for Bromley—there we were. B for Broke too. B for Busted. C for Courage. D E F for— Oh, Franklin! J. D. Franklin!

"Phil!" I showed him the miracle. "Could there be two of them?"

He took me in his arms—Phil was never one to mind onlookers. "I wanted to surprise you, honey; but anyway you were a swell sport."

"I suppose you have our deck chairs next to his and the table all arranged."

I was a bit stunned. Phil was enjoying his joke.

"Redhead fixed all that. She says the London office is in a jam and that's why J. D. is going over. Catch on?"

"Let's go down to the bar and drink Redhead a toast." . . .

By the third day out Phil and Franklin were buddies. Franklin was a personal surprise. Charming, young, and good company. However, the fact that he won two hundred dollars from Phil bothered me. We both hated gambling. Still, it was always Phil who suggested poker.

That mystery was solved two nights before we landed. Phil was at the bar with J. D. and I was dressing when a radio came. Naturally I tore it open, and read:

NICE GOING STOP KEEP ON LOSING AND IF YOU GET BORED WITH POKER HE ALSO LIKES CASINO STOP ADVISE HOW YOURE DOING STOP ANXIOUS
REDHEAD

Anxious! Great gal, huh! Phil had never kept anything from me before. Some one banged on the door.

"Are you decent?"—Phil's voice.

"Just a second," I answered. I threw the damn' radio out the porthole. Then I opened the door.

"This swell guy just talked me into taking a job in his London office for the next five years."

"Wonderful!" I gulped. "Really, Mr. Franklin, you have a good man."

"We both have, Sally," he laughed.

When the door was closed, Phil said:

"Sally, do you think we can get along on twenty-five thousand dollars in London?"

We fell into each other's arms. I felt ashamed of my petty jealousy. Maybe Phil had forgotten to tell me about former radios. My conscience gave me a poke. I'd be big-hearted.

"Darling," I said, "I think it would be nice to radio Redhead the good news."

"Oh, I already did that," was all he said.

That made me burst into tears. Why do wives feel they must be the first to know everything?

TWO long years have gone by since then and I have learned not to cry. It can almost finish a girl.

Phil and his red-headed wife have been getting along on $25,000 in London. I supposed they had been getting along rather well until I received this wire last week:

JUST ARRIVED ON THE ILE DE FRANCE STOP STOPPING AT WALDORF STOP LONGING TO SEE YOU STOP PLEASE MEET ME FOR DINNER TONIGHT BE A SWELL SPORT STOP ANXIOUS
PHIL

Anxious, huh! I glanced from the telegram to the three-day-old platinum band on my left hand. Two years is a long time between cries, but I swallowed hard and answered:

SORRY JUST THREE DAYS TOO LATE STOP DINE WITH US INSTEAD STOP ITS YOUR TURN TO BE A SWELL SPORT STOP ANXIOUS
MRS J D FRANKLIN

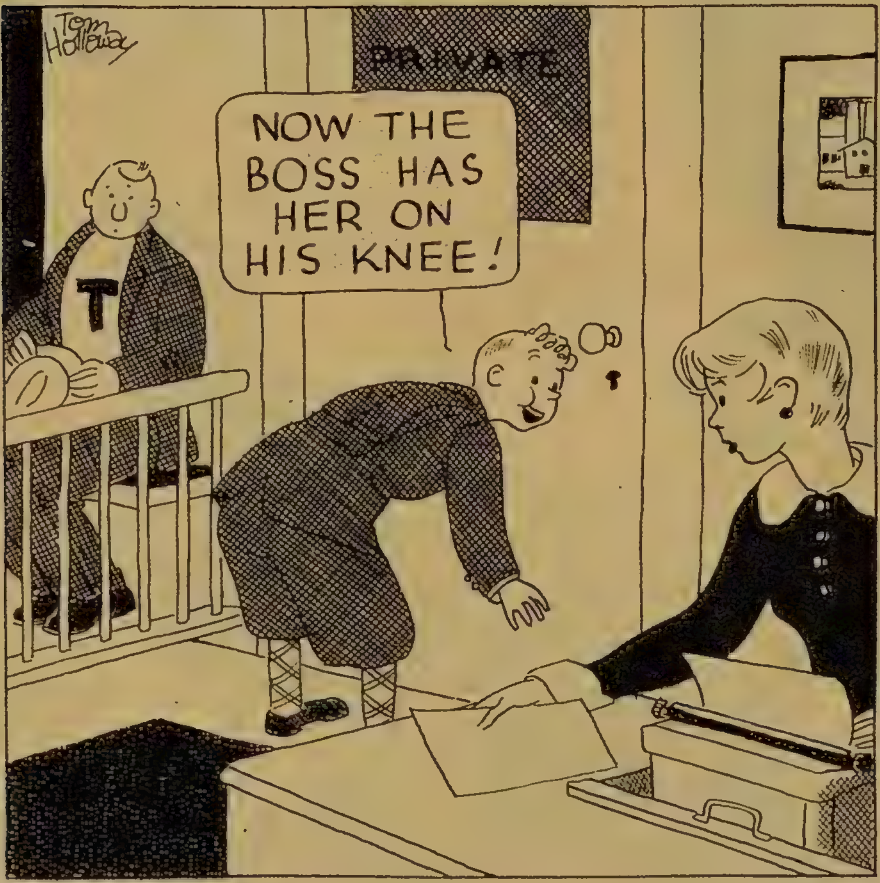
THE END

YOU'VE STILL TIME TO ENTER!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE CITY GAME

Get into Liberty's Great New Game and Win One of the 223 Awards, for Which Your Chance Is Excellent


Tom Holloway
PRIVATE
NOW THE BOSS HAS HER ON HIS KNEE!
T

PICTURE NO. 7

Name of City..

THESE ARE THE CASH PRIZES YOU CAN WIN

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.

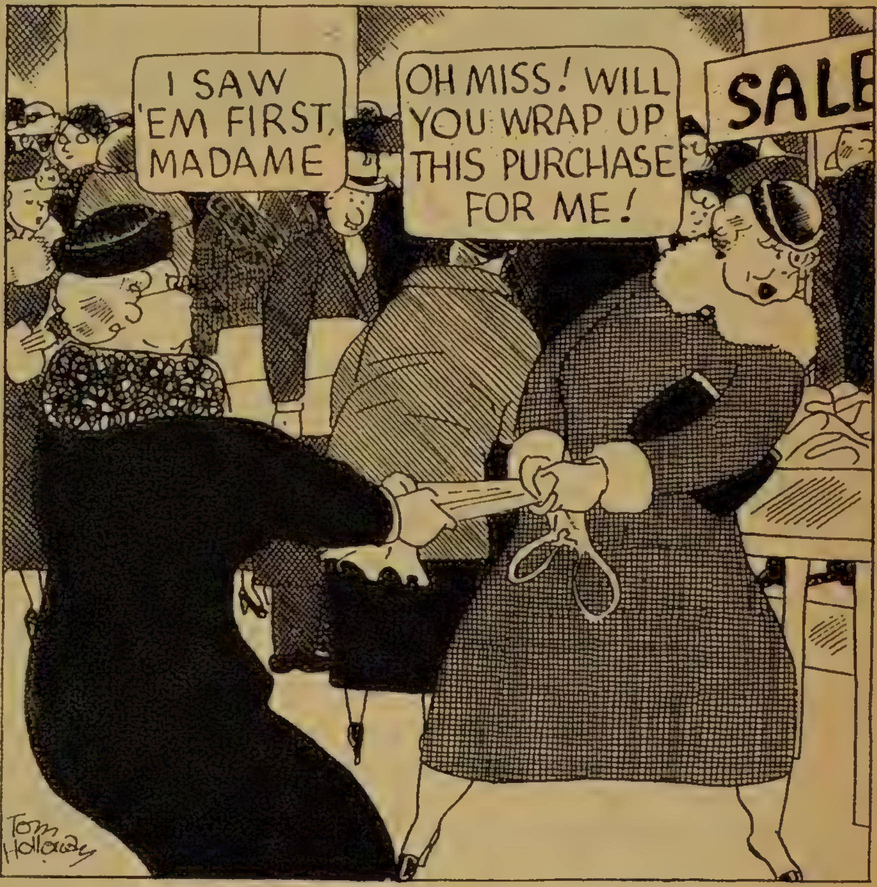
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.


I SAW 'EM FIRST, MADAME
OH MISS! WILL YOU WRAP UP THIS PURCHASE FOR ME!
SALE
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 8

Name of City..

ARE you playing the Game of Cities? If not you've still time to enter and to win a share of the $2,000 cash prize money. Begin by reading the rules carefully. Then study drawings 7 and 8 on this page and abstract from each the name of an American city or town. That's not so difficult, is it?

When you have selected both cities, if this is your first endeavor in this contest you will need to have drawings 1 to 6 to bring your entry even with the field. If you have mislaid the three previous issues of Liberty, reprints of these drawings are available. Mail your request for them to the address in Rule 6. They will be supplied without charge or delay.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS STILL EXCELLENT—GET BUSY!

Name YOUR PRICE

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME
32 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

RICHARD AINLEE, Tolman-Granger & Co. junior partner, vetoes the request of Paula Hartley that the firm extend the mortgage on her father's estate, Hartley Hall. Then Ainlee goes to Meredith, bids in the estate, and also buys Scatter Gold, Paula's cherished mare. Ainlee is actuated by memory of his poverty-stricken boyhood in Meredith and the wrecking of his father's political life by Major Hartley.

With some accidental help from Margie Windle, who trained Scatter Gold, Ainlee learns to ride the mare. At the same time he develops a deep friendship for Margie and her young son Tommy. Mentally he notes the somewhat peculiar attitude displayed toward these two by big John Barron, Paula's admirer.

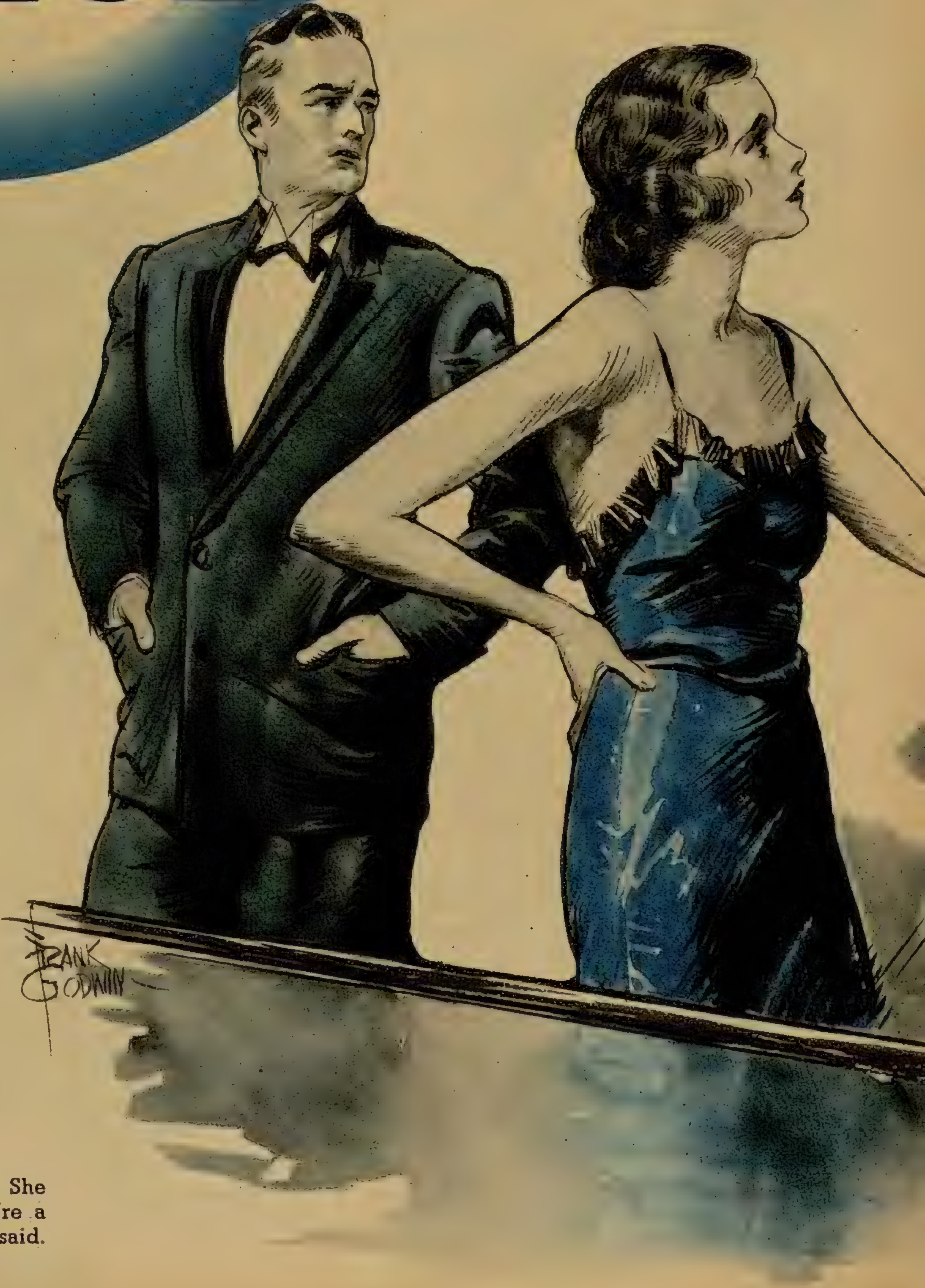
The feeling grows on Ainlee that he can never feel at home in Hartley Hall unless Paula is its mistress. As the first step to this end he decides to make her a present of Scatter Gold, though warned not to by Paula's aunt, Sylvia Marsden. Paula refuses the gift, but Ainlee continues his campaign by advancing $5,000 to her father.

Ainlee and Margie, seeking refuge from a storm in Charlie's Tavern, hear from Tubby, the host, details of an old-time murder there. Later Ainlee kisses Margie, though both of them know his thoughts are all of Paula.

Barron in the meantime has bought Troubadour, a big gray, to race for him in the Hunt Cup. Ainlee wagers $10,000 with him that Scatter Gold will win.

The mare finishes first by a nose, and Ainlee offers Hartley Hall, the mare, and himself to Paula, but is refused. He then asks Margie to go with him to the ball that night.

They set out for it with misgivings as to Margie's reception by the other women, misgivings which turn out to



Then he saw Paula Hartley coming. She went up to Barron. "Johnny, you're a little excited, aren't you?" she said.

A Fight to a Finish for the Hand of a Girl, and a Man's Future Killed in a Moment!—Now the Action Grows Tense in This Exciting Novel of Hearts and Riches

be all too well founded when the " jungle cats "—even Paula —snub her unmercifully.

Ainlee, going to the bar, is insulted by Barron, walks up to the big man and slaps him across the mouth with his open hand.

PART FIVE—A SHOT FROM AMBUSH

AINLEE tried to duck under Barron's driving fist that answered, but it caught him high on the head like the brazen knuckles of a walking beam, and knocked him in a dizzy stagger against the wall. Through a rolling twilight he could make out the vastness of John Barron and lurched toward him again; but unseen hands caught and held him with ease.

It was a different task that busied the crowd around Barron. He dragged the mass that tackled him whole steps before he was halted.

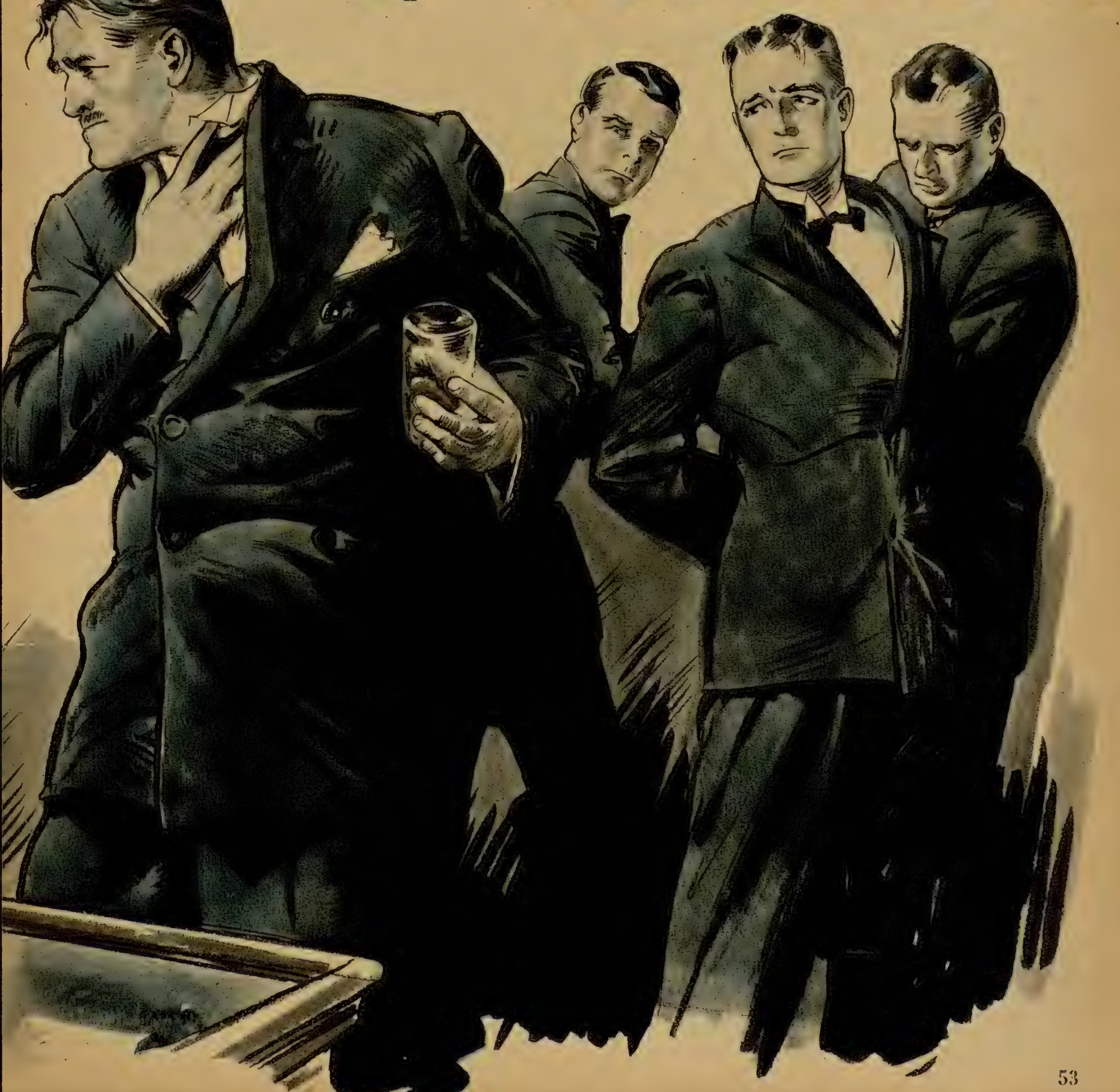
" Do you want to be murdered? " asked the men who were holding Ainlee. " Keep away from him."

His eyes and his brain cleared so that he could realize that he had been struggling blindly to get at big John Barron, who was shouting indistinguishable words.

His collar gaped wide, his shirt had ripped open, and across the right shoulder his jacket was torn at the seam. Fury puffed and distorted his face.

" You'd better throw some cold water over him and take him home," suggested Ainlee.

by MAX BRAND



His voice was unbroken, very steady; but after he had spoken he saw that all the hands in the crowd could not hold the big man any longer. He was breaking away from them. Ice ran in the blood of Ainlee but fire burned in his brain and he stood there, waiting. Then he saw Paula Hartley coming. She gave him one clear blue-eyed glance before she went up to Barron.

"Johnny, you're a little excited, aren't you?" she said.

Those struggling hands fell away from Barron suddenly. He made an upward gesture that vainly tried to cover the gaping of his shirt front. The other hand found a drink on the bar—anybody's drink—and tossed it off.

"It's all right, Paula," he said. "Little argument. Nothing. Just a little argument."

"I know, Johnny, but it's getting late enough for going home. Will you take me?" she asked, holding out her arm a little.

He came lurching and took her arm.

He was trying to whisper, but every one could hear him mutter in an agony, "What have I done? Why are you in here, Paula?"

She was a little pale as she looked up at him but she was smiling nevertheless.

"It's all right, Johnny," she said as she went out from the barroom.

"Teddy," said Ainlee to the oldest of the barmen, "a glass of Slocum and Williamson for Mrs. Marsden. You'd better make it a double."

The old bartender stared at him helplessly for a moment. "Yes, Mr. Ainlee!" he gasped suddenly and served the drink on a little silver tray.

Ainlee carried it back on to the lawn.

The rumor of confusion had run before him. Men were hurrying toward the clubhouse, women were standing up at their tables. As he went by he heard a woman say, "It can't be true. There he is now, as calm as you please." He had a glimpse of the major in the surge of the men and went on to his table, where he found Sylvia Marsden and Margie Windle alone.

"Margie, I think there's plenty of room on the dance floor now." He turned to Sylvia. "Will you come over with us?"

"Richard," said Sylvia Marsden, "has a man stood up to John Barron at last? Richard, I drink this to you. Run along and have your dance."

He started away with the girl.

"What happened?" asked Margie Windle.

"Nothing worth talking about. Look, Margie. The floor's empty but the music will soon call the people back."

HE danced with Margie Windle. Whatever he did with his feet seemed to be right. If he looked to the side, he saw the small brown hand of Margie in his; and by a singular delicacy of instinct she knew at exactly what moments he would look down, so that he was always met by a smile.

The crowd which he had predicted streamed back toward the music but, instead of coming on to the floor, the couples remained around the edges of it, watching.

"Do you mind?" asked Ainlee.

"I don't mind," she answered. "I'll never mind anything."

He noticed that a number of the lads were trying to lead out their girls, but the ladies would have none of it. They would not dance on the same floor with Margie.

"Was it this way before?" he asked.

She kept the smile as she answered, "Yes, but the dear old blind major didn't notice anything."

The music ended, and Ainlee, walking from the floor, kept his head high and forced himself to meet every eye.

An odd thing happened as they were getting away. A tall middle-aged woman with spectacles high on a forbidding nose, said in a distinct voice, "Bravo, Richard Ainlee!"

"That was Mrs. T. Ramsay Hackett in person," said Margie. "They're going to forgive you for bringing the scut to the Country Club, but they'll never forgive her for coming."

"Hush," said Ainlee.

They got through the cedars on to the lawn again.

"You did something with John in the clubhouse," said the girl. "What was it, Richard?"

"I don't know," he answered. "What a beautiful dancer you are, Margie!"

They got back to the table as the major reached it. He said, "Richard, you've acted as any man of spirit would wish to act; but most of us would be afraid to beard a lion. I congratulate you. The sense of all opinion is that you were intolerably affronted. As the president of the club it's my duty to apologize to you. I do apologize from my heart."

"It was Johnny, eh?" suggested Sylvia Marsden. "I knew he was half drunk by the thick of his tongue and the fool look in his eyes. What's he done?"

"Insulted Richard—who very properly struck him. Johnny lost his head. The crowd separated them."

She answered, "Where's Paula?"

"She's gone home with him."

She stood up.

"Raymond, we'll go at once!"

"Yes—at once!" he agreed. "Good night, Miss Windle. I'm upset. I'm abominably troubled, Richard. Come to see me tomorrow, will you?"

And the two went off with brief adieus.

"SHALL we go now?" asked Margie Windle.

He took her immediately across the lawn. The spirit of the party, rising like water over a reef, had begun to run high again and voices were busy everywhere, breaking in laughter, coming down again to humming talk.

They were in the dimness in front of the club again before Marjorie said, "You've made a hero of yourself. You stood up to John Barron for how many fifths of a second, Richard?" He made no answer, but got her silently into the roadster. He could not understand the ugliness of her tone.

"Which way?" he asked.

"The shortest way, if you please," she said.

She sat up stiffly, facing straight ahead, and he made the car fly until the lights of Jorham were dancing ahead. Then she said, "I couldn't help it, Richard. All at once the thing poured over me—nobody knows Johnny as I used to know him—nobody understands what this will mean to him. He's never been faced before. Now he's been shamed. Whips don't hurt; it's only what people say; and they'll use their tongues on Johnny while he goes mad."

They were through Jorham and he stopped the car in front of her cottage and turned off the motor.

She got out of the car; he went with her to the door of the cottage. "Want a drink?" she asked.

"Yes. A big one."

The door was not locked. She pushed it open and turned on a light that showed the foot-worn matting all the way to the kitchen. "You wait in the front room," she directed, and disappeared.

She came back with a jingling load on a tray.

"Whisky?" she asked.

"Yes."

She poured some for him. "Siphon?" He shook his head and she held up her own drink of neat liquor toward him.

"Here's good-by to you, Richard," she said.

"Good-by?" he answered.

"Johnny Barron is a bad boy. Nobody knows how bad.

If you stay around this part of the world, something queer is going to happen to you. You'd better take a trip."

"Happy days," smiled Ainlee and took a good stiff swig. "I'll stay around for a while," he said.

"Richard, tell me—are you in love with Paula Hartley and too silly to know it?"

He tapped ashes on to the tray. "Shall I go along now, Margie?"

She slipped into a chair.

"Wait a minute," she said.

He drew a chair close and sat down, facing her. He took her hands; they were cold and moist.

"You understand?" she asked weakly.

He said, "I understand parts of it."

"I'm going to sit here for a while. You go home, Richard."

He stood up. She said, hardly over her breath, "You're—such an honorable—sort of an idiot—Richard—"

When he got outside the wind seemed colder but infinitely sweet and pure.

He could not sleep until the small hours. It was nine before he wakened, ten before he had bathed and breakfasted.

Saunders brought him a note. He took it idly and walked out on the front terrace.

He smoked half through a cigarette before he opened the note. It was written in a small, fine, running hand.

DEAR AINLEE,

I have to see you, wherever you please and at your convenience. Will you let me know where and when?

Yours sincerely,
JOHN BARRON.

That meant either an apology or a fight. He lifted and flexed his right hand, thinking of the corded wrists and big-veined paws of Barron.

Three miles across country would take him to the sprawling ugliness of the huge old Barron house, so he went back to the stable and asked for Scatter Gold. Carrick said she was quite fit for a ride even after the race of yesterday. He brought her out.

THE mare traveled as though there were no one on her back. From first to last Ainlee touched her with neither foot nor hand but merely did a little steering. The last field was soft from the plow, the crop pricking the black of the soil with a thin green; here she followed a headland close to a stone wall, hopped a low post-and-rail fence on to the road, and turned at a jog-trot between the old gateposts of Farmingdale, the Barron estate.

The trees along the drive had grown so big that they dwarfed the roadway instead of ornamenting it; the branches were only sparsely tufted with green, like little candles held in big fists. The house itself was too big, with a pair of nondescript wings staggered back from the columns of the little Georgian dwelling which had been the original Farmingdale. At the side of the entrance extended a long hitching rack with a dozen horses tethered at it, and several men who might have been grooms or small farmers of the neighborhood loitering near. From the old days the Barrons had retained a habit of patronage and enough hardy clients to have filled out a feudal troop of horse.

"Scatter Gold!" some one sang out as Ainlee drew near. They hurried to form a cluster as he dismounted and tied the mare at the end of the hitching rack.

"You Mr. Ainlee?" asked a lad in a sweater and cap.

"I am," he answered. "Is John Barron here?"

"Yeah. He's here, all right. In the hall, where the dogs are hollering."

The youth grinned, looking steadily at Ainlee as though he were trying to prophesy the changes which might occur very soon in the face he was seeing; and from the house a sudden tumult of howling and snarling burst, dominated by the thunder of Barron's voice.

AINLEE, invited at secondhand, pushed open the door and found himself in the great hall of which he had often heard. It ran to the peak of the roof with a balcony on either side to give admittance to the upper rooms which faced on it as on a court. A fireplace in which two men could have lain foot to foot was the principal feature of the hall; three or four huge logs smoldered in it now. Or perhaps what held the eye most was the massive rectangular table at which forty people could sit down to dine.

A dozen men and a dozen dogs grouped near the fireplace at the farther end of the hall—big dogs, mastiffs and great Danes and a pair of enormous Irish wolfhounds; big men to match, just now all talking and laughing together.

Barron, turning to bellow at the dogs, saw Richard Ainlee leaning beside the great table.

At that he raised his hand.

"Stop the racket!" he commanded.

It was stilled at once. A heavy-shouldered mastiff commenced to stalk the stranger.

"I asked Richard Ainlee to come visit me—and he's here," said Barron. "Ainlee, meet some of my friends, will you?"

As Ainlee came up, he knew by the fixed and steady glaring of these men that they hated him with a clan hatred.

"Mr. Henley, you'll be glad to know Mr. Ainlee—Mr. Lester Crocker—Mr. Jamieson—Mr. Forbes—Mr. Taylor—Mr. Johnson—"

They came by in a file, each giving a quick heavy grip of the hand, a searching glance. Some of them muttered a greeting; most of them said nothing.

"I've got to talk with Mr. Ainlee. Take the dogs along with you, will you?"

They trooped from the room, calling or dragging the dogs with them. The door slammed; a long echo walked along the walls. Barron came up close, made a motion as though to

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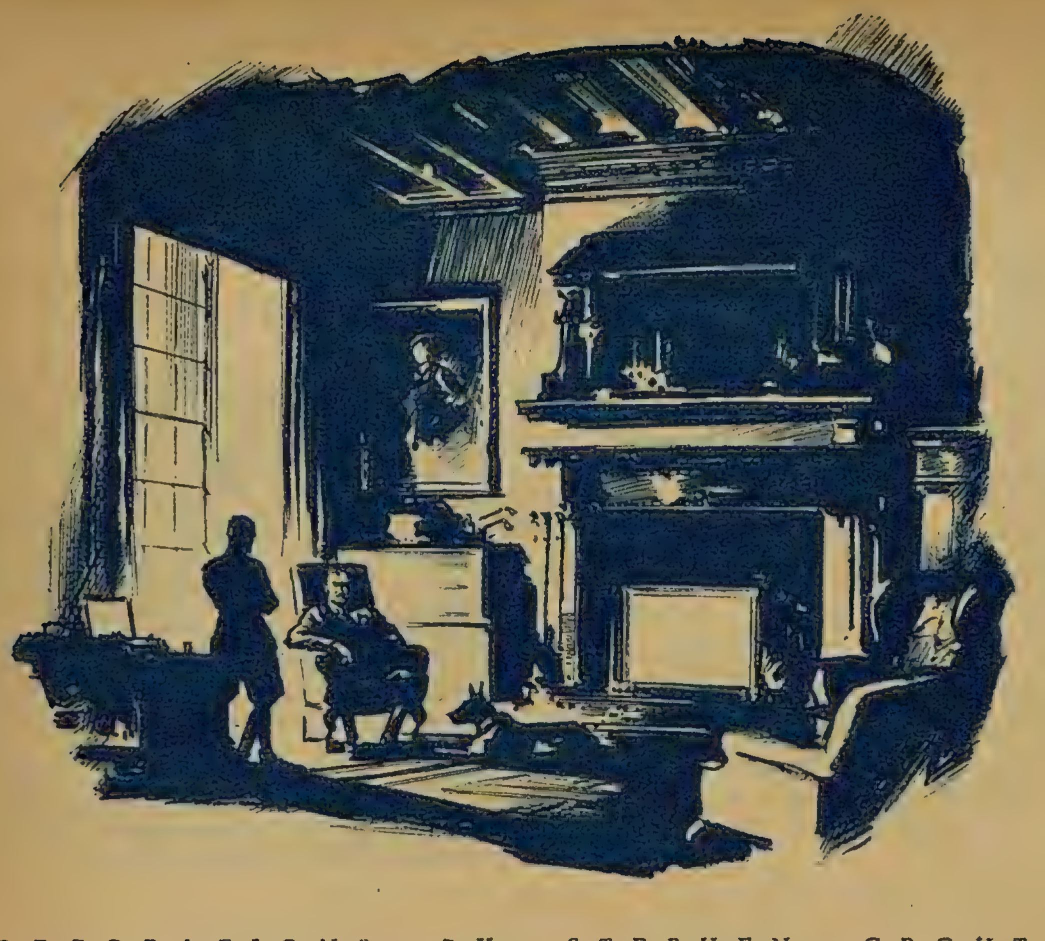

DECORATIONS BY STEPHEN GROUT

offer his hand but checked the gesture and instead pulled a package of cigarettes out of his pocket. Ainlee took one and held a lighter for them both.

"Thanks," said Barron.

He went off, trailing smoke across his shoulder and kicked a gong. A tall man, leaning and gray with years, opened a door.

"Why in hell aren't there drinks in here?" demanded Barron, but added instantly, "Sorry, Blake. I didn't see it was you. Will you bring in some whisky—and beer?" he added with a side glance toward Ainlee.

A mastiff had remained in the hall when the others were herded out. It was pale tawny in color with a sooty muzzle, and its red-stained eyes never left the face of Ainlee, as though it recognized in him a new and offensive breed of man. It stood guard between Barron and Ainlee when the drinks were served. Ainlee, as his host had guessed, merely sipped a glass of beer.

"The check is here," said Barron and gave the slip of paper. Ainlee pocketed the ten-thousand-dollar check with thanks.

Barron walked up and down, speaking in short phrases.

"What it comes down to is an apology. I mean, last night. Thinking about things is a rotten job. The damnation is that people don't forget. You know that, Ainlee. But yesterday really is as dead as the day Cæsar was born. I want to get to the point. Maybe I'd do the thing over again. Well, I don't know. Anyway, it's first rate of you to come over here like this. If I'd been in your shoes—well, here it is—"

HE stopped in his walking and turned suddenly.

"I apologize for what I said last night," said Barron as loudly as though he were speaking to a crowd and with a sort of public gesture. Perhaps it was his own attitude of body and hand that made him add, "Or do you think I ought to say this to you in front of people?"

"I don't think we need an audience," said Ainlee.

John Barron poured himself a second drink and made a short gesture of salute toward his guest before he tossed off the three fingers.

"Have a chair, Ainlee," he urged, and set the example by slumping into a seat. But Ainlee was hardly off his feet before Barron was striding hastily up and down, jerking around at Ainlee to make his points. Ainlee sipped beer, smoked, and watched. The mastiff, lying down at Ainlee's feet, fixed him with a sullen glance.

"Now about everything in general," said Barron, "and let's be frank and honest. I appreciate like the devil your coming here. Another thing, though—I don't want you to think I didn't notice the game you showed last night. I guess I could break you up, Ainlee. I guess you know it, all right." He looked down at his hands and moved the thick fingers slowly. "But you stepped up to me. If I'd had a second to think, I wouldn't have hit you."

"Don't worry about it," said Ainlee. He wanted to detest this fellow but hatred would not rise in him.

"Well, Ainlee, let's get down to some facts. Come here, Joe!"

The mastiff had swayed to his feet, threatening the guest; now he slunk away toward his master, growling.

"The fact I want to talk about is that I owe you a debt of gratitude," said Barron. "I mean to say—the whole world knows it—that I've been trying to marry Paula Hartley for years. Being raised by the old major, as you might say. I mean, always in and out of his house. Well, how could I help trying to— Well, Ainlee, nothing was any good until last night. That's why I'm grateful to you. For bringing things to a crisis. *You* see. Made a fool of myself and that gave her a chance to think. The short of it is, I'm grateful to you because Paula told me last night that she would marry me. Maybe this is a damned roundabout cause for a compliment. But you see how it is?"

"Paula Hartley is going to marry you?" repeated Ainlee.

He lighted another cigarette.

"But, if you'll excuse me, I don't see what I have to do with it."

"Of course you don't," answered Barron. He laughed. His happiness exploded in a roar. "The point is that without pressure from the outside she might never have made up her mind."

AINLEE was trying to remember the picture of the giant bursting from his clothes, the sweat, the heat, the swollen face. And Paula Hartley saying that she would marry him! Why? From pity?

"What had made me so sour," said Barron, "and I beg your pardon for this—that is to say, I thought you were making a dead set of a rather peculiar sort at Paula. Buying her in, d'you see? I'm not a clever fellow. Damn it, Ainlee, I thought you wanted Paula!" He began to laugh.

"I do," said Ainlee.

"Oh, of course, of course. Every man that ever saw her has loved her, but there was a time when I thought you were trying to break things up."

"I'm still trying," said Ainlee.

"How?" exclaimed the big fellow. He made a stride; the mastiff made three. "Come here, Joe, damn you!" snarled Barron. He gripped the dog by the loose scruff of the back and actually lifted the weight of it clear off the floor as he swung it away. Joe was soundless under the pain but twisted his head around and gripped the arm; a dog's lightning sense of friend and foe kept him from sending the teeth home. Barron paid no heed to it; it had been the merest gesture on his part.

"I've been fighting all my life," said Ainlee, "and every fight has been to a finish."

"That's good," declared Barron under his breath. He nodded heavily. "That's damned good. I like that. I could like you, too, if I didn't hate the heart of you. But that's not the point. D'you know that she's buying a trousseau? Why don't you leave?"

"Whatever she's buying, I'm not leaving the Mantico Hills."

"Quit it, will you?" demanded Barron. "Let's not talk about her. She thought I owed you some sort of—ah—reparation. Have I made it?"

"I think you have," answered Ainlee.

"I could quote you?"

"Certainly."

"That's good. That's damned good," said Barron. "Won't Paula— Well, you have a right to speak your mind. You see where you're sticking a spur into me, Ainlee?"

"I'd rather have you tell me."

"This isn't the place for her," declared Barron, sweeping his hand about the enormous hall. "She needs Hartley Hall. It's home to her; it's part of her."

"I think it is," agreed Ainlee.

"Well, you have Hartley Hall. Now, look here. I said it to you the first day. By God, Ainlee, the first moment I clapped eyes on your cold look I felt that we were dog and cat and that one day I'd have to down you!"

"I felt the same thing," said Ainlee.

"Did you?" asked Barron, strangely delighted. "Then here's to you, old fellow." He splashed some more whisky out, tossed off the drink, refilled the glass to have it ready for the next emergency. "You'd be hard to beat except that I have the whip hand," went on Barron. "You can see that. I've got Paula, haven't I? In a few days I'll be walking up to the altar with her, won't I?"

"I'll hope to the last moment," said Ainlee.

"I think you will," said Barron. He drained his glass without taking his eyes off the face of Ainlee. The brute came out in him like a hunting beast from a forest. "There might be a way of stopping the thing even at the altar. Some rotten scandal might be aired. The pride of her would—Ainlee—is that what you've been hunting up? Is that why you— By the mighty God, it is! You've been digging up—dead bones—you've been—"

His passion drew him forward.

"Better call off the dog first," said Ainlee, without moving.

Barron, straightening with a jerk, kicked the dog away. Joe howled with pain and crawled under the table.

"I don't use dirt," said Ainlee. "I don't like to have my hands in it and I know no scandal about you."

"Do you mean that, Ainlee?" asked Barron.

"I mean it."

THE anger and suspicion of Barron kept him silent for a long moment. The mastiff, crawling out from beneath the table, licked his hand. He began to stroke Joe's great head.

At last Ainlee said, "Paula could be hurt by talk but never stopped—not if she loves you. If she didn't love you she wouldn't marry you. Isn't that the argument? If she didn't love you she'd be selling herself for money—or pity, and gentlemen don't make bargains of that sort. You know that perfectly and so does Dick Ainlee's son."

"I'm going to sit down," said Barron huskily. "I'm going to sit down and keep hold on myself. Why can't we find a friendly way out of this mess? I've got to have Hartley Hall. I could arrange to pay for it with a little time. Ainlee, you have Hartley Hall, Scatter Gold. I want them both. They're worth blood to me. Add it to the price. Last night I was wrong. I got outside myself. And people are not going to forget. Seeing you around will remind them. They'll enjoy pointing out the man who slapped Barron's face. By God, I can hear them! And it's going to drive me crazy, Ainlee." He swallowed another drink quickly.

"High-strung, sensitive fellow like you—understand at once. This country isn't big enough to hold the two of us."

He was growing drunk and Ainlee saw it with contempt, with disgust, and with a pity which surprised him.

"Look, Ainlee," went on Barron, holding out his hand, which the mastiff licked. "You name your price and I'll give it to you. The price for leaving this country and staying out of it. I mean your profit on Hartley Hall. Not insulting you. Swear to God I'm not. Wouldn't insult you. Like you, in fact. You couldn't help Paula getting into your eye. Money's dirt—I'd throw the stuff away. Tell me how much you want of it. I'll pay, with a bit of time."

"You've put an answer in there for me," said Ainlee.

"Have I?"

"About money. It's dirt, and I won't sell out."

"He won't sell out," said Barron softly.

HE lifted a finger that seemed to touch an idea. "I've got it. If you can't have Paula you'll have Margie, eh?"

Ainlee stood up.

"You're getting drunk, Barron," he said.

Barron took a heavy dash of whisky as he too rose.

"Insulting me, eh?" he said. "Because you're a guest—insulting me in my own house—because my hands are tied. That's pretty good. Ainlee, for God's sake, will you listen to reason? I'm willing to pay hundreds of damned thousands to have you out of the picture—"

"I've got to go," said Ainlee, suddenly overmastered and sick. "Good-by, Barron."

The mastiff reached up, sniffing and growling, as Barron took the proffered hand.

"I could smash it—every bone of it—that's the funny thing—but a gentleman can't. Good-by!"

Ainlee, pulling open the front door, was about to stride on with his head down when he saw Paula. "Ah!" she said. "You've come here?"

He pulled his hat off.

"If you want to see Barron, he's just gone out," he said.

The door jerked open behind him. "Ainlee, wait a minute!" roared Barron, the words trailing off when he found his man so close. "Why, Paula—hello! I forgot you were coming. Ainlee—well—will you wait and say one more word?"

"I've listened to enough," said Ainlee. "I'm finished."

"Then—damn you, I wish you were in hell!" shouted Barron.

He added with a groan, "Sorry, Paula. Damn' stubborn fellow."

"I came by to say I was too busy

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✓ losing weight
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to talk this morning, John," she told him. "I have to go on."

"Yeah—I know," breathed John Barron. "But wait a minute. Now he's here, he's got to tell the truth. Come back here, Ainlee."

Ainlee turned and came back a step or two.

"He hates me but he's honest. I asked to see you, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Ainlee.

The girl watched Barron with frightened, tormented eyes.

"Please, John," she said.

"No, wait—this isn't bad—this is good—you wait and see," said Barron. "When you came, did I apologize all right?"

"You did," said Ainlee.

"Absolutely did," said Barron, and grinned in triumph. "Apologized, and he says it's all right. Cleaned up last night. Shook hands with him, too. Ask him!"

"I've got to go along, John," she said.

"Yeah—but come in and have a drink—I mean come in for a minute. Hold on, Paula—why d'you look like this? Hold on, will you? You're not mad at something, are you?"

The crowd of Barron's friends and the groom had rolled slowly into view—at the distance of the hitching rack.

Ainlee, turning his back, made slowly for Scatter Gold.

Behind him he heard Barron saying with the thick deformed utterance which whisky had given him, "If you're not mad, prove it, Paula. Will you kiss me?"

"Yes," said the girl.

Ainlee, mounting, turned the mare and gave her her head. Her raking gallop swept him back toward Hartley Hall.

When he got home the telephone was jangling. It was Tolman.

"If you give me another excuse for not coming back here—" shouted Tolman.

"I'm not giving excuses," Ainlee answered. "I'm simply telling you that I'm not coming back today *or* tomorrow. I don't know when I ever *can* come back."

"What damned good are you to the firm? Get out of it!"

"I'm resigning, then," said Ainlee.

He hung up. There was a tenseness and a lightness and a quiver in his body like a sword blade in a strong grasp.

In a minute and a half of telephoning he had killed his future.

HE had hardly decided that his financial career was ruined when the telephone called him again.

The voice of Margie Windle came over the wire, saying, "Hello? Hello? Is this you, Richard? It's Margie. Am I still among those present?"

"With me?" he said. "Of course you are."

"It's only a step up to Jorham in that blue scooter of yours. Tommy wants to see you, but not half as bad as Tommy's mama. Will you come, Richard?"

"I don't think—"

"Don't try to think. If you won't come here, let me go there, will you?"

"Of course. I'd like to see you."

"Say one nice thing before I hang up."

"The house is as empty as a barn. Come fast, Margie."

"I'm coming as fast as the flivver can snatch me over the road. And we've forgotten all about last night?"

"All the parts you want to forget."

Two minutes later Marvin, of Webster & Marvin, arrived. They went into the big living room where a fire tossed on the hearth. Saunders brought drinks. Chester Marvin had a young face. He kept smiling as he looked the room over.

"A man could do some living among those books!" he said. "But I've come down here to talk to you about the cotton business. May I?"

"I'm glad to see you," said Ainlee, "but I'm sorry you came."

He added: "I've broken my relations with Tolman. I have no foothold in the Street, now."

"Tolman will take you back," said Marvin.

"I'm not going back. I don't know when I'll be free."

Marvin lighted a cigarette.

"If you should take a trip to New York and spend a day on the job—he'd O. K. that loan to us," he said finally.

Ainlee had to say in all honesty, "I'm thinking about myself."

He added, "Perhaps I could swing Tolman over, but—have you tried the other banks?"

"I've tried. But the others want security. You're the only man who wants Chester Marvin."

Ainlee walked the floor. Marvin said, so quietly that it seemed as though he wanted to make his words part of the thinking of the banker, "I'm fighting for my life. If I miss this chance I'll never get to glory. If we get this chance, out of the opportunities that open we'll—clean up!"

"I know that," agreed Ainlee.

He stopped in his pacing.

MARVIN threw his cigarette into the fire, swallowed something from his glass, and stood up.

"That's all," he said.

"How long before the Kingsley outfit sell out to somebody else?"

"Tomorrow perhaps. They have Cartwright, Haven and Company all lined up to make a good offer."

"Marvin, if I spoil your chance by staying away, I'll regret it the rest of my life. But I can't leave this place until there's a definite yes or no that I probably won't hear for a few days."

"Ainlee—Ainlee—listen to me!" cried Marvin with a sudden warmth. "You're one of the big men and you'll grow into a mountain on the Street if you give yourself a chance. Why, in the dear name of God, are you chucking it?"

Ainlee said, "I don't know. There's a fight on down here, and I'm in the middle of it. I can't tell you what the fight is about."

"I won't ask you," said Marvin sympathetically. "But it must be hell."

"Hell?" said Ainlee. "Yes, it's that. And something else."

He wanted to find more words but they would not come.

Marvin shook hands with a good big grip.

Ainlee went out to the front of the house and watched him climb into a limousine with a scar-faced chauffeur backed up to the front door.

"What's the thing for me to pray for?" asked Marvin with a faint grin.

"The same thing that I'm praying for. A miracle!" answered Ainlee.

"Does it wear a lady's name?" asked Marvin.

He was away in another moment, waving behind the rear window of the car, an image dim as though it were under water.

It would be the end of Webster & Marvin as a big going concern, the failure of this loan. And what could Ainlee gain by staying in Hartley Hall? What was Paula Hartley to him except an excuse for a battle? And in this battle how could he fight?

He bowed his head.

Doubt kept him in front of the open door until a small automobile shot up the drive with a rattle and roar and he saw Marjorie Windle waving and laughing behind the wheel. She skidded to a stop that spattered gravel over his shoes.

"Hello, Richard," she said. "It's going to rain and you and I ought to take a ride. Nothing like a drop of rain in the face for a ride; and you're already in the togs. Hop on a horse and let me take the old bay, will you? There's no room in the house like the room outside."

She had a gusto like a wind that carried things before it. Ainlee took the brown mare because he had a strange feeling about Scatter Gold just then. Margie Windle took the long-legged bay. The wind was still rising. Single drops of rain spattered against them from time to time; the sky was turning solid gray; but through the rush and promise of the storm they passed into long valleys of stillness.

"If I told you how happy I am to be along with you, Margie, you'd laugh at me."

"Maybe," she said. "But try me."

He began to smile. She had on a rose-colored sweater, the soft wool rolling up close to her chin and giving her a trim boyish look.

"To be with a friend—well, it's like coming home from work, isn't it?" said he.

"You think out things, don't you, and find the right words. I have a word for last night. I was a fool."

"You weren't a fool, Margie."

"Wasn't I, though? You've got good eyes, Richard, but I nearly faded myself out of your sight last night. Why, why did I go to the club? I knew what would happen there."

"You couldn't know there are such cads in the world."

"I didn't act like a lady. I was too free in my talk. When I'm away from you I think up a better sort of lingo; it all goes flooey when I'm with you."

"I like your sort of lingo," said Ainlee, smiling at her.

"Because it's different—rough and tough—like talking to a man, and that rests you?"

"No, it's not like talking to a man." She said, with a sigh, "If only I could get hold of words that have the right weight."

"Margie, you came to see me about something particular. What is it?"

"It's you."

They had turned their horses in a hollow and were ambling up a gentle slope toward Hartley Hall. The sky was very dark and swift-flowing; it was so close overhead that sometimes it seemed to be carrying in its current the topmost bright green of the leaves. He had looked up when she said this.

"A little more attention, please!" she said.

There was a thick cluster of brush at the right, and afterward it seemed to Ainlee that he had already marked behind it the dim silhouette of a man. This was a mere trick of fancy perhaps. What he did see was a pale glimmer of steel before the gunshot that now rang through the woods. The hat jerked from his head.

"Murder!" screamed Margie Windle, driving her horse straight at the brush.

Who was the would-be assassin in the woods? Was he aiming his shot at Ainlee or at Margie Windle? Next week's installment throws a sensational light on the mystery, but puts the banker into deeper mire in his quest for the love of Paula Hartley.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **TARABAS** by Joseph Roth. The Viking Press.

A colorful man walks his uncompromising way as a "guest on earth" throughout this book, and the reader walks breathlessly with him. A vital thing—this pilgrimage of a Russian from ruthless power to humble peace.

★ ★ ★ **THE GREAT WHITE GODS** by Eduard Stucken. Translated by Frederick H. Martens. Farrar & Rinehart.

An immense tapestry of the colors, personages, and history of the great civilization which was Mexico's. The story of Cortez and the victorious Christians who wiped out the Aztecs, stamped out their idolatrous religion—as well as one of the grandest cultures of the ages.

★ ★ ★ **I WANTED OUT!** by Elsie Robinson. Farrar & Rinehart.

A true heart-gripping story of a woman's struggle against heavy odds to make a place for herself and her son. There was no such word as fail, and she accomplished her task nobly. A grand lesson for timid shirkers.

★ ★ ★ **VAMPIRE** by Hans Heinz Ewers. Translated by Fritz Sallagar. The John Day Company.

A tale of blood and love by a master of the grotesque. Poe plus sex.

★ ★ ★ **AUTOBIOGRAPHY** by John Cowper Powys. Simon & Schuster.

The revelation of an ego. An engrossing self-dissection of a wise and gentle soul.

★ ★ **CONFESSIONS OF A SCIENTIST** by Raymond L. Ditmars. The Macmillan Company.

The curator of the Bronx zoo here unbars his cages and takes us inside to see through his eyes the wonderful world in which he lives. A book for adults—but a grand Christmas gift for any boy.

★ ★ **THEY BUILT THE WEST** by Glenn Chesney Quiett. D. Appleton-Century Company.

A record of the careers of the early giants of United States railroading who first bridged "the great American desert" and made that "desert" to bloom with vast metropoli.

★ ★ **STOCK MARKET PROFITS** by R. W. Schabacker. B. C. Forbes.

A study of Wall Street by the financial editor of Forbes Magazine. It will tell the average layman what he ought to know about the street where fortunes are made and lost.

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Vox

A FORMER AMBASSADOR SEES LITTLE HOPE FOR PEACE

If Clashes Between Nations Are Stopped, Will Not Nature Create Internal Conflicts? Asks Richard Washburn Child

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The way in which Can We Abolish War? (by Herman Bernstein in November 17 Liberty) brought together opinion was most interesting. I often think that one has to be rather blind not to see that old Mother Nature herself, from the lowest forms of animal life to that superb creature man, is the patroness of eternal conflict. It is not impossible that the suppression of this rhythmic exuberance of Nature herself in one spot only means that it will break out in another. The history of the world seems to indicate that this is so—that if international conflict is suppressed, internal conflict even about nebulous religious differences will produce bloodshed under the banner of a deity.

I have often had occasion to reflect that the Romans in the days of the past were wise indeed. They knew this fact about fundamental human nature. To suppress the instinct for conflict, they took away from the Grecian and Central European conquered colonies as much entertainment as they could discourage and substituted therefor a real outlet in the form of games and sports.

Once I had a long conversation with Mussolini on this subject, and I think the conclusion reached was that the best outlet for the instinct for conflict was to substitute jousting for dueling, games on a village green for quarrels, and internal competition in play or in regimented achievement as the alternative to unrest within and temptation to conflict outside.

The futile attempts to erect political machinery to function in the task of prohibition are absurd compared with the more intelligent method of psychoanalyzing Mother Nature herself and directing her instincts, if that is possible. —*Richard Washburn Child, Author and Former American Ambassador to Italy.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—My answer to the question Can We Abolish War? is an emphatic Yes—if, as, and when we cease to indulge in mere academic discussions upon the subject and make a sincere effort through tangible action to establish a permanent world peace.—*E. L. Kelley, Economic Counselor.*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Just as long as capitalism prevails, so shall war. When there is no longer any capitalism there will no longer be any war. Capitalists are the only ones who profit by war.—*E. Buck.*

AUSTIN, TEX.—Abolish the military cliques in every nation, who can only justify their positions by the maintenance of perpetual war scares, and the world will achieve permanent peace. But not until then.—*G. A. Sievers.*

VERDUN, QUE.—The President of Mexico advanced the nearest solution, to my mind, to war when he said recently: "The peace of the world will be effected and will endure when all the elements of labor—workers and farmers—organize and present a united front in refusing to obey inhuman mandates.—*J.*

TRAIL, B. C.—To establish a permanent peace, the world must begin by schooling the children in the horrors of war. How many schools in any land do that now? None!—*Frank A. Goodman.*

NUDEAL

SANDUSKY, OHIO—I believe the main reason the present administration was so wonderfully upheld in the recent election is that there are so many nudists now and they all believe in the Nude Deal.—*Samuel F. Jones.*

EDISON AND GHOSTS

LOUISVILLE, KY.—My compliments to Liberty for Allan L. Benson's article, Did Edison Try to Talk with the Dead? (December 1 issue). Theories such as the one held by Edison should awaken people to a new idea of life.—*R. L. Marienthal.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Allan Benson called Edison "a confirmed agnostic." It seems to me that agnostics are the only people who are brave and honest enough to admit "we don't know." More power to them!—*T. C. Harris.*

VAN BUREN, ARK.—If Thomas A. Edison actually did pass on the views attributed to him by Allan Benson, he would have done far better to have remained silent. If the inventor did contemplate a mechanism to contact the dead, he must have been in his dotage when he did so.—*Herbert Claybaugh.*

LIMA, OHIO—I have seen so-called ghosts. The "spirit" of Bacha Saqqao, which I saw, was clothed in a gray army coat edged with red braid; that of Maurice Mercier wore a black felt hat; and that of Tony Walzac, the same faded bathrobe he wore in the hospital before he died.

They appeared like wisps of vapor, passed through the room, and dissolved against the ceiling. I am not a spiritualist and claim no powers.—*R. F. Wyatt.*

SIAMESE TWIN WANTS TO GET MARRIED

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A pretty girl of twenty-six, in good health, wants to get married. But twenty-one states, including New York, have refused her a marriage license, the authorities charging that it would be indecent and immoral for her to marry. She is a Siamese twin.

I am an old maid, but I believe a woman's body is constructed for marriage and motherhood. As for the second of the twins, she can't see anything immoral in her sister getting married.—*J. W.*

DE LUXE CHARITY

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I get a big laugh when I read where society women stage a big charity ball and spend tens of thousands of dollars on their costumes and entertainment; also when some organization of wealthy folk launch a drive for funds to feed the starving poor by giving a big banquet to themselves.

It would be a novel idea if a group of millionaires sent out cards to their rich friends inviting them to a dinner given to aid the poverty-stricken unemployed, and then treated the guests to plain Irish stew and gave the poor what the dinner would have cost.—*E. B. Norcross.*

WHERE IS THE MONEY GOING?

ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.—Bernarr Macfadden in his splendid editorial, Job Insurance Will Save the Nation from Ruin (December 1 Liberty), offers the solution to the gravest present-day menace to our society—namely, the unemployable problem.

There are thousands today refusing work offered them. They are receiving government relief and do not *want* to work. They are not only unemployed but unemployable.—*Lloyd Resweber.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial on unemployment relief hit the mark. I believe the whole relief job throughout the country should be investigated. I have been connected with the New Orleans Welfare Committee and, later, with the state emergency relief organization. For six months I was executive director of the state movement.

The relief organization here, and I suppose elsewhere, has gotten away from the emergency feature. It is working toward a permanent organization. Many families now on relief are getting more money than they earned before the depression.

Where is the relief money going? How far has the relief job progressed toward a permanent organization? How far has the relief worker abandoned the emergency relief program for a studied effort to take over these families and treat them as ordinary social organizations do? How far has the work progressed toward the dole?

I think the entire relief situation should be investigated, not for mere muckraking but in a spirit of constructive criticism.—*R. B. Pixley, Manager, Capital News Bureau.*

CROONER FAN—SPECIES FEMALE

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Jock of Edmonton, Alberta, wrote in December 1 Vox Pop that radio crooners should be exterminated. He said that people who liked crooners are, with practically no exceptions, "of the female persuasion, generally young and—this is putting it very mildly—not too bright."

Pop

Jock seems not too bright himself. He's the kind, I suspect, who might judge a person's mentality according to whether he eats spinach or not.—*A Crooner Fan, Species Female.*

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—I quite agree with Jock of Edmonton. Only he should have included the torch singer along with the crooner. Instead of a society for the suppression of such pests, there should be state and national laws to deal with them, enforced by the state militia and national army.—*A. S. L.*

SOUTH BEND, IND.—My pet peeve is the long-winded radio announcer on the advertisement programs. Why can't they tell you once why this and that is the best on the market, instead of droning it over and over every minute or so?—*A Reader.*

HIGH SPOTS

PRINCE GEORGE, B. C.—Little Fellow in November 10 Liberty certainly hit the high spots.—*J. A. A.*

COCKSURE AND SHALLOW

HONOLULU, HAWAII—William C. Duer of Denver runs a temperature in October 27 Vox Pop over the fancied slight to youth in Liberty. Give youth a break, he shouts. Discuss events and situations that concern youth. " To hell with conventions! " is his slogan.

It appears to me that youth is too much in the headlines now. It is cocksure and blatant, egotistical and shallow. What youth needs is to be put out in the sun until it is dry behind the ears. —*Harry A. Williams.*

AN ADMIRER FROM AFAR

ANGRA DO HEROISMO, PORTUGAL—I am a great admirer of Clara Beranger, and never miss any of her stories in Liberty. The one about Zasu Pitts was especially appreciated. Inclosed is a page from my autograph album, on which I beg that she kindly write something, sign it, and return to me for my collection.

Trusting that you will find me worthy of your kind compliance with this request—*Jacinto Dos Reis Moniz Silva.*

CHICKEN PARADISE

SAN BRUNO, CALIF.—Because he failed as a chicken rancher in Lynwood, California, Vern Fritz writes Vox Pop (December 1) warning other chicken raisers from coming to this state.

For the love of Mike, why condemn the entire 158,360 square miles of California because Vern's several acres gave his chickens the pip? He would have trouble raising cattle in Death Valley, but should the entire West be condemned as a cattle-raising section because of that?

Vern should move to Petaluma, the chicken paradise.—*Tom Wiedemann.*

NO SOUND—BUT WHAT FURY!

KINZER, PA.—A popular fallacy about a skunk is that it is one of the few animals which are unable to utter a sound. While it seldom does, when a skunk is injured it can and sometimes will voice a complaint.

I've heard 'em.

But what I would like to do here is to criticize Sunday drivers who race up and down our highways and seem to make it a point to mangle under their wheels any animal so unfortunate as to cross their paths.

A fifty-mile trip along any main road will reveal the crushed bodies of half a dozen or more animals. There is no closed season on this type of slaughter. —*Trapper.*

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BIGGER AND BETTER MYTH

DALLAS, TEX.—Frazier Hunt's article, The Myth of Scotland Yard (November 24 Liberty), almost shattered all the ideals I had built up from reading novels about England's great detective force. But I'm still going on believing in Scotland Yard—so there!—*Mrs. N. F. Whitney.*

SAUSALITO, CALIF.—Why don't we have a myth like Scotland Yard in this country?

If it works half as good as that in England, we won't have so many murders, kidnapings, etc.

In fact, being so much smarter than the English, we could probably get a bigger and better myth, and all our policemen could go into politics.—*Ellen Johansson.*

HAYWOOD, W. VA.—A few years ago I wrote the High Commissioner of Scotland Yard asking him if foreigners were eligible to become members of the Metropolitan Police Force.

He answered that only natural-born British subjects could become upholders of English law under the banner of New Scotland Yard.

With our population gathered from all the nations of the world, where would this country be if only native Americans were employed to cope with its heterogeneous criminal mentalities?—*Victor McIntyre.*

MR. PRINTER, SET THIS IN AGATE

KANSAS CITY, MO.—D. S. Gilmore, in November 3 Liberty, compliments the Vox Pop Editor on his capable handling of a difficult task, and the V. P. E. heads the letter: Mr. Printer, Set This in Big Type.

Well, I don't compliment him.

Vox Pop, whoever he is, is an exasperating person. If I write to complain about something, my complaint appears about five weeks after I write it. By that time I've forgotten what it was all about; or in the meantime I've thought up a much more sarcastic reply.

It is indeed an embarrassing situation to find that you've forgotten what it is you were sore about.

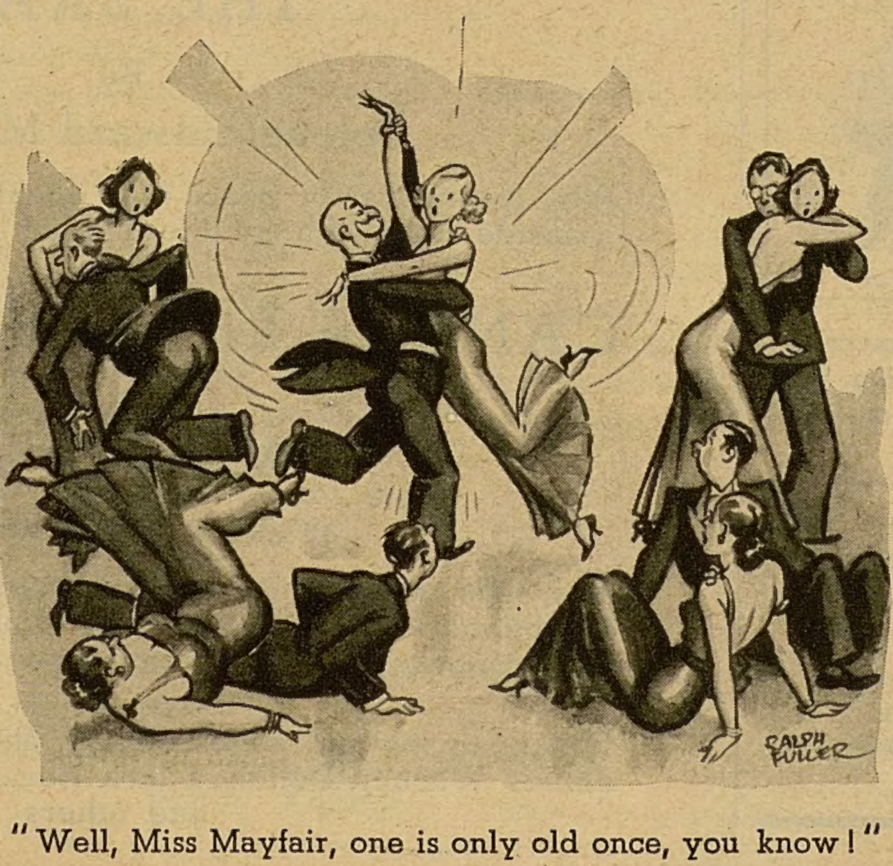
There's no satisfaction in talking back to him. I might as well argue with my wife. I get just as far and just as much satisfaction. In her case, when I think of a smart comeback, I'm about five blocks away from the house. In Vox Pop's case, I'm five issues of Liberty behind. To heck with it!—*Lucius Tittle.*

NRA FOR HEAVEN?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I disagree with Helen Christine Bennett's article, Heaven *Won't* Protect the Working Girl, in December 1 Liberty, wherein it is stated the pay on a government job (averaging $1,700 per year) is inadequate to support a family. It is well known that countless thousands of families are living on much less than this amount.—*Robert Hopkins.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Heaven *Won't* Protect the Working Girl is bunk. Take women out of industry and men will be able to support the erstwhile working girls without their having to look to Heaven for protection.—*William A. Hall.*

BOSTON, MASS. — Helen Christine Bennett seems to have mistaken the NRA for Heaven.—*Arthur S. Flinn.*



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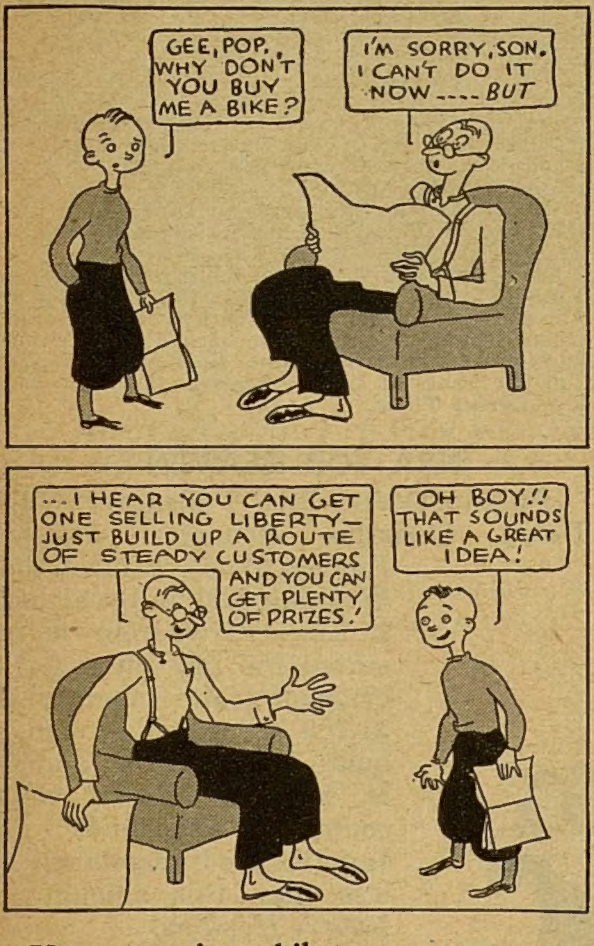
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THE WORLD MENACE OF THE SAAR

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Colonel Edward M. House

Why future war or peace may depend upon its vote—The inside story of a trouble-making legacy of Versailles

CAN THE REDS DESTROY US?

By
Matthew Woll
as told to EARL REEVES

Yes, says an eminent leader of American labor, and offers sensational evidence in support of his charge that Moscow is "preparing for bloody conquest of the United States"

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What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

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To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

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